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RECONSTRUCTION AND PROHIBITION

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

In the spring of 1918 an American said to a friend that the young men taking part in the war had been raised to such a pitch of exaltation that they would live on a higher plane than their fathers. The answer was a chilling caution not to believe it; that the war would be followed by an era of materialism. The friend then pointed out that such a reaction had generally occurred after great wars, and that the result is a natural one, because, as strenuous physical exertion is followed by fatigue, so a violent moral effort, when the cause that produced it is removed, is succeeded by moral lassitude and therewith a turning of attention into very different channels. That this revulsion of spirit should be expected to follow peace is now recognized by those who have thought about the subject; but there are other after-effects of war of quite a different character that merit consideration.

The very reaction that follows the cessation of hostilities has some unexpected results. War brings a great wave of emotion, and when, with peace, that recedes in a low tide of feeling, it does not leave things as they were before. Some traditions have been swept away, some habits changed; but in the swirl, the eddies, the cross currents of the falling waters it is not easy to distinguish the old landmarks, and see which have been destroyed and which remain.

To most people the return of peace brings the desire to be about one's own business; but in some earnest souls it stimulates an ambition to effect a great moral reform. In the stress of war, individuals and peoples do things that would seem impossible under ordinary conditions. Obstacles that otherwise would be insuperable are overcome. Familiar restraints and impeding habits are loosened; and enthusiasts do not appreciate that this state of mind will fade into the light of common day. To them a millennium seems within reach, and in the confused state of opinion that prevails they are tempted to strive for objects that in other times they would regard as remote or unattainable.

Such an experience followed the Civil War. In that case rancor against the Southerners and philanthropy toward the negroes combined to produce the measures known as Reconstruction. The policy had such disastrous results, and at the present day has so few, if any, defenders, that we find it hard to attribute high motives to the men who approved it. Yet many of them had the best intentions. They not only

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shared the general conviction that slavery must be forever abolished, but believed that the sole difference between the races was the color of the skin. On this basis they insisted on justice as they saw it — that is, absolute equality of every kind — for the negro; and certainly justice for the oppressed is in itself a noble motive.

Everyone knows the result: much bad government by carpetbaggers supported by an inexperienced and ignorant vote of the freedmen; maladministration; financial mismanagement; economic and social distress; resistance by force and fraud through the shotgun and the tissue ballot. In most of the seceding states the right of the negro to vote could be maintained only by the presence of federal troops; and this was continued until President Hayes, elected by the political party responsible for the policy of Reconstruction, decided to withdraw them. As head of the nation, not only had he sworn to execute its laws, but these amendments had specially empowered, and therefore intended, the federal government to provide for their enforcement. Nevertheless he made up his mind that to attempt to fulfill a clear constitutional obligation would be both futile and demoralizing, and posterity has been convinced that he was right. The result was to leave the enforcement of the provisions for negro suffrage practically to the states instead of the federal government. Moreover, the longest and most elaborate section of the Fourteenth Amendment has been from the outset a dead letter. It provides that if in any state the suffrage is restricted the representation in Congress shall be proportionally diminished; but although in many states, both North and South, the right to vote has been, and is now, restricted by clauses requiring the ability to read and write or other qualifications, no serious effort has ever been made to carry this constitutional provision into effect. The Fourteenth Amendment has had the effect of enlarging the authority of the Supreme Court in matters wholly unrelated to its main object of negro rights, but so far as enforcement of the suffrage by the national administration is concerned both this amendment and the Fifteenth have become well-nigh obsolete.

Although the policy of Reconstruction, as distinguished from the abolition of slavery, failed of its object, and without being repealed has been discarded, yet its consequences have by no means passed away. It has left in the South a resentment that the Civil War alone would not have provoked, and that a half-century of noninterference with the treatment of the racial question by the states, and of growing prosperity in the South, did not obliterate. Sectional distrust of the party which enacted the policy, but had long repudiated it, remained an active force in public life; and, contrary to many common interests, dominated until the last election the politics of the former Confederate States. Although within those fifty years two foreign wars occurred in which North and South fought side by side, although no one in the South wishes to-day that the Civil War had resulted in Confederate victory and dissolution of the Union, yet the errors of Reconstruction still cast their shadow upon the land south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Another unfortunate effect of the principles held by the extremists at the close of the Civil War lies in their lack of influence over the treatment of the negro after the policy of Reconstruction was abandoned. Most of the people in the North, convinced that this policy had been a mistake and that they did not understand the question, subsided into a position if not of indifference

at least of self-distrust, and refrained from trying to interfere with conditions which they felt that they did not comprehend. Apart from a few men deeply interested in negro education, the Northern philanthropists, on the other hand, who cared intensely about the negroes, have failed to recognize that the position of the races in the South presented any peculiar question; or rather they assumed that it had only one simple solution, the absolute equality of the races for all purposes; and they have tended to attribute any opposition to this principle to unworthy motives. Thus prejudice enhanced prejudice, and men who, by a serious study of the problem, might have had an effect on the treatment of the negro, and bettered his life, lost that chance, exasperating rather than moderating Southern sentiment.

II

Such in brief has been the history of a policy framed by extremists at the close of a great war; founded largely on a philanthropic impulse regardless of actual conditions and obstacles; sanctioned by the Constitution, but impossible of execution; and finally abandoned without repeal of the constitutional provisions by which it was decreed. Another amendment, not wholly dissimilar in its philanthropic motive, has been adopted at the end of another war, and people are watching the results. Unlike Reconstruction, Prohibition was enacted with no admixture of bitterness against a beaten foe. So far as the incentive was not economic it was wholly moral; yet, like Reconstruction, it was the work of people who had long advocated as a minority a reform which the war enabled them to carry into effect. As with Reconstruction, a vigorous dislike to the policy is making the practical enforcement of the law difficult if not impossible.

Prohibition had long been advocated in different parts of the country and had been adopted in various forms. One of these was local option by towns or cities; and this was in large measure successful. In rural communities where the sentiment was general, and in suburbs of those cities which did not adopt it, it resulted in suppressing open barrooms, but not in preventing people who wanted intoxicating liquor from obtaining it for themselves. A number of states went farther, forbidding manufacture and sale throughout their territory. For many years a strict enforcement of these laws was impeded by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Original Package Case. Interstate commerce, being within the domain of the federal government, could not be restricted by statutes of the states; and the court held that so long as merchandise was in the original package in which it was shipped from another state it was a subject of interstate commerce, regulated only by federal law. Finally in 1913 Congress passed an act withdrawing from federal protection the shipment of liquor into any state that forbade its sale, thus leaving each state free to enact its exclusion altogether. This is important to bear in mind, because people in discussing the Volstead Act may recall only the condition when states could not prevent the admission of liquor within their boundaries. Of course, with the freedom of internal trade, and the absence of state customhouses, — one of the greatest benefits conferred by the framers of the Constitution, and a principal source of our national development and prosperity, — it is more difficult for a state than for the nation to guard its approaches; but on the other hand there is more likelihood of a general community of opinion

in most of the states than in the country as a whole, and that is of no small importance in the enforcement of a law.

Nevertheless, to enforce a law against the opinion of any considerable minority is always difficult. In some states, where opinion has been sufficiently harmonious, Prohibition has, no doubt, been effective; but in others, where opinion has been divided, this has not been the case. Maine has had a constitutional provision of that kind for half a century; but in Bangor a system — devised, it is said, by the chief justice of her highest court — was long in use whereby the provision was turned in practice into high license. The keeper of a disreputable saloon was prosecuted until driven out of business, while the keeper of an orderly one was prosecuted every other year, fined a fixed sum, and was otherwise unmolested. The system continued until an attempt was made to apply it in Portland, when the prohibitionists became indignant and it had to be given up. The provision in a state constitution was thus made to work for a time in Bangor as if it were one for local option. Believing that obedience to law is the basis of civil society, I am not excusing this, but merely pointing out the difficulty of carrying out a statute against strong opposition, and the way it may be perverted where many people regard it as unreasonable.

That the prohibitionists who urged the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment were actuated by the highest moral purpose no one has a right to doubt; that there was a real evil to combat is not less certain. There is almost no desire to restore the open saloon; but the question is whether, in the enthusiasm for suppressing drunkenness, they went, like the advocates of Reconstruction, too far, and thereby imperiled the object in view. It has been said that, had the Volstead Act set the limit of alcohol at a point below which wine and beer may indeed, but seldom do, intoxicate those who drink them, the law would have been so generally accepted and obeyed that the bootlegger would have found no sufficient market to sustain his trade. Whether that be true or not is a matter of conjecture, and it is proverbial that the most useless of pursuits is hypothetics, or the study of those things that might have happened and did not.

When national prohibition went into effect men who had no personal objection to wine, who had in the past served it on their tables, were more concerned about obeying the law than they seem to be to-day. The host would sometimes remark that what he offered was not illegal, for it was a pre-war purchase. One hears little of that now. There are many people, and let us hope there always will be many, who refuse to break the law, although not satisfied with it; but they appear to become fewer year by year. At first clubs and hotels were careful in their conduct. Member or guest might bring his own supply, but neither directly nor indirectly would they assist; but the observance of the law is certainly less strict to-day. Bootlegging is universally believed to have become a vast organized business employing a large capital, and in most cities no one who wants liquor seems to find any serious difficulty in getting it. In short, as everyone knows, the law is not enforced, and as time goes on it seems to be less and less effective.

There is no reason to suppose that the national administration has been intentionally lax; but it is doubtful whether sumptuary laws can ever be enforced against the resistance of any large minority. Lawyers draw a distinction between *malum in se* and *malum prohibitum* — that is, between

those acts which are intrinsically wrong in themselves and those which are offenses because made so by statute; or, in other words, between acts universally esteemed immoral and those which are not generally so regarded but in the interest of the common welfare are forbidden by legislation. Laws dealing with acts of the latter class which involve obvious danger to others are easily enforced, because everyone has an interest that his neighbors should not put him or his property in peril; but this is not true where the effect on other people is remote or not potent. That is the reason why sumptuary laws, affecting what seems to be only personal conduct, are difficult to enforce. Many excellent people believe that drinking any intoxicant, even to an extent that does not intoxicate, is inherently immoral; but that is very far from a general opinion, and a large part of those who do not hold it feel that interference with their personally innocent habits is not justified by a claim of benefit to the public of which they are not convinced. Whether this attitude be right or wrong, it is a fact that must be taken into account in considering the possibility of enforcing universal prohibition. There is little use in abusing those who oppose the law, as the advocates of Reconstruction reproached the Southerners in the earlier years of that policy. Epithets do not alter facts. The question discussed in this article is not whether Prohibition would be a benefit if it could be carried into effect, but whether it can be enforced, and, if not, whether the present condition is better than some modification of the policy.

Moreover, if it be true that the men who buy and drink bootlegged liquor are evil-minded persons led by a perverted appetite to encourage violations of law to the injury of the public, then they ought to be punished. It is they who support the traffic by supplying the demand, for without them it would quickly die out. Yet no attempt is made to treat the individual purchase of liquor as a crime, or to prosecute those who do so as participants in the offense of selling it. The fact is that the public does not regard buying liquor for personal consumption as a crime; grand juries would not indict, or petty juries convict. It is one of many cases where a policy cannot be carried out, because even those who desire it are not willing to take the measures necessary for its enforcement. On the other hand, it is almost mathematically demonstrable that the present practice of proceeding against bootleggers alone cannot be effectual, because the profit increases with the risk. Under such conditions the unlawful trade will be amply remunerative unless the proportion of successful violations is small. The same principle applies to blockade-running in war, which continues until the risk of capture is very great, until, to use the formal term, the blockade is made effective. Now it is evident that so far the attempt to exclude liquor from the United States, to prevent its sale, — in short, to keep people who want it from getting it, — has not been successful and does not seem to be getting more so. To judge, therefore, from experience up to this time, it seems highly improbable that the blockade of liquor can be made effective.

III

Public sentiment is sometimes in favor of a law, but against its enforcement. That sounds like a paradox, and perhaps it is, because people are not always rational or consistent. Those who are enthusiastic about a measure strive earnestly to procure its enactment, and sometimes, when they have

done so, rest satisfied with their victory, assume that the matter is settled, and suspend organized effort; while others who dislike the law are contented if it is not enforced. This has often been true of old laws that have become partly obsolete, like the Sunday laws, which many people do not want either repealed or strictly enforced. But it is needless to go for examples beyond our subject of liquor. During the half-century that Maine was governed by her own constitutional prohibition, it was commonly and notoriously violated. People who believed in prohibition had their law, others who wanted liquor had that; and, save for occasional outbursts of righteous indignation, there seemed to be general contentment with the situation.

The Eighteenth Amendment, no more effectively enforced than it is to-day, and than it is likely to be in future, might prove to be the path of least resistance and greatest general satisfaction, were it not that it involves grave evils; for the present condition is very demoralizing. That it has produced corruption among government agents, and in some states in the police, is universally believed. Like the policy of Reconstruction in the South, it has turned many respectable people who ought to be patterns of law and order into lawbreakers. It is responsible for no small amount of violence and crime. Men who are in a position to know assert that the murders in Chicago are mainly, if not wholly, due to quarrels among the bootleggers, and between them and the hi-jackers. Such conditions are certain to last so long as an illegal and lucrative traffic is conducted on a large scale, supported by sales to citizens in good standing, while the public authorities endeavor to suppress it by force. The country is at odds with itself. There is a lack of harmony in principles that causes friction, maladjustment, and confusion. It is not a healthy condition, or one that ought to continue.

It may be assumed that the majority of the American people are in favor of the present law; but that does not settle the matter. Perhaps the majority were in favor of the rigorous measures of Reconstruction, even at the time when President Hayes withdrew the federal troops. However that may have been, the withdrawal was not due to a change in the opinion of the majority, but to the harm done by striving to enforce the policy upon a disaffected minority. It was rapidly causing a disrespect for law, and, bad as the result has been, it would have been worse had the policy not been abandoned. Statesmanship is not a theory, but an art, and the true aim of that art is the creation of a harmonious community life on as high a plane as possible, by the acceptance, as nearly universal as may be, of common standards of public and private conduct. Too great uniformity makes for stagnation, and the happy nation is one that enjoys agreement in fundamental principles with toleration and mutual respect in nonessentials. An attempt to produce uniformity by coercion causes a revulsion that lessens the sense of solidarity, of mutual dependence and the support of a common interest.

Prohibition has no doubt done good. It has abolished the saloon; it has diminished the absence from the factory of workmen through drink, the waste of their wages on liquor, and the consequent suffering of their families. But it has done this at the cost of lowering the standards of many citizens and officials. In short, it seems to have been an economic benefit not unmixed with a distinct moral detriment. The object should be to retain the first of these and eliminate the second.

Of course, if the enforcement could be made thoroughly effective and maintained for a considerable time, the moral evils of the present condition might be removed, and habits established that would prevent their recurrence. Whether this is possible or not should be considered, not from a dogmatic or sentimental standpoint, but from that of a true statesman with an open mind, free from prejudice, by a careful examination of facts and conditions and in the light of experience. If, after such a study, enforcement appears to be feasible and desirable, by methods which can practicably be applied, it should be so administered as to be really effective, instead of being, as now, vexatious, demoralizing, and inefficient.

If, on the contrary, it should appear that the law as it now stands cannot be fully enforced, it should be so modified as to preserve those features which are most important, such as the abolition of the open saloon, and it should permit communities which desire and can carry out absolute exclusion of liquor to enjoy that privilege; while at the same time discarding things which are not essential for this purpose and are found to impede enforcement. The question seems to be one of major importance, and the quality needed to find the answer is not rhetoric but statesmanship, not enthusiasm but calm and mature reflection. The future will depend upon the moderation of people with conflicting opinions, and especially upon that of the prohibitionists. If the men who like cocktails and carry hip flasks demand that there shall be no restraints whatever on their liberty to drink as they please, irrespective of the common welfare, bootleggers will be ready to supply them, and no compromise will be reached. If the prohibitionists insist that their principle unabated shall remain the formal law, they will probably make enforcement impossible, hamper the growth of temperance, and perpetuate violation of the law and of good order. This last is the most serious aspect of the matter.

As a people we have been law-abiding, not by compulsion from above, but from a sense of the fitness of things. The success of self-government is based on a confidence that one's neighbors will conform to the established rules of conduct, and anything that undermines that confidence strikes at the root of our civil life.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

FROM the turnstile where the tickets were taken, a passage covered by red and white awning led to the hall of the Coliseum. The cement floor of this passage was wet from many muddy footprints, and an icy draft raced through it with a speed greater than that of the swift horses within.

There were but a few stragglers entering now, and among these was eighteen-year-old Finch Whiteoak. His raincoat and soft felt hat were dripping; even the smooth skin on his thin cheeks was shining with moisture.

He carried a strap holding a couple of textbooks and a dilapidated notebook. He was unpleasantly conscious of these as the mark of a student, and wished he had not brought them along. He tried to conceal them under his raincoat, but they made such a repulsive-looking lump on his person that he sheepishly brought them forth again.

Inside the hall he found himself in a hubbub of voices and sounding footfalls, and in the midst of a large display of flowers. Monstrous chrysanthemums, strange colors flaming behind their curled petals, perfect pink roses that seemed to be musing delicately on their own perfection, indolent crimson roses, weighed down by their rich color and perfume, crowded on every side.

With the sheepish smile still lingering on his lips, Finch wandered among them. Their elegance, their fragility, combined with the vividness of their coloring, gave him a feeling of tremulous happiness. He wished that there were not so many people. He would have liked to drift about among the flowers alone, absorbing their perfume rather than inhaling it, absorbing their rich gayety rather than beholding it.

He was roused by the sound of a man's voice shouting through a megaphone in the inner part of the building where the horse show was in progress. He looked at his wrist watch and discovered that it was a quarter to four o'clock. He would not dare to show himself at the ringside for at least another half hour. He had cut the last period at school so that he might have time to see something of the other exhibits before the events in which his brother Renny was to take part were due. Renny would expect to see him then, but he would certainly be sharp with him if he discovered that he had missed any of his lessons. Finch had failed to pass his matriculation examinations the summer before, and his present attitude toward Renny was one of humble propitiation.

He thought he would have a look at the kennels of silver foxes. A long stairway led to this section. Up here under the roof was a quite different world, a world smelling of disinfectants, a world of glittering eyes, of pointed muzzles and upstanding,

vigorous fur. Trapped, all of them, behind the strong wire of their cages. Curled up in tight balls, with just one watchful eye peering; scratching in the clean straw, trying to find a way out of this drear imprisonment; standing on hind legs, with contemptuous little faces pointing through the netting. Finch wished he might open the doors of all the cages. He pictured that wild scampering, that furious padding across the fields, that mad digging of burrows and hiding in the hospitable earth, when he had set them free!

A bugle sounded from below. Finch hurried toward the stairs.

At the head of the stairway an elderly man was drooping mournfully before an exhibit of canaries. He accosted the boy, offering him a ticket in a lottery. The prize was to be a handsome bird in full song.

'Only twenty-five cents for the ticket,' he said, 'and the canary is worth twenty-five dollars. A regular beauty. Here 'e is in this cage. I've never bred a grander bird. Look at the shape and color of 'im. And you ought to 'ear 'im sing! What a present for your mother, young man, and Christmas coming in another six weeks!'

Finch thought that if he had had a mother living it would have been an extremely nice present for her. He pictured himself presenting it, in its glittering gilt cage, to a shadowy lovely young mother of about twenty-five. He fixed his hungry light eyes on the canary, trig and sleek from special feeding, and muttered something incoherent. The exhibitor produced a ticket.

'Here you are — number thirty-one. I should n't be a bit surprised if it was the lucky number. Sure you would n't like to buy two? You might as well buy two while you're about it.'

Finch shook his head, and produced the twenty-five cents. As he descended the stairs he cursed himself for his weakness. He had been short enough of funds without throwing away any. He tried to picture Renny's being chivied into buying a lottery ticket for a canary.

Judging was taking place inside the ring. The tanbark was dotted with men holding their mounts. Three judges, notebooks in hand, strolled from horse to horse, now and again consulting together. The horses stood motionless, except one which capered pettishly at the end of the reins. The exhilarating odor of tanbark and good horseflesh hung on the air, which was still cool in spite of the closely packed spectators.

The man with the megaphone announced the winners. They were trotted once around the ring, then disappeared after the defeated competitors into the regions behind. The band struck up.

The next event was the judging of three-year-old hunters. There were fifteen entries, among them Silken Lady, ridden by Finch's sister-in-law, Pheasant Whiteoak. She came in at the tail of the string, a large number 15 on a white square attached to her waist. Finch felt a sudden leap of pride as he watched Lady circle the tanbark, showing her good blood and her pride of life in every step. He felt a pleasant sense of proprietorship in Pheasant, too. She was like a slender boy in her brown coat and breeches, with her bare, closely cropped head. Odd how young she looked, after all she'd been through. That affair of hers with Eden that had nearly separated Piers and her. The two seemed happier now. Piers was awfully keen that Pheasant should make a good showing in the jumps. A hard fellow, Piers — he must have given her a rough time of it for a while. A good thing that Eden was safely out of the way. He'd made

trouble enough — been a bad brother to Piers, a bad husband to Alayne.

A stout man in the uniform of a colonel put the riders through their paces, sending them trailing, now swift, now slow, around the ring. Pheasant's pale face grew pink. Ahead of her rode a short plump girl in immaculate English riding clothes, a glossy little bell-topped hat, a snowy stock. A youth next to Finch told him that she came from Philadelphia. She had a noble-looking mount. The judges were noticing him. Finch felt a sinking of the heart as the American horse swept rhythmically over the tanbark. When the riders dismounted, Finch's eyes were riveted on Pheasant and the girl from Philadelphia.

It was as he feared. The blue ribbon was attached to the bridle of the plump girl's horse. Silken Lady did not even get the second or third.

Now came the high jumpers, gray and chestnut, bay and black, streaming along the track close on each other's heels. Ah, there was Renny! That thin, strong figure that looked as though it were a part of the long-legged roan mare. A quiver of excitement ran through the crowd, like a breeze stirring a field of wheat. As the sound of the band died away the thunder of hoofs took up the music, sweeter by far! Finch could not bear to remain in his seat. He slid past the knees of those between him and the aisle, and descended the steps. He joined the line of men that lounged against the paling that surrounded the track.

Here the tanbark looked like brown velvet. Here one heard the straining of leather, the blowing, the snorting of the contesting glossy beasts, their heavy grunts as they alighted on the ground after the clearing of the hedge. His eyes were directed toward its greenness. He looked up at each horse as it rose, at its rider bending above it, their muscular organisms exquisitely merged into the semblance of a centaur.

No women in this contest. Only men. Men and horses. Oh, the heart-straining thrill of it! As Renny's horse skimmed the barrier, the hedge, flew through the air, dropped to its thudding hoofs again, and thundered down the tanbark, its nostrils stretched, its mouth open, its breath rushing from its great barrel of a body, it seemed the embodiment of savage prehistoric power. Renny, with his carven nose, his brown eyes blazing in his narrow, foxlike face, his grin that had always something vindictive in it, he too seemed possessed by this savage power.

The boy's imagination, liberated by the tumult of plunging horses whose breath comes in warm gusts against his face as they pass, spreads itself like a fantastic screen between him and the reality of the scene before him. He sees his soul, opaque, iridescent, strangely shaped, leap to the back of the mare, behind Renny, clasping him about the waist with its shadowy yet savagely strong arms, and soaring with him above the circling riders, above the hand-clapping spectators, up among the lights which rise in rushing billows of color toward a thunderous sky above. The drums beat, and the soaring music of the horns accompanies them. . . . He stands clinging to the paling, a lanky boy with hollow cheeks, hungry eyes, one bony shoulder blade projecting a sharp ridge through his coat. His expression is so ridiculous that Renny, trotting tranquilly around the track, the blue ribbon fluttering against the roan's neck, on suddenly discovering him thinks, 'Good Lord, the kid looks little more than an idiot!'

His greeting to Finch, when the boy sought him out among the groups of men and horses in the enclosure behind

the arena, was only a nod. He continued his conversation with a rigid-looking officer in the uniform of an American lieutenant. Finch had seen this man taking part in several jumping events. He had followed Renny with the red ribbon.

Finch stood humbly by, listening to their talk of horseflesh and hunting. Mutual admiration beamed from their eyes. At last Renny, glancing at his wrist watch, said, 'Well, I must be getting on. By the way, this is my young brother. Finch, Mr. Rogers.'

The American shook hands with the boy kindly, but looked him over without enthusiasm.

'Grown fast, I suppose,' he commented to the elder Whiteoak, as they turned away together.

'Oh yes,' returned Renny. 'No bone to speak of,' and he added, apologetically, 'He's musical.'

'Is he studying music?'

'He was, but I stopped it last summer after he failed in his matric. I feel regularly up against it with him. Now the music is cut off, he has taken to play-acting. It seems that he'd rather do anything than work. But I dare say he'll turn out all right. Sometimes the most unpromising colt, you know . . .'

They were now crossing an open paved space, unlighted save by the blurred beam from a motor car cautiously moving among the horses that were being led to stable or station.

Renny Whiteoak and the American parted. Finch, who had been slouching behind, moved to his brother's side.

'Gosh, it's cold,' mumbled the boy.

'Cold!' exclaimed the elder, in astonishment. 'Why, I'm hot. The trouble with you is that you don't get enough exercise. If you'd go in for sports more, you'd get your circulation up. A foal just dropped would n't feel the cold to-night.'

A voice called from the car which they were approaching: —

'Is that you, Renny? I thought you were never coming. I'm beastly cold.'

It was young Pheasant.

Renny got in and turned on the lights. Finch clambered in beside the girl.

'What a pair!' said Renny, letting out the clutch. 'I'll need to keep you in a nest of cotton wool.'

'Just the same,' she persisted, 'it's very bad for Baby, my getting chilled, and I've been away from him too long already. Can't you get the car started?'

'Something's gone wrong with its blasted old innards,' he growled, then added hopefully, 'Perhaps the engine's just a bit cold.' He did various spasmodic things to the antiquated mechanism of the car, unloosing at the same time, in a concentrated undertone, the hatred of seven years. Loving and understanding horses, he was bewildered by the eccentricities of a motor.

Finch was suddenly filled with intense irritation toward them both. What had they to do when they did get home but lounge about a stable or suckle a kid? While he would be forced to lash his wretched brains to the study of trigonometry.

Suddenly the motor started. Renny gave a grunt of satisfaction.

He slouched behind the wheel staring ahead into the November night. His mind flew ahead to the stables at Jalna. Mike, a handsome gelding, had got his leg badly cut by a kick from a vicious new horse that morning. He felt much disturbed about Mike. The vet had said it might be a serious business. He was anxious to get home and find out what sort of day he had passed. . . . He thought of the new horse that had done the damage. One of Piers's purchases. He himself had not liked the look in the brute's eyes, but Piers cared nothing about disposition if a

horse's body was right. Piers would make over the disposition to suit himself. Well, he'd better make this new nag's temper over and be sharp about it. . . . He scowled in a way that always moved his grandmother to exclaim ecstatically, 'Eh, what a perfect Court the lad is! He can give a savage look when he's a mind to!'

Extraordinary things, horses. Nature an extraordinary thing altogether. The differences between one mare and another — between a farm horse and a hunter. The strange, unaccountable differences between members of the same family. His young half brothers and himself. The boys more difficult to handle than horseflesh, by a long shot. They should n't be, for they were the same flesh and blood, got by the same sire. Yet what two boys could be more unlike than little Wakefield, so sensitive, affectionate, and clever, and young Finch, whom one could n't browbeat into studying or shame into taking an interest in games, who was always mooning about with a sheepish air? He had seemed more odd, more mopy than ever of late. . . . And then Piers. Piers was different again. Sturdy, horse-loving, land-loving Piers. They were very congenial, he and Piers, in their love of horses and their devotion to Jalna. . . . And Eden. He uttered a sound between a growl and a sigh when he thought of Eden. Not a line from him since he had disappeared after his affair with Pheasant, nearly a year and a half ago. That showed what writing poetry could do to a chap — make him forget decency, spoil the life of a girl like Alayne. What a disgraceful mess it had been, that affair! Piers had been quieter, more inclined to moods ever since, though the coming of the baby had done a good deal to straighten things up. Poor little kid, he must be howling for his supper by now.

He increased the speed regardless of the slippery road, and called over his shoulder, 'Home in ten minutes now, so cheer up, Pheasant! Have either of you got a cigarette? I've smoked my last.'

'I've done the same, Renny. Oh, I'm so glad we're nearly there! You've made wonderful time considering the night.'

'Have you any, Finch?'

'Me!' exclaimed the boy, rubbing one of his bony knees, which had got cramped from sitting so long in one position. 'I never have any! I can't afford them. It takes all my allowance to pay my railway fare, and buy my lunch, and pay fees for this and that. I've nothing left for cigarettes.'

'So much the better for you, at your age,' returned his brother, curtly.

Renny peered through the window. 'There's the station,' he said. 'I suppose your wheel is there. Shall you get it? Or had you sooner stop in the car with us?'

'It's a beast of a night. I think I'll go with you. No — I'll — yes — oh Lord, I don't know what to do!' He peered forlornly into the night.

Renny brought up the car with a jolt. He demanded over his shoulder, 'What the devil is the matter with you? You seem to have a perpetual grouch. Now make up your mind, if it's possible. I think myself you had better leave the wheel where it is and walk to the station in the morning.'

'It'll be a beastly walk in such weather as this,' mumbled Finch, moving his leg with his hands to bring life into it. 'My books'll be all muddy.'

'Well, get one of the men to run you down in the car.'

'Piers will want the car early. I heard him say so.'

Renny stretched back a long arm and threw open the door beside the

youth. 'Now,' he said quietly, but with an ominous chest vibration in his voice, 'get out. I've had enough of this shilly-shallying!'

Finch scrambled out, giving a ridiculous hop as his numb foot touched the ground. He stood with dropped jaw as the door was slammed and the motor rattled away, sending a spray of muddy water against his trouser legs.

II

There was a special dish for supper that night. Finch was aware of that, before ever he sniffed it, from the ingenuous air of festivity brightening the faces of those about the board. Doubtless Aunt Augusta had ordered it because she knew that Renny would be famished after his long day and strenuous exertion in the horse show. Finch was supposed to have a hot dinner at school, but he preferred to husband his allowance by buying a light lunch, and so have a respectable sum left for cigarettes, chocolates, and other luxuries. Consequently he had always an enormous appetite by night, for he did not get home in time for tea. The amount of food that disappeared into his bony person without putting any flesh upon it was a source of wonderment and even anxiety to his aunt.

The special dish was a cheese soufflé. Mrs. Wragge was particularly good at a cheese soufflé. Finch's eyes were riveted on it from the moment when he slid into his chair, between his brother Piers and little Wakefield. There was not much of it left, and it had been out of the oven long enough to have lost its first palate-pleasing fluffiness, but he longed passionately to be allowed to scrape the last cheesy crust from the bottom of the silver dish.

Renny, after helping him to a thick slab of cold beef, fixed him with his penetrating gaze and, indicating the soufflé by a nod, asked, 'Want the dish to scrape?'

Finch, reddening, muttered an assent.

Renny, however, looked across the table at Lady Buckley. 'Some more of the soufflé, Aunt Augusta?'

'No, thank you, my dear. I really should not have eaten as much as I have. Cheese at night is not very digestible, though cooked in this way it is not so harmful, and I thought that you, after your —'

The master of Jalna listened deferentially, his eyes on her face, then he turned to his uncle Nicholas. 'Another helping, Uncle Nick?'

Nicholas wiped his drooping gray moustache with an immense table napkin and rumbled, 'Not another bite of anything. But I should like one more cup of tea, Augusta, if you've any left.'

'Uncle Ernest, more of this cheese stuff?'

Ernest waved the offer aside with a delicate white hand. 'My dear boy, no! I should not have touched it at all. I wish we might not have these hot dishes for supper. I am tempted, and then I suffer.'

'Piers?'

Piers had already had two helpings, but, with a teasing look out of the corner of his eye at Finch's long face, he said, 'I should n't mind another spoonful.'

'Me, too!' exclaimed Wakefield. 'I'd like some more.'

'I forbid it,' said Augusta, pouring her third cup of tea. 'You are too young a boy to eat a cheese dish at night.'

'And you,' put in her brother Nicholas, 'are too old a woman to swill down a potful of tea at this hour.'

'Who ever heard of tea hurting anyone? It's coffee that is dangerous. The Whiteoaks, and the Courts, too, were all indefatigable drinkers of tea.'

'And rum,' added Nicholas. 'What do you say, Renny, to having a bottle

of something really decent to celebrate the prowess of our nags?'

'Good head!' agreed Renny, spreading a layer of mustard over his cold beef.

Piers in the meantime had helped himself to more of the soufflé, and then pushed the dish to Finch, who, gripping it in one bony hand, began savagely to scrape it clean with a massive spoon.

Wakefield regarded this performance with the patronizing wonder of one who had shared the dish in its first hot puffiness. 'There's a little stuck on there, just by the handle,' he said, helpfully pointing to the morsel.

Finch desisted from his scraping long enough to hit him a smart blow on the knuckles with the spoon.

Wake loudly cried, 'Ouch!' and was ordered from the table by Lady Buckley.

Renny shot a look of annoyance down the table. 'Please don't send the kid away, Aunt. He could n't help squeaking when he was hit. If anyone is sent away it will be Finch.'

'Wakefield was not hurt,' said Augusta, with dignity. 'He screams if Finch looks in his direction.'

'Then let Finch look in another direction.' And Renny returned to the consumption of his beef with an air of making up for lost time, as well as putting an end to the matter.

Nicholas leaned toward him. 'What do you say, Renny, to a bottle?'

'What do you suggest, Uncle Nick?'

'What have you got?'

'Besides the keg of ale and the native wine, there 's nothing but a few bottles of Burke's Jamaica and some sloe gin — and Scotch, of course.'

Nicholas smiled sardonically. 'And you call that a wine cellar!'

'Well,' replied his nephew, testily, 'it 's always been called the wine cellar. We can't stop calling it that, even if there is nothing much in it. Aunt?'

'A glass of native port, my dear. And I really think Finch should have one, too, studying as he does.'

Poor Finch did not wait for the ironic laughter which followed this appeal in his behalf to slump still lower in his chair, to crimson in deprecatory embarrassment. Yet, even as he did so, he felt a warm rush of love toward Augusta. She was not against him, anyhow.

Renny moved in the direction of the hall, and in passing Wakefield's chair he caught the expectant little boy by the arm and took him along, as though he had been a parcel.

They descended the stairs to the basement. Here the Wragges lived their strange subterranean life of bickerings, of mutual suspicion, of occasional amorousness, such as Wake had once surprised them in.

As soon as their steps were heard by Rags he appeared in the doorway of the kitchen, the stub of a cigarette glowing against his pallid little face.

'Yes, Mr. W'iteoak?' he inquired. 'Were you wanting me, sir?'

'Fetch a candle, Rags. I'm after a bottle.'

The light of sympathy now brightened the cockney's face. 'Right you are, sir,' he said, and, dropping the cigarette stub to the brick floor, he turned back to the kitchen, reappearing in a moment with a candle.

With Rags leading the way, the three passed in Indian file along a narrow passage that ended in a heavy padlocked door. Here Renny inserted the key, and the door, dragging stubbornly, was pushed open. The candlelight discovered what was apparently a well-stocked though untidily arranged cellar, but in truth the bottles and containers were mostly empties, which, in accordance with the negligence characteristic of the family, had never been returned.

Wakefield espied an old wicker fishing

basket pushed under the lowest of a tier of shelves. He dragged it forth and saw three dark squatty bottles, cobwebbed, leaning toward each other as though in elfin conspiracy.

'Oh, I say, Renny,' he exclaimed, 'here is something stimulative!'

Renny had made his selection, but he now set the bottles on a shelf and, snatching Wakefield's treasure from him, restored it to its fellows and pushed the basket hastily out of sight.

'If you had dropped that, you young devil's spawn,' he observed, 'I should have put an end to you on the spot.' And he added, grinning at his henchman, 'A man must have a secret in his life, eh, Rags?'

A secret in his life! The little boy was filled with ecstasy at the thought. Oh, if Renny would only make a partner of him in his secret doings!

He was told to hold the candle while Rags locked the door. He saw Renny's eyes fixed shrewdly on the servant's grayish-white hands. He saw the eyes narrow; then Renny transferred one of the two bottles he carried to his armpit and, with the hand thus freed, gave a sharp tug to the padlock. It slipped off into his palm. 'Try again, Rags,' he said, and his carven face looked uncannily like his grandmother's.

Rags remarked, this time successfully securing the door, 'I never did know 'ow to manage them blinkin' padlocks, sir.' He was unabashed.

'Not with me looking on, Rags. There, take the candle from the youngster. He's got it tilted sidewise.'

At the foot of the stairway Rags stood aside, holding the candle aloft to light the others as they mounted upward. 'A pleasant evenin' to you, sir,' he said, 'and good luck to the Jalna 'orses. We'll be drinkin' yer 'ealth down 'ere — in *tea*, sir.'

'Keep it weak, Rags. Better for your nerves,' adjured his master, callously, as he pushed the door at the top of the stairs shut with his heavy boot.

In the dining room Nicholas sat waiting, his large shapely hand, adorned by a heavy seal ring, stroking his drooping moustache, an expression of humorous satisfaction in his eyes. Ernest's expression was already one of regret, for he knew that he would drink and he knew only too well that his digestion would suffer for it.

Augusta sat admirably upright, her cameo brooch and long gold chain rising and falling on her breast, which was neither large nor small, but corseted in perfect accordance with the model of her young-womanhood. She drew back her head and regarded her nephew expectantly. He dusted the bottle of port and set it down before her.

'There, Aunt. The corkscrew, Wake. . . . Uncle Nick — Burke's Jamaica. That rascal Rags was for leaving the cellar door unlocked, so he could sneak in and swipe something for himself. But I caught him, thank goodness.'

'He's an incorrigible rascal,' said Nicholas.

'He deserves to be flayed alive,' agreed Ernest, pleasantly.

'I'd have done the same, myself,' laughed Piers.

Augusta looked upon the redness of the wine in her glass and remarked, 'Our old nurse used to put a little wine in the bottom of our shoes when we went out in the wet to prevent our taking a chill. We did not know what it was to wear rubbers, and we never had colds.'

'You forget, Augusta,' interposed her brother Ernest. 'I had severe colds. I can remember looking down from the nursery window when I had one of my colds and watching you two — and, of course, Philip — romping on the lawn with the little pet lamb we had. I can remember how the wood pigeons were always calling then.'

He had had but one glass of rum and water, but it took only that to imbue his gentle spirit with sentimental melancholy.

'Good Lord!' said Renny. 'If only the wood pigeons were thick as that now! What shooting! Eh, Floss? Eh, Merlin?'

His tone, the word 'shooting,' which they perfectly understood, aroused the two clumber spaniels sleeping on either side of his chair. They sprang up, with joyous barks.

Above the barking of the dogs Finch raised his voice: 'I think I might have something. A fellow going on nineteen can stand a drink or two, I guess.'

Renny gently cuffed his dogs.

'Down, Merlin. Down, Floss, old pet. What's that, Finch?'

There was silence now and Finch's voice boomed loudly but with an ominous break in it. 'I say I'm eighteen and I don't see why I can't have a drink.'

Piers said, 'Give him a sip of your wine, quickly, Aunt Augusta — he's going to cry.'

Finch with difficulty controlled his temper, gazing down at the remnant of apple tart that had been saved for him from the family dinner.

'Give the boy a glass of rum,' said Nicholas. 'Do him good.'

Renny put out a long arm and pushed the decanter, which he had filled with port, across to Finch. 'Help yourself, Finch,' he said, with a suddenly protective air.

Finch selected a glass and took up the decanter. He was afraid that his hand was going to shake. He set his teeth. He would not let it shake. . . . Oh, God, he was saying to himself, keep my hand from shaking!

His hand was steady enough until the glass was almost filled; then it began to shake. He barely escaped slopping the wine on to the table. By the time he had set the decanter down he was trembling from head to foot.

Everyone at the table had begun to talk at once. Not noisily or confusedly, but pleasantly in accord. Aunt Augusta began to tell of the old days at Jalna, when Papa and Mamma had entertained in lavish fashion, had even entertained a Governor-General and his lady. Then, of course, she drifted to social life in England in the eighties and nineties, when, she now liked to imagine, she had held an important social position. Nicholas, too, talked of London, but of a different London, where he and his wife, Millicent, had enjoyed themselves in the racing set till his funds gave out, and she left him, and he was obliged to return to the shelter of Jalna.

After two glasses, the mind of Ernest was centred on one thing only — what he should wear to the horse show the next day. He had a new fall overcoat of expensive English melton, made by the best tailor in town, such an extravagance as he had not indulged in for years. It had been bought with an eye on the horse show, yet the weather was so cold and wet that Ernest, with his dread of afflicting his delicate chest, was in a quandary. A severe cold at that time of year might lead to anything. 'Now, Renny,' he was saying, 'what about the atmosphere in the Coliseum? Was there a noticeable chill there to-day?'

'Chill!' ejaculated Renny, interrupted in a rhapsody on the powers of the high jumper he was to ride the next day. 'Why, there was no chill at all! It was like a conservatory. A flapper might have gone there in a chiffon shift, and felt none the worse for it.'

He hugged Wake against his side, and gave him a sip from his glass.

Piers no longer sat. He stood by the side of the table smiling at everyone. He looked remarkably well standing

thus, with his stocky figure, his blue eyes softly shining. He talked of the land and the crops, and of a Jersey heifer he was going to trade for an exquisite bull calf.

Pheasant thought, 'How darling he looks standing there! His eyes are as bright as Mooey's.'

Aunt Augusta whispered to Finch, 'You must go to your studies, my dear. You should learn a great deal to-night, after those two nice glasses of wine.'

'Huh-huh,' muttered Finch, rising from the table obediently. He took up his books from a side table where he had laid them, sighing at the thought of leaving this genial, relaxed atmosphere for the grind of mathematics. As he turned away, the lottery ticket fell from between the leaves of his Euclid to the floor.

Wakefield sprang from the arm of Renny's chair and picked it up. Finch was already in the hall. 'He's dropped something,' and the little boy peered at it inquisitively. 'It's a ticket — look, number thirty-one! Hello, Finch, you dropped something, my boy!'

Finch turned back angrily. Little beast, with his cheeky 'my boy'!

'Let's see,' said Piers, taking the ticket from Wakefield and examining it. 'Well, I'll be shot if it is n't a lottery ticket! What are you going in for, young Finch? You're a deep one. Out to make a fortune, eh, unknown to your family? You're still a schoolboy, you know,' — this taunt because of his failure to matriculate, — 'and you're not supposed to gamble.'

'What's this?' demanded Renny, suspiciously. 'Fetch it here.'

Piers returned the ticket to its owner. 'Take it to your big brother,' he advised, 'and then run upstairs for his shaving strop.'

Finch, glaring, thrust the ticket in his pocket and lunged toward the hall.

'Come back here!' ordered Renny. 'Now,' he continued, as the boy reappeared, 'just say what that lottery ticket is for.'

'Good Lord!' bawled the goaded Finch. 'Can't I buy a lottery ticket if I want to? You'd think I was an infant in arms!'

'You may buy a dozen if you wish, but I don't like the way you are acting about this one. What is it for?'

'It's for a canary, that's what it's for!' His voice was hoarse with anger. 'If I can't buy a lottery ticket for a goddam canary it's a funny thing!'

The outburst of merriment that leaped from the lungs of his brothers and uncles could have been equaled in volume and vitality by few families. After the roar had subsided, Renny gave another of his metallic shouts. 'A canary!' he repeated. 'Next thing he'll be wanting a goldfish and a rubber plant!' But, though he laughed, in his heart he was deeply ashamed for Finch. He was fond of the boy. It was humiliating that he should be such a sissy — wanting to own a canary, of all things!

A vigorous thumping came from the bedroom across the hall.

'There now,' cried Ernest, irritated concern clouding his features, 'what did I tell you! You've wakened her. I knew you would. It's very bad for her to be disturbed like this at her age.'

Augusta said, without flurry, 'Wakefield, go to my mother's room. Open the door quietly and say, "There is nothing wrong, Grandmamma. Please compose yourself."'

Wakefield crossed the hall, solemn with the weight of his own importance. He opened the door of his grandmother's room and, gliding in, looked almost fearfully about that dim chamber, revealed, rather than lighted, by a night light placed on a low table near the head of the bed. He wanted to frighten himself a little — just a little — with the strangeness of being alone

with Grandmother in this ghostly light, with the rain dripping from the eaves outside her windows, and a single red eye glowing on the hearth, as though some crouching evil spirit were watching him. He stood very still, listening to her rather wheezy breathing, just able to make out the darkness of her face upon the pillows and the restless movement of one hand upon the crimson quilt.

The flowers and fruit painted on the old leather bedstead which she had brought with her from the East glowed duskily, less bright than the plumage of the parrot perching there. A sigh from the bed quivered on the heavy air like the perfume from some forgotten potpourri of petals gathered long ago.

The bygone memories of the bed were drawn upward in the sigh. In it Augusta, Nicholas, Ernest, dead Philip, father of the turbulent young Whiteoaks, had been given birth. There Philip, their father, had died. What tremors, what pains, what ecstasies, what perversities and dreams the bed had known! Here Grandmother now spent the greater part of her time.

Her hand rose and hung above the quilt. A tiny red beam shone from the ruby ring she always wore. She was feeling for her stick. Before she was able to grasp it and rap, Wakefield trotted to her side. He said, like a little parrot, 'There is nothing wrong, Grandmamma. Please compose yourself.' He enjoyed the dignified words Aunt Augusta had put into his mouth.

She peered up at him from under her shaggy red brows. Her nightcap had got askew and one eye was completely hidden by it, but the other fixed him with peculiar intensity.

'Hey?' she demanded. 'What's that?'

'Compose yourself,' he reiterated, earnestly, and patted the quilt.

'I'll compose this family,' she said, savagely, 'with my stick! Where's my stick?'

He put it into her hand and then backed away a little.

She thought a moment, trying to recall what she had wanted; then a burst of half-smothered laughter from the dining room reminded her.

'What's that noise mean? What are they shouting about?'

'About a canary, Gran. Finch has a lottery ticket for one.' He came close to her now, looking eagerly into her face to watch the effect of his words.

The effect was terrible. Her features were contorted by rage. She glared up at him, speechless, for a moment, then articulated thickly, 'A canary—a bird — another bird in the house! I won't have it! It'll put Boney in a rage. He won't bear it — he'll tear it to pieces!'

Boney, disturbed by the sound of his name, took his head from under his wing and thrust it forward, peering down at his mistress from his perch on the painted headboard.

'Haramzada!' he cried, wildly. 'Haramzada! Iflatoon! Paji! Paji!' He rose on his toes and flapped his wings, creating a little gust of warm air that fanned Wakefield's face.

Old Mrs. Whiteoak had heaved herself up in the bed. She had protruded from under the quilt her large feet in purple bed socks, and followed them by long yellowish legs.

'My dressing gown,' she gasped. 'On the chair there. Hand it to me. I'll show them whether I'll have a chitchat flibbertigibbet canary in the house.'

Wakefield knew that he should have run to the dining room and called one of his elders. It was an unprecedented thing that Grandmother was doing, getting up without Aunt Augusta or one of the uncles to help her. But his

desire for novelty, for excitement, was greater than his prudence. He brought the heavy purple dressing gown, and helped her to put it on. He put her stick into her eager, shapely old hand.

But to get her on to her feet! That was a different matter. Drag as he would at her arm, he could not budge her. 'Ha!' she would grunt with each heroic effort, her face getting more and more the color of her dressing gown.

At last she laid down the stick. 'What were we doing?' she asked blankly.

'I was trying to get you up, Granny.'

'What for?' Her eye gleamed suspiciously.

'Why, the canary, Gran. Finch's canary, don't you remember?'

On the instant her old face was alight with rage.

'Remember! Of course I remember. A canary in the house! I won't have it. I'll stir things up. I'll make a scene. I must get out to the dining room.'

'Shall I fetch Renny?'

'No. No. No, no, no. He'd put me back in bed. Cover me up, the rascal. I know him. I must get to the dining room and give 'em all a fright.' She looked about her rather wildly. 'But what was I going to make a scene about?'

'About the canary, Gran.'

'Ah, yes. We must attend to that. Try pushing me from behind, Wakefield. Mount the bed.'

Nothing loath to try his force from another angle, the little boy scrambled on to the bed, and, kneeling behind her, pushed mightily against her shoulders.

Grunting, straining, her eye prominent with the exertion, she rose. Rose so thoroughly, in fact, that she all but toppled forward on her face. But she balanced herself. Like some unseaworthy old vessel, battered by a storm, she still could ride the waves on occasion with a staunch front.

Leaning heavily on Wakefield's thin shoulder, she appeared in the doorway of the dining room, and cast an authoritative look over her descendants gathered there. Shock and concern displaced hilarity on their strongly marked countenances. Piers, who was nearest her, jumped to his feet and came to her side. Ernest brought a chair, and they placed her in it.

'Mamma, Mamma,' chided Ernest, adjusting her cap, so that her other too bright eye was discovered, 'this is very bad for you.'

Augusta said, sternly, 'Wakefield, you are a very naughty boy. You deserve a whipping.'

'Let the child be,' rapped out her mother. 'He minds his business, and he does what he is told, which is more than you do.'

Lady Buckley fingered her cameo brooch and looked offendedly down her nose.

'Are you hungry, Gran?' asked Renny. 'Is that what brought you out?'

'No, no, no,' ejaculated Ernest. 'She's not hungry! She had a large bowl of cornflakes and puffed rice before she went to bed.'

His mother turned her hawklike face on him. 'Cornflakes,' she muttered. 'Cornflakes — silly leaves . . . puffed rice — silly seeds . . . leaves and seeds — fit food for a silly canary.' She dropped her chin on her breast, turning a word over in her mind. 'Canary.' Her brain fumbled over it like a blind old tigress trying to discover the nature of a strange morsel. 'Canary.' Of what did it remind her? Her deep dark eyes roved over the faces of the clan till they fell on young Finch in the doorway. He was gazing at her in sheepish fascination. The instant she saw him she remembered why she had risen so vehemently from her bed. A *canary!* Finch's canary in that house!

A little chirping, squeaking, hopping bird at Jalna! She would n't have it!

Her face became dark with anger. She found it difficult to speak. 'Finch,' she articulated. 'I want Finch.'

Finch slouched into the room, grinning deprecatingly.

'Now,' she said, peering at him from under her shaggy rust-colored brows with sudden, lucid firmness, 'what's this I hear about a canary?'

Finch, staring into her eyes with a bewitched feeling, could only stammer, 'Oh, look here now, Gran — look here — there's no darned canary at all —'

'There *is* a canary,' she shouted, thumping her stick on the floor. 'A nasty, flibbertigibbet canary that you've smuggled into the house. Fetch it here and I'll wring its neck for it!'

'Oh, I say, Gran, it's only a lottery ticket. There's not one chance in a hundred that I'll win. I don't want the thing anyway.'

'Ha!' she retorted, furiously. 'You'd lie, would you? Come here!'

He approached guardedly, but she was swifter than he gave her credit for. With the sweeping gesture of one indulging in some sport, she caught him a blow on the knuckles, so sharp that it skinned three of them and doubled him up with the sting of it.

Ernest rose from his chair, trembling. 'Mamma, this is very bad for you. You might have a stroke.'

'Stroke, is it?' she shouted. 'I gave the brat a stroke — a stroke he'll remember. I drew the blood, I did! Put out your hand, boy, till I see it.' She was purple with excitement.

Renny set down his glass of rum and water. He came and leaned over her. 'Don't you want to be kissed, Gran?' he inquired on a coaxing note.

She raised her eyes and, from under the rim of her cap, peered into his face. Its lean redness, thus suddenly brought close to hers, shutting out her view of the others; his strongly carved nose, resembling her own; his lips, drawn back from his strong teeth in a smile, hard, yet still somehow tolerant and tender, caught her attention, submerged her in an enchantment she could not resist. Renny, bone of her bone, a Court of Courts, one of the old stock — nothing puling about him.

'Kiss me!' she ejaculated. 'Kiss me quick!'

Finch, under screen of the embrace, slipped from the room. Going up the thickly carpeted stairs, he could hear the loud exchange of kisses.

Panting a good deal, the old lady looked around the room triumphantly after Renny had released her, — she seemed to have gathered strength from his pressing vitality, — and, giving a valiant tug to her cap which again disposed it over one eye, she demanded, 'My teeth! I want my teeth. I'm hungry. Somebody get my teeth.'

Wakefield blithely danced back to the bedroom, reappearing instantly with the two sets of teeth in a tumbler of water. Mrs. Whiteoak leaned toward him as he approached, and stretched out her hands. She could scarcely endure the waiting for them. The little boy joggled the tumbler before her.

'For pity's sake be careful, child,' exclaimed Augusta.

'He should never have been allowed to fetch them,' observed Ernest, and, despising himself for doing it, he poured a little more rum into his glass.

It had been a good evening, Renny thought. What a supper the old lady had made! And how the old boys had enjoyed their spot of rum! A good day. His horses had done well. He had done well. He was conscious of a pleasant ache of honorable fatigue in legs and arms. Not perhaps so much an ache as a wholesome consciousness of every

muscle. How the mare had pulled, had striven!

Rags was clearing the table. As he lifted the bottle of spirits, of which a small part remained, the master of Jalna, nodding toward it, observed curtly, 'Yours, Rags.'

III

Finch, seated under an oil lamp, with a green paper shade on which were pictured the heavily smiling faces of two German girls, was writing in his diary.

'All but missed train. Rotten day at school. *Must* swat for math exam. Had interesting talk with Leigh in spare hour. Horse show. Renny simply great. Best in the show. Pheasant not bad. Motored home. Row about lottery ticket for canary. Gran absolutely awful. Had two glasses of port!! Saw Joan.'

He sucked the abrasions on his knuckles and let his eyes run over the entries of the preceding days. There was more or less variety in these. School was more or less rotten. There were noted several good times with Leigh, and a 'h—— of an evening' with George and Tom. One peculiarity was common to all the entries. They all ended with 'Saw Joan' or 'Did not see Joan.'

He took out his Euclid and laid it on the table before him. The book had a habit of opening of itself at page 107. He hoped it would not do that to-night, because, if it did, he might be unable to study. His jaw dropped and his hand shook as he raised the cover — 107 stared up at him. . . . He stared blankly at the number — 107. Why did he fear it? 1 — that was the same as I . . . I, Finch Whiteoak. 0 — that was nothing . . . he, Finch, was nothing! Ah, he was getting at it! That was why he dreaded the number, and no wonder! Then, 7 — that, of course, was magic. Magic 7. I, Finch, am *nothing*. He closed the Euclid sharply and opened it in a fresh place. Page 70 this time. Again the magic 7, and after that naught. Magic followed by nothingness, void. That was life — magic, with naught to follow! He tried again. Page 123. Again the I. Then two . . . I and another. Two of us. . . . Then three. I and the other have made a third. Three of us. . . . He saw himself, himself and Joan together in a bedroom. They were bending over the crib where lay the Third which they had made, as he had seen Piers and Pheasant bending over Mooey's crib. Joan, to whom he had never yet spoken a word! He had been introduced to her at a football match by his friend, Arthur Leigh.

The thought of her had troubled him a great deal during the month that had since passed, but he had made no effort to become acquainted with her and had never spoken of her again to Leigh, though he would have liked to know her surname, which he had not caught at the moment of introduction.

She went to a girls' school not far from his own school, and few days passed without an encounter on the street. One swift glance was all he ever gave her as he took off his cap, but his meeting or not meeting with her always provided the last words for the day's entry in his diary. It was always either 'Saw Joan' or 'Did not see Joan.'

He supposed that if he had never met Joan he would have found some other instrument with which to torture himself. If only he had passed his exams, so that Renny would not have stopped his music lessons! He felt that to-night, if he had been allowed to spend an hour at the piano, it would have quieted him, lifted him into happiness, freed him from the sense of longing, of fear. He did not question

the justness of Renny in stopping the piano playing. He knew that he had spent a lot of time — wasted it, he humbly admitted — hanging over the keyboard, when he was not practising but feverishly attempting to compose. How happy he had been at those times!

Resolutely he opened his Euclid at the problems and deductions he was to study for the next day. He placed the corner of the book exactly on the blot on the table. Then he dropped his pencil. A bad beginning to drop one's pencil. . . . He would pick it up and begin to work. . . .

But he found that he could not pick it up. Three times his fingers wavered above it, but they could not close on it. He groaned, hating and fearing himself. . . . He began to count the dim medallions of the carpet. He found that he was kneeling on the sixth medallion from the north end of the room, and the fifth from the west. Six and five were eleven — it was the eleventh day of November. Six times five — thirty. Thirty was the number of his locker at school. Thirty was the number of marks he had taken in the Euclid examination when he had failed . . . Christ was thirty years old when He was crucified. . . .

He thought that if he had a cigarette to smoke he might be able to pick up the pencil and begin his work. He got to his feet and stole cautiously down the attic stairs. The door of the bedroom occupied by Piers and Pheasant stood ajar. A lowered lamp cast a peaceful light over the white bed and Mooey's cradle beside it. It was the same solid hooded cradle that had rocked all the infant Whiteoaks.

He opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers where he knew Piers sometimes kept an extra package or two of cigarettes. Ah, there they were — Piers was good to himself! A large-size tin box of Players, more than half full. A package containing at least a dozen Turkish cigarettes. Finch helped himself, but with caution, and closed the drawer.

As he turned to go he bent over the cradle and looked in curiously at young Maurice. He was curled, sweet and warm, in baby sleep. Finch went suddenly weak with tenderness as he looked at him. He put his head under the hood of the cradle and sniffed him, as a dog might sniff at a sleeping puppy. He kissed his cheek and felt his own blood turn to some mild sweet nectar, and his bones to nothing but a tender desire for love.

He took the baby into his arms and bent over him, his lank blond forelock falling over the little head. He kissed the head, the cheeks, the mouth extravagantly. He could not be satisfied. He poured out his soul in love. His eyes filled with tears, which dropped on to the little hands. My God, was it possible that Piers felt this way?

Voices were in the hall below. Pheasant and Aunt Augusta were coming up. . . . He thrust the child back into the cradle and drew the covers over him. Not for anything would he have been caught caressing his young nephew.

Upstairs he found he was no longer the victim of his nerves. He picked up the pencil, the Euclid, lighted one of Piers's cigarettes, and set to work.

Lady Buckley had laid aside her bracelets, her brooch, and her gold chain. She had taken off her black satin dress, her long black silk petticoat, and now, in camisole and short white underpetticoat, was brushing her still abundant hair. Even in such jaunty apparel as this, her appearance of being on her dignity was not lessened. She regarded her reflection in the glass with her accustomed air of mingled complacence and offense. Her

complexion had never been good — now it was mottled and liverish; her eyes had a peculiar glassy dullness, unlike her mother's, which still retained a clear fire. But her features were excellent. Her nose — the Court nose, though in a modified form. Not the fierce, carven feature that her mother and Renny thrust into the world. An improvement, she thought. More becoming to a lady, the widow of an English baronet. She began to think of her husband. . . .

How insignificant her parents and her brothers had thought him, with his pale side whiskers, and his mild eyes, and his neat little feet! He had had a little lisp, too. She could almost hear him, even now, calling her: 'Auguthta!' But what character! He had never lost his self-control, no matter what happened. Nothing had ever surprised him. Even when the word had come from England that two sudden deaths had brought the baronetcy to him, together with an old house in Dorsetshire and a respectable income, he had shown no surprise. He had merely turned from the cablegram in his hand and remarked, 'You had better begin packing our bags at once, Lady Buckley. We're going home.' Lady Buckley! How the title had always stuck in her mother's throat! How disagreeable it was of her mother, always pretending that she could not remember her name! Speaking of her to friends as 'my daughter, Lady Bunkley' — or perhaps 'Bilgeley.' If her mother had not been a Court she would have called it ill-bred. But, of course, the Courts were like that. She thought of England. How she longed to be back there! She thought of the hedgerows, the beds of geraniums about her own house (she did hope the tenants were keeping things in order), the song of the linnets on the moist sweet air, her friends. She had been away from all these things for a year, and it seemed like two. But it was her duty to remain in Canada till her mother's death. Surely Mamma — well, she was a hundred and one. It almost frightened Augusta . . . what if Mamma were to live forever! But then, no one lived forever!

She put on her flannelette nightdress, buttoned up to the chin, with silk featherstitching at the wrists. Little knobs of hair in wire wavers stuck out on her head. She drew the curtains closely across the two windows. How the rain beat! She caught sight of her reflection in the pier glass, as she stood against the long dark curtain. She drew back her head and stared. A stately figure she made, truly. An upright, noble-looking creature, she could not help thinking.

She posed thus for a moment like a statue, then turned out the light and sought her bed.

Ernest had felt a little odd coming up the stairs, almost light-headed, but when he got to his own room he was quite himself, except that he had a feeling of agreeable exhilaration. He very much liked the rose-colored shade for his lamp that Alayne had sent him from New York on his birthday. Alayne had always been so sweet to him. Her going had left a real blank in his life. And Eden, too, he missed him greatly. It was such a pity their marriage had turned out as it did. They had been such a lovely young couple, intellectual, good to look upon.

He stood meditatively, enjoying the soft pink glow that was diffused over the room. It imparted a fragile liveliness to the Dresden china figures on the mantelpiece.

The little china clock between the shepherd and the shepherdess chimed twelve. What an hour for him to be getting to bed! But what a jolly evening! He hoped that the rum and water

would do him no harm. Yes, and he had had a glass or two of wine before the rum. . . . He hoped and prayed that Mamma would be all right after that second supper of hers. How roguish she had been! He smiled as he thought of her. Really, one could scarcely believe that he was seventy-one with Mamma so active. . . .

He remembered his new overcoat. Not a bad idea to try it on now when he was looking his best, flushed a little, his eyes bright. He got it from its hanger in the tall wardrobe and turned it round, looking it over very critically, his lips stern, his eyes knowing. 'A damned fine coat!' He uttered the words aloud in the tone one might use in similar praise of mare or woman. Gad, it was a handsome coat!

He put it on, and it slipped over him with a firm yet satiny embrace. He stared at his reflection in the glass. No wonder the tailor had complimented him on his figure! Slender, upright (when he used a little will power), with an air of elegance such as one did not associate with the colonies.

Suddenly he felt the colonial's strange nostalgia for England. He remembered a top hat he had bought once in Bond Street. Twenty years since he had bought that hat in England, and he had not been back since! Perhaps when Mamma died, and Augusta returned to her home, he would go back with her on a visit.

When Mamma died! The thought of her death always brought a tremor of apprehension with it. There was first the dread of losing her, and, added to that, the prolonged uncertainty as to who would inherit her money. Not a hint had dropped from her lips. She had thought it enough for them to know it was willed in its entirety to one member of the family. Ah, if she should leave it to him, he would have independence, power in the family! He would do so many nice things for the boys! Dear boys, it would be best for them if all the money were left to him. . . .

Before he got into bed he went to the basket where his cat, Sasha, lay sleeping with her kitten beside her. He looked down on them with a wry smile. Sasha, at her age, — she was twelve, — to have a mongrel kitten! And not only have it, but be brazen about it!

He murmured, 'Kitty, kitty,' and touched her with his fingers. It was as though he had touched a vital nerve that controlled her whole body. She unfolded like a fan, uncurling her body to its full length, raising the great golden plume of her tail. She opened her eyes, and then grinned impudently up at him — a great three-cornered grin that showed the roof of her mouth and her curling tongue.

'Naughty, naughty,' he said, tickling her.

Her kitten butted its little bullet head against her.

Even after he was in bed he stretched out his hand and felt for the pair in the basket. It was amusing to lie in bed with one's hand snuggled against those warm furry bodies. It was comforting.

Piers found Pheasant already in bed, her shingled brown head quite off the pillow on the edge of the mattress, her bright eyes gazing into the cradle.

'Piers, do you know, Mooey's perfectly wonderful! What do you suppose he'd done? Got in between *quite* different layers of the blankets! I don't see how he managed it. Goodness, you've been a long time.'

'We got to talking.' He came over and looked down at the five-months-old baby. 'Looks pretty fit, does n't he?'

'Oo, the precious! Hand him in to me. I want him beside me while you get ready.'

'Don't be silly. I shan't be five minutes. You'll only disturb him.'

'I want to see his little toes, don't you?'

'Pheasant, you're nothing but a baby yourself.'

He came and bent over her. Lying relaxed on the bed, her hair rumpled, a white shoulder showing above the slipped-down nightdress, she seemed suddenly very tender and appealing to Piers. She seemed as sweet and delicately vigorous as one of the young silver birches in the ravine.

The light out, Pheasant snuggling close to him. Mooey making comfortable little snuggling noises in his sleep like a puppy. The rain beating on the windows, accentuating the snugness and warmth of the indoors, the peace. The peace. Why was it that at times like these Eden's face should come out of the darkness to trouble him? He clenched his teeth and pressed his forehead against Pheasant's shoulder, trying not to think, trying not to see Eden's face with its mocking smile.

He tried to draw comfort from her nearness and warmth. She was his! That awful night when Finch had discovered the two in the wood together was a dream, a nightmare. He would not let the dreadful thought of it into his mind. But the thought came like a slinking beast, and Piers's mouth was suddenly drawn to one side in a grimace of pain. Pheasant must have felt his unease, for she turned to him and put an arm about his head, drawing it against her breast.

Nicholas could not sleep. 'Too damn much rum,' he thought. 'This comes of drinking scarcely anything stronger than tea. You get your system into such a state that a little honest spirits knocks your sleep into a cocked hat.'

However, he did n't particularly mind lying awake. His body was in a tranquil, steamy state, and pleasant visions from his past drifted before his eyes. The glamour of women he had cared for long ago hung like an essence in the room. He had forgotten their names (or would have had to make an effort to recall them), their faces were a blur, but the froufrou of their skirts — that adorable word 'froufrou' that had no meaning now — whispered about him, more significant, more entrancing, than euphonious names or pretty faces. And their little hands (in days when women's hands were really small, and 'dazzling' was a word not too intense for the whiteness of their flesh) held out to him offering the flowers of dalliance.

Nip, his Yorkshire terrier, who was curled up against his back, uncurled himself suddenly and began to scratch the quilt with concentrated vehemence.

Nicholas began to get drowsy. . . . What had he been thinking of? Oh yes, old days. Affairs. When Nip had begun that bout of scratching he had been recalling a little affair with an Irish girl at Cowes — it must have been quite thirty-five years ago, and the memory of it as fresh as her skin had been then! Ha — he had it! Adeline, that had been her name — the same name as his mother's. His mother. How she had hung on to Renny and kissed! And how they had stared into each other's eyes! A thought came to him with a nasty jolt. Suppose Renny were trying to get around her — get on the inside track after her money. . . . One never could tell. . . . That red head of his. What if all his caresses were calculated?

Nicholas became blazing hot, his brain a hotbed of suspicion. He flung the covers from his shoulders and put his arms out on the quilt. He lay staring into the darkness, going over in his mind encounters between the two

— little things trivial in themselves, but which seemed to indicate that Renny's influence was unduly strong with the old lady. Good heaven, if Renny were worming his way in there, how dreadful! He would never forgive him!

He heard a step in the hall, Renny's step. He felt that he must speak to him, see his face, discover perhaps some telltale predatory gleam in his eye. He called, 'Is that you, Renny?'

Renny opened the door. 'Yes, Uncle Nick. Want something?'

'Light my lamp, will you? I can't sleep.'

'H'm. What's the matter with this family?' He struck a match and came toward the lamp. 'Wake's been having a heart attack.'

Nicholas growled sympathetically. 'That's too bad. Too bad. Poor little fellow. Is he better of it? Can I do anything?'

'I should n't have left him if he had n't been better. I think he overdid it helping Gran to get up. He gets excited about things, too. . . . Is that high enough?' The clear flame of the lamp illumined the strongly marked features that looked as though they had been fashioned for the facing of high winds, carved more deeply the line of anxiety between the brows, accented the close-lying pointed ears.

Nothing underhand, self-seeking, in that face, Nicholas thought, but I must n't let the old lady get too doting about him. He's the kind of man that women . . . 'One thing that was keeping me awake,' he observed, peering shrewdly into the illumined face, 'was the thoughts of Mamma. Her spirit, is n't it amazing?'

'A corker.'

'It seems impossible to think that some day . . . Renny, has she ever said anything to you about how she's left her money?'

'Not a word. I've always taken it for granted that you'll get it. You're the eldest son and her favorite — a Court and all that — you ought to have it.'

Nicholas's voice was sweet with reassurance. 'Yes, I suppose that's the natural thing. Just set the lamp on the table here where I can reach it. Thanks, Renny. Good night, and tell Wake that he's to go straight to sleep and dream of a glorious trip to England Uncle Nick's going to take him.'

'Righto. Good night.'

He took from the mantel his special pipe, the sweet instrument of his bedtime smoke, and filled it. He stretched his leather-legginged legs before him, and, as he pressed the tobacco down into the bowl with his little finger, he gazed thoughtfully at Wake sleeping on the bed. Poor little beggar! What a time he'd had with him! A rotten bad spell, and that after weeks and weeks of seeming so well. He supposed it was the raw chill of the weather they'd been having that had pulled him down. That and heaving Gran about. He was such a game youngster, he'd tackle anything.

Renny leaned forward and gently took the little thin wrist in his, felt the pulse. Quieter, more even. Wake lifted his lids.

'Oh, hello, Renny!'

'Hello. What are you awake for?'

'I don't know. I think I'm better. I say, Renny, may I go to the horse show to-morrow?'

'Not if I know it. You'll wait and go with the other kids on Saturday.'

'I say, Renny, I love watching your face. The way your nostrils go. They're funny. And the way you wiggle your eyebrow. I love watching you, more 'specially when you don't know it.'

How cleverly the little rascal could change the subject! Renny laughed.

'Well, I guess you 're the one person who does, then.'

'Oh no. There was someone else. Alayne. She loved watching you. I often caught her at it.'

His elder sent forth a cloud of smoke. 'What surprises me is the number of things you know which you 've no right to know, and how slow you are on the uptake with useful information.'

Wakefield closed his eyes. 'He 's getting himself worked up to cry,' thought Renny. He asked, 'How about those legs? Nice and warm now? That nasty feeling gone, eh?' He put his hand under the clothes and began soothingly to rub them.

Alayne! What was she doing to-night? Was she happy? Forgetting him? Oh no, she would n't forget — any more than he! He wished to God he could forget! It had always been so easy for him to forget — the natural thing. And now, after more than a year, a sudden mention of her name sent the same tremor through him — gave him a sudden jolt, as though his horse had stumbled. . . . He rubbed the little legs rhythmically. Wake slept. The room was dimmed by a blue-gray haze of smoke. . . . Renny heard Finch moving in the room above and remembered that the boy's school fees were overdue. He unlocked a drawer and took out a slim roll of bank notes. Separating three tens and a five, he put them into an envelope, addressed and sealed it.

In the attic the only sign of habitation was the rim of light beneath Finch's door. He was about to turn the knob when a bolt was shot on the inside and he heard the boy's quick breathing.

'Hello,' he rapped out. 'What 's this mean?'

'Oh, darn it all, Renny. I did n't know it was you!' He slid back the bolt and stood sheepish and red.

'Did you think it was the canary fellow come to get the lottery ticket?' He grinned down at Finch sarcastically.

Finch mumbled, 'Thought it was Piers.'

'Why? Had you been pinching something of his?'

The random shot went home. The boy's flush deepened, he stammered a weak denial, and Renny's grin exploded in a laugh. 'You 're certainly going to the dogs! What was it — ties? Cigarettes?'

'Cigarettes.'

'H'm. . . . Well, here is your fee for the term. I should have sent it by check, but — the truth is, my account is a bit overdrawn. Just hand it to the bursar — and no frenzied finance on the way!' He laid a dollar bill on the envelope. 'Get some fags for yourself, and cut out this light-fingered business. Also, keep inside your allowance.'

Finch's hand shook as he took the money. He brought the lamp to light his elder down the stairs. 'Is Wake feeling rocky to-night?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Gosh, I'm sorry.'

He watched the lean figure descend, noticing how the lamplight sought the warm russet of leather leggings and close-cropped head. He wished to God he'd some of Renny's ginger!

Strength from music — that was what he wanted. He thought of the ivory expanse of the keyboard, and felt an ache through his soul, a quiver through his arms. . . .

Carefully he placed the notes in a shabby leather pocketbook; then from his desk he took an old mouth organ. He went into the clothes closet and shut the door. Then, putting his head under a heavy overcoat to muffle the sound, he laid his lips against the instrument and began wistfully to play.

(To be continued)

ADVENTURES IN A PUKA-PUKA LIBRARY

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

In the middle of the room the rough pine boards are covered with a white Manihiki mat. Red designs are worked into its border, and at one end lies a kapok pillow, bulging its slip to the bursting point. This slip is the one old Mama, William's wife, made for me. It is embroidered with big green and pink fish chasing little green and pink fish; and there is a red coconut tree exactly in the middle of a yellow sea. Two men are standing below the tree, and two coconuts are dropping straight for the men's heads. This was Mama's idea of a great joke. She would slap her withered thigh and cackle with glee as she explained the import of the design.

During the heat of the day I lie on my Manihiki mat with my head propped up on Mama's pillow. I am too drowsy to read, and not drowsy enough to sleep. A faint breeze comes through the low window at my head; outside an old hen clucks sleepily, and there is the rumble of the reef surf nearly a mile away. Otherwise Puka-Puka Islet is wrapped in an enchanted stillness.

My bookshelves cover the chipped-coral wall near my feet, and as I lie here looking at them I am aware of what they mean to me. I am alone on this remote atoll except for my books and the funny little Puka-Pukans. A schooner comes twice a year to take my copra and supply me with trade goods. A strange white face sometimes appears from one of these semiannual schooners, and then there is always the same question: —

'But are n't you lonesome here without another white man on the island?'

'No,' I reply, 'for I have —' and then I break off, realizing that this odd white shade would hardly understand if I explained that I have long discussions with my books.

I do not read as much as formerly, for my books have been thumbed many times. Nowadays I find greater pleasure in lying on my white Manihiki mat, resting my eyes on a cherished volume, and reviewing it mentally.

There is Mungo Park, for instance. The little green *Journal* figuratively jumps from its place between *The Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* and Calderon's *Tahiti*, and, opening before me, Mungo Park himself steps out. I frequently start my discussions with him in these words: —

'You are what all travel books would like to be, and your only fault lies in making it impossible for one to enjoy other books written in your vein.'

The *Journal* has disappeared, and the familiar objects in my room recede and dissolve in thin air. Now I can see Mungo Park standing by a deep brook, throwing pebbles into the water to ascertain its depth. A rotund little man called Walter Scott appears, peeping from behind a copse of brush. Park mutters in a sad tone — but he is not speaking; he is invoking spirits from their graves, and projecting them in living pictures. All at once my blood races through my veins, for I see Ali's

band galloping toward me, clouds of sand rising over the horizon, a half-starved white man prisoned with a pig in a hovel, and then this same man wandering on and on into a friendless wilderness, until at last he is alone in the heart of darkest Africa, hungry, naked, but indomitable. And now Mungo Park really speaks:—

After they were gone [the robbers], I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone; surrounded by savage animals and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative, but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call Himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. . . . Can that being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of a creature formed after his own image!—surely not!

'I can see you, Mungo Park, deep in the intricacies of a maze that daily becomes more and more involved, knowing the improbability of your ever breaking out, and yet pushing forward, until you seem lost indeed. Darkest Africa! The phrase is a fitting one, for as you plod on the folds of wilderness close behind you, impenetrable curtains drop, one by one, seeming to blot out even the sun, until an infinite night descends, and you find yourself alone and friendless in a land where it is a virtue to kill you.

'But after you have escaped from Ali's camp, my vicarious terror lessens. I feel that it is now too late, and as you cannot turn back you may as well go on; death awaits you in either case. It now needs a jinni from *The Arabian Nights*, who can cleave mountains and soar through the air, to take you back to Doctor Laidley.'

The ifrit, Guardian of the Forest, leaps from *The Tale of the Sea Rose of the Girl of China*, and now another picture moves before me. Prince Nurighan dismounts in the depths of a forest and sits by the mountainous jinni. He takes a cake of flour and melted butter from his food sack and offers it to the jinni, who swallows it at one mouthful, and then, jumping to his feet with joy, cries: —

'This human food gives me more pleasure than an inheritance of that red sulphur which formed the stone of Sulayman's ring! By Allah! I am so delighted that, if each of my hairs turned to a hundred thousand tongues and each of those tongues were to sing your praises, the whole concert would fall short of the gratitude I feel. If you do not ask for some favour in return my heart will be as a porcelain plate dropped from a high terrace!'

'Could you take Mungo Park out of darkest Africa?'

'Yes; but I won't, for Mungo Park has no sugar-and-butter cakes!'

II

'Shall I open the store, Ropati?' my store boy, Benny, calls, poking his head through the trapdoor leading to the trading station below my living quarters. 'Old Bones is outside with

twenty-four coconuts which he wants to trade for a mouth organ.'

'Yes, open up, but don't let him play his mouth organ in the store. . . . There are no mouth organs in darkest Africa.'

My store boy does not understand the last of my words, but it makes no difference. He is accustomed to me. He moves into the store, muttering, 'These white men! These white men! What does Ropati mean by this Africa that is so dark? Can he be speaking of the storeroom? I had better light the lantern, for it *is* dark in there.'

Desultory reminiscences pass through my mind. . . . A religious school — mortification of the flesh — intense longing for adventure — measles — my brother — and then *Bhanavar the Beautiful* and relief from the barbarities of a religion of suppression. My eyes move across the bookshelves to a little red volume beside *The Toilers of the Sea*, and I muse: —

'George Meredith! Is it possible that you wrote *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and also *The Shaving of Shagpat?*'

'Quite possible!' Mr. Meredith replies, jumping from the bookshelf to my white Manihiki mat. 'But I hasten to explain that the Shagpat book was my first volume — poems excepted. It is only a silly burlesque.'

'It is your only good book.'

Meredith answers petulantly, 'But *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is considered one of the great English novels.'

'It makes no difference what the world considers it. You are in Puka-Puka now, where there is only one opinion to be considered. Years ago I had a copy of your Feverel book. I lent it to Table Winning, one of the Cook Island traders. He stole it from me, as is his custom with books. I made no attempt at reclaiming it, as is not my custom with books.'

'Then there are thieves among your contemporary traders. You know about birds of a feather flocking together?'

'I beg your pardon; book stealing differs from chicken stealing. The former is a virtue.'

'Do you practise virtue by stealing books?'

'I seldom remember to return a good book. It is more an error than a theft.'

'Quite true!' cried Sigmund Freud, thrusting his head from *An Introduction to Psychoanalysis*. 'I explained the matter thoroughly in my lectures on *The Psychology of Errors*.'

Meredith replies blandly, 'In my undegenerate day a theft was a theft, not an error.'

'But suppose you stole abstract goodness, would not such a theft be a virtue?'

Meredith does not answer, so I continue: —

'In stealing — or in error about returning — a book, one is demonstrating a love of virtue.'

Meredith: 'Then if you stole Rabelais, Casanova, or Lazarillo de Tormes, you would merely be acquiring virtue?'

I do not see fit to answer him. He continues, in a pleasanter tone: —

'How did you happen to come across my amateurish *Shaving of Shagpat?*'

'When a boy I attended a strait-laced religious school, where the students were entirely isolated from the sinful world to be taught the tenets of a pseudo-mystic religion. We were told that Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, Santa Claus, and orthodox spooks did not exist. No literature on such topics was allowed in the school; but the fairies of Madame Blavatsky, the Mahatmas of the Himalayas, and the elementals and astral shades of William Quan Judge formed a large part of our education. *The Shaving of Shagpat* was on the little school bookshelf, because the masters considered that the author of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* could never be

imaginative and beautiful enough to hurt our minds. When I had the measles my brother read this book to me, picking it from the shelf at random, and since then I have loved you in spite of the rest of your works. I have sprinkled a few drops of the essential oil of opopanax in the binding of your *Shagpat*, to give it a heavy Oriental fragrance in harmony with the book itself. When I read it I am taken away from the realities of life, as I was in childhood, and am carried to a land where anything is possible that is impossible. It is now cherished among the six other supreme books of my library. They are George Borrow's *Lavengro*, Villon's *Testaments*, Mungo Park's *Journal*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *The Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane*.'

'You can't give an author a better excuse for jumping from the bookshelf than telling him you are pleased with his book,' said George Borrow, suiting his action to his words. 'I have only one quarrel to pick with you, and that is that you have squeezed my four volumes between those low *Memoirs* of the *merched anladd*, Harriette Wilson, and the canting *Memoirs* of that hypocrite, Stephen Burroughs. My *Newgate Calendar*, though, you have put where it belongs, with *The Canning Wonder* and *For the Term of His Natural Life*.'

'Ah! George Borrow!' I mused aloud. 'What a meddling old Englishman you turned out to be!'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I mean it is as hard to believe that Meredith wrote *Feverel* and *Shagpat* as that you wrote *Lavengro*, *Romany Rye*, *The Bible in Spain* — and *Wild Wales*. Can it be that Mr. Petulengro's friend, the tinker of the dingle, the acquaintance of the man who could read *The Crockery Literature of China* but could not tell what's o'clock, the gypsy, the scholar, the priest, is the same inquisitive old gentleman who lugged a wife and daughter through Wales, never tiring of relating how he surprised the inhabitants with his knowledge of Welsh?'

Apparently George Borrow does not hear me. He appears to be sitting some distance away, in an old English inn, with the shade of a jug of brown ale at his elbow. Now and again he sips the ale with great relish. As I watch him he recedes into the chipped-coral wall; then it, too, disappears, and in memory I am on Matauea Point of Ko Islet, reliving the wild night when I first read *The Bible in Spain*.

III

The lagoon was lifeless, steely, reflecting each cloud and the littoral of the bay so clearly that, lying on the beach, I could easily imagine the real sky beneath and the reflection overhead. Toward noon curtain clouds formed high up, deepening gradually until the groves were almost as dark as night. On the reef great seas were pounding and countless sea birds circled about screaming plaintively.

Shortly before six the sun forced its way through the clouds with its disc only a few degrees above the horizon. Instantly the whole cloud-dome was illuminated with a flaming red light, as bright to east as to west. It was a sight to fill one with fear. The groves, the lagoon, the beach, absorbed it until all other hues were lost in a blood-red effulgence that seemed to glow in the very air itself. When the sun went down the light vanished by rapid perceptible degrees, and in a moment, it seemed, pitchy darkness had set in.

Still there was no wind. Crawling beneath the mosquito net, we listened to the great seas bombarding the reef; they seemed intent on crumbling the

tiny islet to powder and distributing it along the bottom of the Pacific. From time immemorial this insignificant crumb of land with its banks of sand ostentatiously decorated with a few coconut trees had broken the serene march of the great rollers on their way across the Pacific; now the time had come for reparation. The mighty combers crashed down with long echoing reverberations like the roar of great cannon, and followed by the ominous swish of broken water rushing across the reef in mad clouds of foam and spray.

As I listened it seemed to me that the islet had become very small, had shrunk to a mere sand bank which was being ravenously devoured by twenty-foot combers. Amid the roar of the breakers I could hear the sea birds' dismal foreboding cries from the coconut palms, and the incessant hum of countless mosquitoes outside the net.

I felt light-headed; grotesque hallucinations materialized before me with startling vividness. I was afraid and found myself unconsciously humming light refrains for relief. When relief failed to come I lit a lantern, set it outside the mosquito net close to my head, and settled back to lose myself in *The Bible in Spain*. I must have read for several hours when I came to this paragraph: —

> I had no sooner engaged him than, seizing the tureen of soup, which had by this time become quite cold, he placed it on the top of his forefinger, or rather on the nail thereof, causing it to make various circumvolutions over his head, to my great astonishment, without spilling a drop; then, springing with it to the door, he vanished, and in another moment made his appearance with the *puchera*, which, after a similar bound and flourish, he deposited on the table; then, suffering his hands to sink before him, he put one over the other and stood at his ease with half-shut eyes, for all the world as if he had been in my service twenty years.

I laughed aloud. Little Sea, my wife, grumbled in her sleep, while Tomi, her ten-year-old brother, with wide-open faunlike eyes, stared at me. Closing my eyes, I conjured up Antonio, the valet, in his bizarre guise: —

> His arms were long and bony, and his whole form conveyed an idea of great activity united with no slight degree of strength; his hair was wiry, but of jetty blackness; his forehead low; his eyes small and grey, expressive of much subtlety and no less malice, strangely relieved by a strong dash of humour; his nose was handsome, but the mouth was immensely wide, and his under jaw projected considerably. A more singular physiognomy I had never seen, and I continued staring at him for some time in silence.

Suddenly I started, closed the book over my finger, and sat upright. Visions of gypsies stealing forth on the 'affairs of Egypt,' of maniacs, Andalusian orange venders, and bloodthirsty robbers flashed through my mind, leaving it incapable of other thoughts. At first I knew merely that something unusual had happened: there was a new sound, like the hissing of countless snakes. I thought it might be the wind blowing in the fronds, but as there was still no wind I conceived that it must be waves washing along the shore. But waves wash intermittently, while this was one long unbroken hiss. I wondered if the seas on the outer reef had increased to such an extent that they had flooded over the shallows and were even now washing across the islet. The hissing increased in volume until I imagined that a great wave must surely be rushing toward us. I sprang out of the net and ran to the door.

Complete silence; the hissing had suddenly stopped, and for a moment

even the sea birds were quiet. Then a great comber boomed along the reef, sending a seismic tremor through the islet. A frigate bird squawked, and there was a buzzing in my ears, for the mosquitoes quickly found me out.

I returned to the net and, reopening *The Bible in Spain*, I read on to the point where Borrow whispers the magic gypsy words in his fractious stallion's ear: —

> The Romany chal to his horse did cry,
> As he placed the bit in his horse's jaw,
> 'Kosko gry! Romany gry!
> Muk man kistur tute knaw!'

We then rode forth from Madrid by the gate of San Vicente, directing our course to the lofty mountains which separate Old from New Castile.

Again the hiss, scarcely audible, reached my ears, coming as though from a great way off. The booming on the reef had suddenly increased to a deafening roar, but still I could hear the sibilant sound, a noise apart from the sea's roar. With increasing agitation I closed my book and shoved it under the sleeping mat. If I had had a barometer my mental state would have been explained, for the glass would have registered ominously low. Little Sea and Tomi, blessed, nerveless savages, were sound asleep.

Gradually the hissing increased until I again imagined that a great wave was washing across the point to engulf us in the lagoon. Rushing outside once more, I listened for a moment, and at last understood the cause. Strangely enough, although it was dead calm where I stood, the wind was rustling overhead, carrying with it the swishing sound of the water foaming over the reef.

Then, as though it had been gathering force far out at sea, it struck the islet with a yell of fury, screaming through the trees, hurling fronds and nuts through the air — a force of indescribable violence, bent on destruction! Its first impact sent me staggering into the house, carried away the roof as well as the frond sides, and tore the mosquito net from its fastenings to whirl it, spectrelike, across the lagoon.

Little Sea and Tomi were safe. When I reached them they shouted in my ears, simultaneously, '*Uriia!* (Hurricane!)' They were not in the least frightened — on the contrary, they seemed to be enjoying it. I was thinking of the flying nuts and fronds and listening to the intermittent crashes as coconut trees were snapped off and hurled to the ground. I remembered that a termite-eaten one was growing directly to windward, and no sooner had the thought come than, as though to warrant my fear, with a report like the firing of a dozen rifles the top of the tree was snapped off and hurled over our heads into the lagoon beyond.

My nerves were now keyed to a point beyond fear; nevertheless I realized the perilousness of our situation. Matauea Point was not more than five feet above sea level and the highest point on Ko Islet did not exceed fifteen feet. What should we do when the seas started breaking over the land itself?

We huddled together in the middle of the house, or, rather, in the framework of the house, with the sleeping mat at our backs. Rain came in torrents, soaking us with the first downpour. My teeth chattered and the cold seemed to eat into the marrow of my bones, but Little Sea and Tomi dozed on either side of me, apparently quite comfortable.

By four in the morning the gale was at its height, blowing with such violence that we could no longer sit with our backs to it, but must lie flat on the ground. Nuts, fronds, and trees had ceased falling, for most of them had

long since been blown into the lagoon and the weaker trees had gone down in the first gust. No gale can break or uproot a sound mature coconut palm — it will bend its sixty-foot bole to the ground without breaking; but one log which rolled toward us with great violence reminded me that the danger was not past. We could not see it, but we heard the crash when it struck the termite-eaten stump to windward.

My mind wandered back to the story I had been reading in *The Bible in Spain*. I found myself muttering over and over: —

> 'The Romany chal to his horse did cry,
> As he placed the bit in his horse's jaw —'

and I saw Antonio standing before me with the soup tureen balanced on his finger nail. He seemed to be smiling and winking at me in an incomprehensible manner. Then, yelling, he did a wild dance, tossing the tureen under his leg so that it made a turn over his head, and on the downward course he caught it in his teeth, grinning fiercely. Then, taking it on the palm of his hand, he dashed it with all his strength against the stem of a coconut palm. It bounded back without a drop lost, whereupon he caught it on the bridge of his nose and balanced it there.

Little Sea was shaking my shoulder and screaming into my ear. I was roused from my wide-awake nightmare, and at length grasped the meaning of her words: —

'The seas are coming! The seas are coming, Ropati!'

Dawn was breaking, a leaden joyless dawn. I could dimly see the outlines of ragged palms with most of their fronds carried away, while the few remaining ones lay out horizontal and stiff in the mighty gale.

Then I heard a deafening roar as though the islet were being wrenched loose from its foundation and whirled to oblivion in one annihilating avalanche of water. The next instant what remained of the house was flooded two feet deep in a foaming torrent that rushed pell-mell across the islet.

I jumped for my canoe and moored it to a tree. It was no sooner done than a second wave foamed over the point, three feet deep. I jumped into a tree and literally watched the Pacific Ocean washing beneath me. Little Sea and Tomi clung to another tree near by.

I had not noticed in the excitement that the wind had abated and was even then diminishing by perceptible degrees. Within the next five minutes it was dead calm again. It is at such times that the seas rise, for during the height of the gale they are flattened by the wind.

The next wave took the skeleton of the little house, flooding the point a good six feet deep. Fortunately, instead of uprooting the trees we were roosting in, it banked about two feet of sand over the whole length of the point. But waves are fickle things, and as the next one might sweep away all the sand that had been brought in, and a good deal more besides, we took advantage of the lull between the third and fourth waves to run inland to higher ground.

It was an eerie experience watching those great seas piling over the islet, carrying débris — birds, fish, and gigantic masses of coral which had been wrenched from the reef. But by midday the seas had given up their attempt to wash Puka-Puka into the marine ooze, leaving a tattered and torn Ko Islet strewn with dead fish, mangled trees, coral boulders, and drowned birds. The three of us made our way slowly back to Matauea Point. I was conscious of something solid in my pocket. Pulling it out, I found that it was my copy of *The Bible in Spain*. I distinctly remember putting it under

the sleeping mat, and how it managed to get into my pocket is a mystery to me to this day.

IV

'Such, George Borrow, are the circumstances under which I read your book.'

But I have mistaken my store boy for Borrow. Benny pops out of the trapdoor like Mephistopheles in my friend Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. He tiptoes across the room, lights the lamp, glances toward me with concern, and disappears the way he came. Presently I hear the pop of a cork from one of my bottles of island-brewed ale, and then Benny whispering to my old retainer, William: —

'Ropati is a trifle mad again; we had better leave him alone. He is talking to himself and gesticulating wildly, like Sea Foam, the preacher, during Sunday service.'

I barely hear him, for my eyes are lingering, now, on a cherished volume in the philosophers' row.

Living writers refuse to enter into discussions, though they often poke out their heads to make some happy comment. This is my great quarrel with James Branch Cabell, for I wish to discuss with him his philosophy of things as we should like them to be. If I outlive him I shall be able to unburden myself of many things during these Puka-Puka reveries. For instance, I shall tell him of another time I sailed across the lagoon for Ko Islet. There I meant to hunt turtles by night and drowse away the days with a fishing line thrown from the beach and an odd hour spent over the pages of *Beyond Life*.

Halfway across the lagoon, an ominous black cloud rose over the horizon. It rushed upon me, and in no time I was in the midst of one of the fiercest squalls I have ever known. I slackened the sheet, letting the sail flap, but the force of the wind against the mast and rigging capsized the canoe. As she was going over I instinctively grabbed for the thing I valued most, and the next instant was fighting for my life in a foaming lagoon. Eventually I caught hold of the canoe's gunwales and held on until the wind had abated. When sufficiently composed to look about me, I found that I was holding my copy of *Beyond Life*. My food, clothes, bedding, fishing tackle, had sunk or were floating to leeward, but I had saved the half-read volume. It was the thing in the canoe that I desired most.

I will tell this to Cabell, — if he dies first, — and I will explain why I think his philosophy is sound, pointing out that we South Sea traders are all Don Quixotes, trying to live life as we believe it should be, closing our eyes to disillusioning realities, and fearful of living intruders lest they bring us back to earth.

A gust of wind enters through the low window, and the lamp is extinguished. I have been lying here on my white Manihiki mat for hours, and it has seemed but a moment. Old Mama has my tea ready, and Benny and William will continue drinking my ale until I put a stop to it.

Only a few of my friends have visited me to-day. To-morrow I shall invite Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim to enact the siege of Dunkirk and the siege of Widow Wadman. Then there will be Gil Blas, Cotton Mather, Samuel Butler, Benvenuto Cellini; and perhaps Swinburne and François Villon will sing for me.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

I

I RECKON, when I count at all,
First Poets — then the Sun —
Then Summer — then the
Heaven of God —
And then the list is done.
But looking back — the first so seems
To comprehend the whole —
The others look a needless show,
So I write Poets — All.
This Summer lasts a solid year.
They can afford a Sun
The East would deem
Extravagant,
And if the final Heaven
Be beautiful as they disclose
To those who trust in them,
It is too difficult a grace
To justify the Dream.

II

We — Bee and I — live
In the quaffing.
'T is n't all hock with us,
Life has its ale —
But it's many a lay of
The dim Burgundy
We chant for cheer when
The wines fail.
Do we 'get drunk'?
Ask the jolly clovers!
Do we 'beat our wife'?
I never wed.
Bee pledges *his* in minutest
Flagons,
Dainty as the tress on her
Deft head.
While runs the Rhine
He and I revel —
First at the vat and
Latest at the vine;
Noon — our last cup.
'Found dead of nectar'
By a humming Coroner
In a by-thyme.

III

It always felt to me a wrong
To that old Moses done,
To let him see the Canaan
Without the entering.

And though in soberer moments
No Moses there can be,
I'm satisfied the romance
In point of injury

Surpasses sharper stated
Of Stephen or of Paul,
For these were only put to death,
While God's adroiter will

On Moses seemed to fasten
In tantalizing play —
As Boy should deal
With lesser Boy
To show supremacy.

The fault was doubtless
Israel's;
Myself had banned the Tribes,
And ushered grand old Moses
In pentateuchal robes

Upon the broad possession
But titled him to see.
Old Man on Nebo! Late as this
One Justice bleeds for thee!

IV

Through the dark sod
As education
The Lily passes sure,
Feels her white foot no
Trepidation,
Her faith no fear.

Afterward in the meadow
Swinging her beryl bell,
The mold-life all
Forgotten now —
In ecstasy and dell.

V

'T was warm at first like us,
Until there crept thereon
A chill, like frost upon a glass
Till all the scene be gone.

The forehead copied stone,
The fingers grew too cold
To ache, and like a skater's brook
The busy eyes congealed.

It straightened — that was all.
It crowded cold to cold —
It multiplied indifference
As Pride were all it could.

And even when with cords
'T was lowered like a freight,
It made no signal, nor demurred,
But dropped like adamant.

VI

And this of all my hopes —
This is the silent end.
Bountiful colored my morning rose,
Early and sere its end.

Never bud from a stem
Stepped with so gay a foot,
Never a worm so confident
Bored at so brave a root.

VII

After great pain a formal feeling comes —
The nerves sit ceremonious like tombs;
The stiff Heart questions — was it He that bore?
And yesterday — or centuries before?

The feet mechanical go round
A wooden way
Of ground or air or ought,
Regardless grown,
A quartz contentment like a stone.

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived
As freezing persons recollect
The snow —
First chill, then stupor, then
The letting go.

VIII

Of nearness to her sundered things
The Soul has special times,
When Dimness looks the Oddity,
Distinctness easy seems.

The shapes we buried dwell about.
Familiar in the rooms,
Untarnished by the sepulchre
Our moldering playmate comes

In just the jacket that he wore,
Long buttoned in the mold,
Since we, old mornings, children played,
Divided by a world.

The grave yields back her robberies,
The years are pilfered things,
Bright knots of apparitions
Salute us with their wings —

As we it were that perished,
Themselves had just remained
Till we rejoin them,
And 't was They, and not Ourselves
That mourned.

IX

It ceased to hurt me, though
So slow
I could not see the trouble go —
But only knew by looking back
That something had obscured
The track.

Nor when it altered, I could say —
For I had worn it every day
As constant as the childish frock
I hung upon the nail at night.

Nor what consoled it — I
Could trace,
Except whereas 't was wilderness
It's better, almost Peace.

X

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face,
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

GOETHE AND BEETHOVEN

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

I

1811–1812. A rich autumn of grape harvesting, of golden forests and red sunset skies. The last but two symphonies and the last violin sonata. Lovely declining days and latter-day loves. And the encounter of two suns, Beethoven and Goethe. It was a brief meeting. For centuries the Fates had been preparing the syzygy of these two stars in the firmament of poetry and music. The hour arrives, and the hour passes; their paths have crossed, and each has gone his way. We must wait another thousand years before such an event can occur again. How I envy those who saw them. I even borrow the eyes of such people, and imagine that I too can see the slumbering images of these men reflected as in a pool.

They had long known each other from a distance, but with unequal knowledge; and it was Beethoven whose comprehension was the greater. Ever since childhood he had been nourished on Goethe, and had devoted a cult to him. He read him every day.

In his first conversation with Bettina Brentano,[1] in May 1810, Beethoven had spoken of the fascination that Goethe's poetry exercised over him, not only as to content, but also as to rhythm. 'I am ordained and impelled to compose by the very force of his speech, for it is constructed on a grand scale, like some piece of architecture reared by spiritual hands. It bears within it the secret of harmony. . . . Melody is the sensual life of poetry. Is it not through melody that the spiritual content of a poem penetrates our senses? . . . But mention me to Goethe. Tell him that he ought to hear my symphonies. He will agree with me that music is the one immaterial medium through which we can enter a higher world of knowledge, a world which envelops man although man cannot grasp it. What the spirit receives from that world through the senses is an incarnated spiritual revelation. Write to Goethe about me if you understand me, for I wish with all my heart that he may instruct me.'

But before going further we must pause a moment and weigh the value of Bettina's testimony. Now that her real correspondence with Goethe has been published, we are able to see clearly into her soul. Critics have minutely compared various texts, and, in spite of certain lacunæ due to the disappearance of important letters, we can definitely disengage the actual from the impossible and the erroneous from the imaginary, particularly during the period under discussion.

Between 1807 and 1810, Bettina was no Northern sibyl, as certain modern historians have asserted. Later her traits modified. From twenty to forty her artistic capacity may not have increased much, — it was always

[1] Bettina Brentano was the daughter of the lovely Maximilienne La Roche, a Rhenish German with whom Goethe was in love as a young man. Her father, of Italian birth, lived in Frankfort, where Bettina was born in 1785. — EDITOR

great, — but at least her accuracy improved. It is, however, of the little Mignon between twenty and twenty-five that we are speaking here.

She was a short girl, with a dull complexion and dark bottomless eyes. She seemed to be a perfect mass of black curls, and usually wore a long flowing robe with a heavy girdle, like a pilgrim. Independent of fashion, she could not adapt herself to the strict dictates of society. It irked her to sit on a chair, and she would generally crouch on a low footstool or perch on a window ledge. Sometimes she was full of wild life and laughter; sometimes she was plunged into depths of melancholy. Fundamentally she was a dreamer, dreaming of life.

Eighteen hundred and ten was the year when Goethe was most captivated by her, although he was never able to resist her charms; and it was during this same year that she, whose whole life was devoted to the love of Goethe, felt herself closest to him and loved him most ardently. Her letters of January and February 1810 show that she was absorbed in him in the same way that Saint Theresa of Ávila was immersed in her amorous visions. And there is no reason to believe, as I once did, that Goethe was bored by this excessive adoration. He drank it in as a cat drinks sugared milk. Not only did he express his gratitude, but when a month passed without his receiving any new outburst of affection he grew anxious and wrote to her again. Never did he separate himself from Bettina's letters, but carried them with him wherever he traveled.

II

It was under these conditions that Bettina saw Beethoven for the first time. What reason would she have had beyond the imperious dictates of truth to write to Goethe that she was much taken with Beethoven; that he had subjugated her; that she had passionately espoused his cause, although she could well foresee that Goethe would not be agreeably disposed to the man?

First of all, let me outline the famous story that Bettina later published. She had been spending some time in Vienna with her brother, Franz Brentano, who had married Toni Birkenstock, both of whom were faithful friends of Beethoven. It was during a glorious month of May, and Bettina's letters to Goethe were redolent of hothouse odors. She had just heard a sonata of Beethoven's, and it had overwhelmed her. She wanted to see the musician. Everyone tried to dissuade her, telling her that Beethoven was unapproachable. No one even knew where he lived. But Bettina was determined. She found his house, and entered. He was seated at the piano and did not see her. Leaning over him, she whispered in his ear, 'My name is Brentano.' Turning quickly, he saw a pretty girl with wild eyes that seemed to penetrate his thoughts, and he sang her *Kennst du das Land*, his soul afire with religious enthusiasm. How could she have failed to conquer him?

And she was just as overwhelmed as he — more so, in fact. 'When I saw him I forgot the whole world, and when I think of him again the world disappears.' She was so wrapped up in Beethoven that his terrible solitude took possession of her spirit. She felt that his burning desert of loneliness was hers also, and she took refuge in Goethe's paternal tenderness. All the first part of her letter to Goethe would be a fit subject for psychoanalysts to study, for it strikingly exemplifies the phenomenon of the medium. Bettina's soul drank in the electric rays generated

by genius. She had the luck to surprise Beethoven during a passionate crisis in a state of creative trance — or *raptus*, as he was to call it when she reminded him of the words he had spoken.

Their conversations continued, for Beethoven would not let Bettina depart alone, but accompanied her to the Brentanos' house; and later on he went for walks with her. Bettina was fascinated. She forgot everything but this one man — society, picture galleries, theatres, and even the spire of St. Stephen's Church. They had a succession of grand conversations, concerning which Schindler was later skeptical, for the naïve reason that Beethoven had never mentioned them to him; but, as someone once said, Schindler was not Bettina.

What really concerns us here in our account of the relations between Goethe and Beethoven is the accuracy of the facts and the sincerity of Bettina's impressions. There can be no doubt on either score. Her letter to young Alois Bihler written July 9, 1810, absolutely establishes her meeting with Beethoven and the devastating impression that he made upon her. In spite of his extreme ugliness, which struck her more than anything else about him and prevented her from ever falling in love with him, she was fascinated from the first, and this fascination remained always. '*Ich habe diesen Mann unendlich lieb gewonnen.* (I have come to feel an infinite affection for this man.)' The thing about Beethoven that conquered her was the unparalleled sovereignty (*Herrlichkeit*) and sincerity (*Wahrheit*) of his art. The way the world treated him revolted her, and from the moment she first met him she was devoted to his cause.

That she made a conquest of Beethoven is no less certain. Her letter to Bihler is a confirmation of Beethoven's assiduous devotion to her. During his last days at Vienna he never left her. He could not be separated from her, and when he left he begged her to write to him at least once a month, for she was his only friend. The unquestioned letter from Beethoven to Bettina dated February 10, 1811, informs us that Bettina wrote to him twice, and that Beethoven carried her letters about with him all summer.

One simple fact will show what an impression Beethoven made on Bettina's life. When her brother Clemens came to rejoin her in June with young Arnim, her prospective husband, they were amazed at the change that had set in. Arnim, who had been sure of being accepted, now found her absorbed and remote. She talked about her duty and about devoting herself to music as the great mission of the time; and when Arnim had gone away again, desolate at heart, and begged her in his letters to love him, Bettina replied, affectionately and sincerely, that she wanted to make him happy, but that she could not clearly tell what was in her heart, alluding obscurely to certain musical ties with which she was bound.

Her next meeting with Goethe occurred sooner than either of them had expected. By chance Goethe was called to Teplitz by his Grand Duke at just the time that Bettina stopped there on her way to Berlin. She learned of Goethe's presence, hastened to see him, and in two beautiful days of happy intimacy — the tenth and eleventh of August, 1810 — she poured out in a torrent everything that had been revealed to her and described how her life had been enriched and revolutionized.

'She talked to me endlessly,' said Goethe, 'about new and old adventures.'

These new adventures consisted of her meeting with Beethoven. Goethe did not wish to name him, nor did he wish to attach any importance to Bettina's enthusiasm. What was his opinion of Beethoven? Not much at this time, but he was too sensitive then to the charms of this pretty girl not to let her rattle on. He watched her mouth, but did not follow her meaning.

What did he really think, he who knew them both? Realizing the dangers involved, he dismissed them from his horizon. Interested and provoked, he refused to take seriously what he called Bettina's *wunderliche Grillen*. But his psychological curiosity, ever on the alert, was at once repelled and attracted.

He came to a halt before the amazing figure that Bettina had described. Never had she made a stronger impression. Never had he esteemed her spiritual value more highly. At this moment Beethoven almost broke in upon Goethe's intellectual sympathy, and he would have done so had there not been a third party who undid Bettina's efforts — Zelter. What did this excellent musician, this perfect Philistine, this faithful Achates, say to his friend Goethe about Beethoven? On the twelfth of November, 1808, he wrote as follows: 'People are looking with admiration and terror at certain will-o'-the-wisps on the slopes of Parnassus, talents — some of them — of the greatest importance, that are using statues of Hercules to kill flies with.'

Later he spoke more harshly, mentioning certain of Beethoven's works. He described his art as unbalanced, monstrous, shameless, and inverted. Within ten lines he unconsciously said everything that would separate Goethe from Beethoven irremediably. On August 11, 1810, Bettina met Zelter in Goethe's presence at Teplitz, and went away with a deep-seated rancor against him. By going over this episode in her mind all winter, she again showed her loyalty. It made no difference that she knew how dangerous it was to question Zelter's authority in Goethe's presence, that it was a waste of time, and that she was running a risk of falling into her godhead's bad graces. In spite of everything, she would not pardon this Philistine, as she called him, for his crass stupidity and maliciousness.

Goethe bridled. He had imagined that these musical whims were mere caprices of a pretty woman and would presently vanish. But when he saw that they had come to stay, he pulled a sour face. At first he was prudent, for he needed Bettina to help him write his reminiscences. These were to be her childhood memories of the things her mother had told her when the two of them used to spend ecstatic hours living over in their imagination the early youth of their young god. For, strangely enough, Goethe himself had no recollection of his early years. For this reason he had to accept everything, and his bad humor was merely expressed by silence. Nevertheless, his rancor kept growing, and a few words in a letter written on the eleventh of January, 1811, betrayed it. 'You often show pig-headedness, particularly in musical matters. Your little noodle concocts the most extraordinary fancies, but I don't want to scold you about them or to hurt your feelings.' In other words: 'You may speak, but I shan't do you the honor of discussing what you say.'

During the winter of 1810–1811 Goethe drifted away from Bettina. He believed that he was the sole lord and master of that seductive soul of hers, half Italian and half Rhenish-German. She had come to him and had apparently given herself to him utterly;

but here she was only doing lip service to the god of Weimar, proving a false companion, and following new revelations of Beethoven and the young German Romantic Movement.

After long hesitations, Bettina became engaged to von Arnim on the fourth of December, 1810, and married him on the eleventh of March. The letter to Goethe announcing this event and written two months afterward is more full of Goethe than of Arnim, and her sincere affection for Arnim was in all truth but a pale flame compared with her passion for Goethe. Nevertheless, Goethe felt betrayed, and suffered from spite. The wound was chiefly of an intellectual nature. Achim von Arnim, a young literary gentleman, was worthy of all esteem both for his talent and for his character, and he showed old Goethe a respect and regard of which Goethe was aware; but in the spiritual field Arnim, like Beethoven, — though on a far lesser scale, — was hostile.

III

To understand Goethe's feeling of revulsion toward his contemporaries, let us come down to our own day — to the present crisis in European art, which has been knocked off its bearings by the World War; to the social upheavals; to the outbursts of false enthusiasm, false religion, and false poetry; and to those unconstrained outbursts of excitement which cause us to oscillate between anarchy and slavery, between excessive liberty and excessive tyranny. Perhaps it is a fruitful epoch by reason of its very incoherence and its destructive tendencies; it may be the necessary transition between a world that is dying and a world that is being born. But a Goethe, who would know what it had cost him to order his art and his life, cannot but look on with disgust when all his conquest is threatened, even ruined. Goethe seldom laughed, for he took life and art seriously. He was not disposed to pardon people who gayly upset his own order and his own harmony. Therefore, if the inoffensive young Arnim made him thunder, what would Beethoven do?

Goethe was not enough of a musician to see in Beethoven what we easily see to-day and what Bettina divined — his imperial artistic mastery of the unchained elements. On the twelfth of April, 1811, Beethoven wrote a letter to Goethe full of touching modesty and bordering on love and respect. It told Goethe that the music of *Egmont* was being sent to him shortly, and begged for his judgment. 'Even your blame will be of assistance, both to me and to my art, and I shall receive it with as open a heart as I should the highest eulogy.' See how humble this great man is — although only with Goethe, for he disdained all others. The year before he had sent by Bettina three admirable *Lieder* to poems by Goethe, but Goethe had said nothing. Nevertheless, Beethoven uttered no word of disguised reproach or impatience. He renewed his offering with the same humility.

Goethe, however, was a man of the world, and he knew what he owed the conventions and what he owed the appeals of an illustrious musician who was offering him his veneration. He decided to reply, and did so on June 25, politely maintaining his distance. He did Bettina justice, and congratulated Beethoven on the warmth of such an advocate. He was pleased, he added, to receive the music Beethoven had announced, because he had often heard him mentioned with the highest praise. He had never heard his pieces played by artists or skillful amateurs without wanting to admire Beethoven himself at the keyboard and

to enjoy his extraordinary talent. . . . And even more than a full year after the music of *Egmont* had first been played in Germany, Goethe still lacked the curiosity to hear it, and seemed to look upon Beethoven as a mere piano virtuoso.

On the twenty-third of January, 1812, this note appears in his journal: 'Evening, Beethoven's music for *Egmont*.' Not until the twenty-ninth of January, 1814, was *Egmont* first produced with music at Weimar. Goethe wrote on this occasion: 'Evening, *Egmont*.' He did not even think of writing Beethoven's name.

In the summer of 1811 a catastrophe occurred. Beethoven lost the support of his little patroness at Weimar. In September Goethe definitely broke with Bettina. The von Arnims were shown the door, shortly before an unlucky fate brought Beethoven and Goethe together.

While Goethe was staying at Karlsbad in July 1812 he received an invitation from his Grand Duke to come at once to Teplitz, where the Empress of Austria wanted to speak with him. He went to Teplitz, and Beethoven was there. Goethe had not made the journey on Beethoven's account, but, having come so close, he perhaps recalled the striking portrait that Bettina had drawn, and also Beethoven's ardent desire to meet him. His curiosity overcame his artistic repulsion and he called on Beethoven. Teplitz was full of emperors and empresses and their hangers-on, but Beethoven was a bird of a different plumage. He wrote solemnly, 'Few people, and of these few no one striking. I live alone, alone.' But on the same day, in the course of a business letter to his publishers, he interrupts himself and writes, '*Goethe ist hier!* (Goethe is here!)' You can feel his heart leap.

Goethe behaved nobly. He was the first to come, and he, like Bettina and so many others, was subjugated by the first glance. On the same day he wrote to his wife, 'I have never seen a more powerfully concentrated, more energetic, more fervid (*inniger*) artist.' This is no small praise. In all his life Goethe never admitted another man's superiority to such a degree. What a profound view it was! Goethe's subjugation is proved by the fact that the next day, July 20, the two men went walking together. On the day after, Goethe returned to Beethoven's house in the evening; and there again on the twenty-third Beethoven played for him on the piano.

Four days later, however, Beethoven left Teplitz, as his doctor had ordered him to Karlsbad. It was over. During all the rest of their lives these two men were never to meet again.

IV

What happened? We are enlightened by two letters from Bettina, and by two other letters all too true — one from Beethoven to Breitkopf, written on the ninth of August, 1812, and the other from Goethe to Zelter on the ninth of September, 1812. I shall try to look at these two men and describe them as they were in all their grandeur and all their pettiness. For pettiness exists in geniuses just as much as in ordinary mortals — in fact, more so; and Beethoven, like Goethe, had his share of it. The most generous at the start was Goethe. He extended his hand to Beethoven; he was as cordial as his nature permitted, though he was always a little formal when he was not expressing himself artistically or in strict intimacy. Beethoven had not taken him in at the start, for the second impression did not contradict the first. It seems, however, that Beethoven's impressions were less satisfying. This

poet of whom he had dreamed since childhood as a wide-winged eagle flying against the wind looked like a *Geheimrat*, punctilious in etiquette and respectful toward high rank, a silly society dude. And after this same man had listened to Beethoven improvising on the piano, — and everyone knows how torrential these improvisations were, — he said to him politely that he had played charmingly. No doubt he was embarrassed in expressing his appreciation of music and was merely complimenting the musician on the agility of his fingers; but the æsthetic judgment, the intellectual judgment, that Beethoven had expected was not forthcoming, because at bottom Goethe had had no thoughts on these matters and no understanding of music.

Beethoven burst out, and Bettina has described the scene, for, although she herself was not present, Beethoven told her about it, boiling with excitement. And there is no doubt that she helped to throw oil on the flames. Bettina had arrived at Teplitz on the evening of July 23. She did not suspect that she would find Goethe and Beethoven there; but the encounter that she had desired so ardently, and for which she had worked with such tenacity, had already occurred, and she was excluded. It was a bitter pill.

Here is the written or spoken description of this strange scene done in Beethoven's most typical style — a scene in which the two artists find themselves in unexpected attitudes, for on this occasion there is a tear in Goethe's eye, and Beethoven is berating him rudely for his sentimentality. 'He had finished playing,' wrote Bettina, 'when he saw that Goethe was profoundly moved, and said, "Ah, sir, I had not expected that of you. Long ago in Berlin I gave a concert. I worked hard, and thought that I had given a good performance. I was expecting a success, but after I had given everything in me I was not even greeted by the feeblest sign of appreciation. It was really too painful, and I could not understand. Soon, however, the puzzle was explained. The whole Berlin public was delicately cultivated, and they were saluting me with handkerchiefs to their weeping eyes. I saw that I had been playing to a romantic audience, not an artistic one. But from you, Goethe, I do not like it. When your poems penetrate my brain I proudly desire to raise myself to your height. No doubt I have failed; otherwise you would have expressed your enthusiasm differently. You yourself must know how good it is to be applauded by hands that understand. If you do not recognize me, if you do not esteem me as your equal, who will?"'

This was Goethe's first lesson. Who had ever spoken in this way to him before? Bettina depicts Goethe's embarrassment, for he 'felt clearly that Beethoven was right.'

From this time on Beethoven was goaded by Bettina into an antipathy toward Goethe, and let no opportunity slip by to show his feelings. Out walking, Beethoven took Goethe by the arm although they kept meeting aristocrats. Goethe was full of salutations that irked Beethoven, and when the former spoke of the Court and the Empress it was with humble solemnity. '*Ei was!*' Beethoven groaned. 'You ought not to do that. You do no good that way. You ought to throw what is in you at their heads; otherwise they will pay no attention.'

The second lesson continued in this fashion, until suddenly the Empress and all her Court appeared in their path. Beethoven said to Goethe, 'Keep hold of my arm; they ought to give way to us, not we to them.' 'Goethe was not of this opinion,' Bettina remarked. He dropped Beethoven's arm

and drew to one side, hat in hand. Beethoven, his arm swinging, plunged through the middle of the crowd of princes like a ball of fire, merely touching the edge of his hat. They made way politely, and all saluted him in a friendly fashion. When the company had passed Beethoven stopped and waited for Goethe, who was still paying his respects. Then he said to him, 'I waited for you because I honor and esteem you as you deserve to be honored and esteemed, but you have paid them too much honor.'

This was the third lesson, and this time it was a practical one, for the precept was accompanied by the example. Perhaps the reprimand was deserved, but a Goethe will not allow himself to be dragged about by the ear like a schoolboy. Goethe wrote to Zelter on the second of September: 'I have come to know Beethoven, and his talent astounds me. Unfortunately, however, he is quite mad. No doubt he is not mistaken if he finds the world a detestable place, but in acting as he does he does not increase its richness or pleasure either for himself or for others. Yet he is much to be excused and pitied, for he is losing his hearing, which perhaps does less harm to the musical part of him than it does to the social part of him. Laconic by nature, he is becoming doubly so now as a result of his deafness.' The tone of this judgment is very measured. It is the least that Goethe could have said against Beethoven, and we must give him credit for his just spirit.

Beethoven, after this encounter, expressed himself unrestrainedly, for he was certainly a less reserved man than Goethe. 'Goethe likes the Court atmosphere too much. He likes it more than a poet should. Let us not even mention the ridiculous aspects of certain virtuosi if our poets, who ought to be the chief teachers of the nation, are able to forget all else for these false lights.' He wrote this to his publishers — and it is always imprudent to confide one's impressions to strangers. Beethoven had a great defect. When he made a remark that hurt someone's feelings, he was not satisfied to keep it between himself and that person; he communicated it to the world at large. After he had, in his own words, washed Goethe's head for him, he rushed to the Arnims and described the whole farce to them.

Silence is a mortal weapon, and it was Goethe's great arm. He did not mention Beethoven again for years. In 1813 Zelter had at last discovered the overture to *Egmont*, and spoke of it to Goethe, who did not reply; and Zelter was not the man to impose on Goethe an admiration that they could not share. In April 1820, when Johann Christian Lobe, a timid young man who nevertheless had the courage of his convictions, dared to express respectfully in Goethe's presence the shortcomings of Zelter's music and its fossilized character, and to announce his preference for the new generation and for the music of Beethoven and Weber, Goethe begged him to give his reasons, which Lobe did very intelligently. Goethe listened to him in attentive silence, with his head bent. Then he went to the piano and opened it, saying, 'Give me an example. People ought to be able to prove what they say by facts.' Lobe played Zelter's accompaniment to a poem, and then a tune from *Egmont*. No doubt Goethe was too easily convinced and too quickly satisfied by this one rudimentary example, which was perhaps inadequately executed. In any case, he condemned the new tendencies, though it was a big step forward for him to inform himself on the subject.

Some months later, however, toward the end of September, 1820, when he

was receiving Foerster, the Berlin musician, Goethe took issue with the erroneous interpretation offered by Prince Radziwill, who had set a *Faust* monologue to music, and at the same time pointed out the perfect appropriateness of Beethoven's music for the *Egmont* monologue. He recited the monologue with emotion, and added, 'I indicated that the music should express the lassitude of the hero, and Beethoven showed marvelous genius in his grasp of my intentions.'

Next year the poet, Ludwig Rellstab, a great admirer of Beethoven, conversed with Goethe. 'We often spoke of Beethoven, whom he knew personally. He was proud to possess some of his manuscripts. On this particular occasion he invited Geheimrat Schmidt to play a Beethoven sonata for us.' Beethoven's music was therefore by no means proscribed in Goethe's salon.

V

How, then, can we explain Goethe's incredible silence in 1823 when Beethoven, sick, and tormented by financial worries, wrote him, on the eighth of February, a devoted letter begging Goethe to intervene in his behalf with the Grand Duke of Weimar and persuade him to subscribe to the edition of the *Missa Solemnis?* What a touching effort it was to gain Goethe's interest in his humble domestic life and in his sixteen-year-old nephew, whose education and knowledge of Greek he proudly exaggerated! Yet Goethe never replied to this request for assistance. His enemies conveniently explain that he was a poor lot, while his embarrassed admirers dodge the issue and excuse him on the grounds of ill health.

The truth is that, during February 1823, Goethe had fallen grievously sick. Beethoven's letter arrived on the fifteenth of the month and after the thirteenth Goethe was subject to attacks, until on the eighteenth his sickness broke out in a violently dangerous form, as it had often done before at certain periods, bringing about extremely serious but rather brief crises. For eight days and nights he never left his armchair, where he lay in a state of delirious fever. The two doctors that attended him feared the worst, and he himself cried out to them, 'You will not save me. Death awaits me and lurks in every corner. I am lost.' But he struggled. After ten days his returning health expressed itself in an access of fury directed against the doctors for forbidding him to drink. 'If I have to die, I want to die in my own way.' He drank, and felt better. Within another month he was talking about his sickness as if it had happened long ago.

Although seventy-five years old, he promptly fell in love with a girl of nineteen, Ulrich von Levetzow. During June and July he danced attendance on her at Marienbad. Love overwhelmed him as if he were an adolescent. It took no provocation to make his tears flow, and music broke him down completely. A month of separation was more than he could stand, and he again attached himself to the Levetzows in Karlsbad, where this old septuagenarian danced with young girls. When he asked the Levetzows for their daughter's hand in marriage, they skillfully rejected his offer, and he was overwhelmed. At the close of the year a serious sickness laid him low once more. In his home no one paid any attention to him. 'If Goethe had died at this time,' writes Emil Ludwig, 'he would have died defeated.'

It is clear, however, that, if his sickness during the previous February was an insufficient excuse for forgetting Beethoven's letter, his agitations during the rest of the year and the feverish weakness of his disordered heart explain his disregard of Beethoven's request.

For my own part, I confine my severity to his faithful but weak-spirited friend, Zelter. Mediocrity cannot be excused as genius can, for, if mediocrity is not good and loyal, what else can it be? It was Zelter's peculiar duty to remind Goethe of Beethoven's supplication, for he himself had received it and understood its pathos. Ever since he had met Beethoven in 1819 his feelings had been entirely changed. Zelter was an excellent fellow at bottom, in spite of his rude exterior, and the physical misery and the goodness of Beethoven moved him to tears. From this day on he expressed feelings of brotherly devotion. He subscribed to the *Missa Solemnis;* he put his *Singchor* of one hundred and sixty voices, the best choral society in Germany, at Beethoven's disposal, and regularly inscribed Beethoven's programmes with comparisons to Michelangelo.

But, alas, human weakness is such that he never spoke to Goethe of the *Missa Solemnis*, and when Beethoven died Zelter, doing secret obeisance to the vanished demigod, did not run the risk of evoking his memory to Goethe. It seems that for an entire year the name of Beethoven was never mentioned between the two men.

I myself own a splendid letter from Goethe to Wilhelm von Humboldt written on October 22, 1826, some months before Beethoven's death. Humboldt was trying to combat his friend's apparent distaste for Indian philosophy, and Goethe replied to him in these words: 'I have absolutely nothing against India, but I am afraid of it, for it drags my imagination into the realm of the formless and misshapen, against which I must defend myself more than ever.'

As death came closer, this secret attraction and terror of the abyss kept growing, and Beethoven was Goethe's abyss. The famous scene Mendelssohn has described reveals him to us. It shows us the anxiety of the old man, driven half mad with his efforts to keep in check the same wild demons that were going to overwhelm old Tolstoy in his *Kreutzer Sonata*. The scene occurred in 1830, three years after Beethoven's death.

'That morning I devoted an hour to playing all the great composers in their historic order. He [Goethe] was seated in an obscure corner like some thundering Jupiter, and lightning flashed from his old eyes. He did not want to hear Beethoven mentioned, but I told him I could n't help it, and played him the first passage from the Symphony in C Minor. It moved him strangely. First he said, "That does not move me at all. It merely astonishes me. It is grandiose." He grumbled on in this tone for a short time, and then, after a long stretch of silence, he began talking again. "It's very great; it's absolutely crazy. It makes you afraid the house will fall." And when we sat down at the table later he kept on groaning while we talked about other subjects. The blow had struck home, and he should have cried "Hit!" but he refused. In order that his philosophic destiny might be fulfilled, he had to cheat.'

VI

Here is my conclusion regarding these two men. Beethoven was an exalted and often staggering Dionysus, and Goethe was an Olympian; but Goethe was the one who showed more moral weakness. Yet spiritual force consists of knowing one's weakness and fixing the limits of one's interior empire. Beethoven's empire lay in the infinite heavens. '*Mein Reich ist in der Luft.*' This is what creates his wild appeal, his generosity, and his danger. The next century of music succumbed to him. Only Wagner was strong

enough to grasp in his hand the sceptre that the 'Apprenticed Sorcerers' had let fall!

But Beethoven never suspected the dangers that he was releasing. Nor did he understand — and let us hope that he did not suspect — the secret revulsion that came between him and the man whom he venerated more than anyone in the world. We can imagine how he suffered from Goethe's obstinate silence and his failure to answer letters. Such a fiery man would not tolerate anyone, even the great ones of the earth, failing to give him his due. Yet he never betrayed any rancor against Goethe's inconceivable attitude; not a single complaint did he utter.

The memory of those days at Teplitz had not vanished, though only his pride remained. The shadows had entirely disappeared. He no longer remembered Goethe's weaknesses, his railing and joking. With perfect innocence, he had forgotten these incidents, and all he remembered of Goethe was his glory and his goodness.

'You know the great Goethe?' he exclaimed to Rochlitz in 1822, and beat his chest, beaming with joy. 'I know him too; I met him at Karlsbad — God knows how long ago. I was n't as deaf then as I am now, but even so I had a hard time hearing. How patient the great man was with me, and how happy it made me. I would kill myself ten times for his sake.'

Thus they pass — close together, yet without seeing each other. And the one whose love was greater was only able to wound the other. And the one whose understanding was greater would never again have at his side his only equal, the only man worthy of himself!

PREACHERS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

SATURDAY evening I said, 'Let's get out the map and find a county with no railway. "The world is too much with us."'

'Yes,' said Peter, spreading our tattered map on the floor, '"getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."'

We found the county, and decided to follow the first beckoning road that led south. Then I rose happily, and deliberately swallowed three tablets of permanganate of potash, mistaking John's mange wash for charcoal tablets. By the time an emetic was prepared, my throat was too constricted for relief, and the caretaker rushed us in his Ford to the village physician.

The doctor sat on his porch, smoking his evening pipe. The caretaker called, 'Hi, Doc! Hyar's a orchard womern jist swallered pizen.' Peter cried, 'Permanganate of potash!' The doctor, without removing his pipe, waved a patronizing hand and drawled, 'Drive on to the drug store; he'll know the antidote.'

The druggist reached for a dusty

tome and began to read. After a reasonable time Peter reminded him that there was a woman present who was poisoned, and that it seemed a poor time for reading. He continued his search, but Peter called the doctor over the telephone. The doctor said that he did n't remember the antidote, but if we could get old Doctor Morerod at Burnt Mountain over the phone he would be sure to know.

After some delay Peter repeated Doctor Morerod's reply verbatim. He said: 'Tell those blamed fools to give her a pint of olive oil and a pint of vinegar.' The druggist proudly produced the oil. 'The vinegar?' cried Peter. 'Wal, I don't know 'bout thet,' said the caretaker. 'The stores is all shet, but maybe we kin drive round ter Faulkner's and git him ter open up.' It was all so absurd that, as my throat refused to laugh, my face wore such a sardonic grin I feared the druggist would administer the antidote for strychnine, from symptoms!

On the way home the caretaker said suspiciously, ''Pears like you-all is pow'ful ca'm! Most folks likes ter live,' and I knew he thought I had attempted suicide.

'Who is this Doctor Morerod?' asked Peter.

'Why, he's a feller thet come ter Burnt Mounting a long time ago. He's got more books'n inybody in the world, and I holped haul a pie-anner plum up the mounting fur him.'

Occasionally we came upon these 'furriners' hidden away in the mountains. Fugitives from reality, or from memory; or fugitives from the law, 'furriners' forever, but safe with people who look upon 'a reasonable killin'' as a venial sin.

One day we met a mountaineer who was walking to the penitentiary to visit his brother. He said with rather an air of importance, 'Bud war a good boy — jist too high-sperited. Pappy tutored him a lot, but hit did n't do no good. He war thet high-sperited, the second man he shot they cotched him.'

Monday morning I declared that I was able to take the road again. We were restive in the cabin, for it rained Sunday and the scent of peach culls was overpowering. After an hour on the highway there was a sweet shaded way leading south. White sand as clean and unmarked as a wave-washed beach, where the late muscadines fell from their separate stems like big purple beads from a broken strand. After the querulous voices of tired men, after the insolent warnings of motors with their poisonous breath, the blessed silence, broken only by the mourning of the wood dove, whose hollow grieving holds no note of earthly bitterness or rebellion. After the acid scent of decaying fruit, the clean smell of the pines and the pungent perfume of pennyroyal hot in the sun. We walked slowly, stopping to catch our breath at the scarlet flash of a cardinal's wing, or to lean against a gray rock where a passion vine climbed, lifting a white cross above its purple silken-fringed altar cloth. Often for days we wandered on in enchanted silence, exchanging only necessary words for provisions at crossroad stores, our only adventure the quick trenching, perhaps, of our little tent before a storm, when we would all huddle together, John's tail sometimes waving in the water of the trench, and sleep soundly with never a thought of a cold. These were halcyon days; though, when adventure beckoned, we followed with zest.

This was to be a day of simple happenings, which to us were thrilling adventures; for there, laving his feet in a crystal stream running busily across the road, sat a young man in riding breeches and coat, with a pair of high

boots beside him into which he was sprinkling foot-ease. Leaning against a sweet-gum tree was a lank mountaineer, with a book, evidently a Bible, in his hand. The two were in animated conversation. We asked for a spring for a drink, and the mountaineer said, 'Hit's good water jist above whar he's washin' his feet.' We drank slowly and stopped to listen. The hiker went on in a loud contentious voice, 'But no man is such a fool as to deny the evolution of animal life, even if he is idiot enough to claim special creation for man!'

'I reckon,' drawled the mountain man, 'thet I'm jist thet sort of a igit. I want ter make my position clar. I believe thet whin God wanted ter make a man He made a man; and whin He wanted ter make a bug, He made a bug.'

'Ha, ha, ha! And when He wanted a chigger He made this God-awful bug that's boring into my leg! What infernal rot! All because an obscene old history of one of the tribal gods of the Jews is read by the ignorant. Science, of course, is a closed book to the fools!'

The mountaineer paled beneath his tan, but he said quietly, 'Yes, suh, I'm ignerant, and you're eddicated, and you've read a lot of highfalutin books. But whin did one o' thim science books ever comfort a broken heart, er change a bad man suddent inter a good man? This old Bible does jist thet! Bless the Lord!'

'Bless the Lord!' cried Peter.

'Amen, brother!' shouted the mountaineer.

'Amen!' I added solemnly.

'Nonsense!' cried the hiker. 'That old Bible makes a man a coward and a hypocrite! And a broken heart had better quit. Don't let the fools breed. Let the weaklings die off and make way for a race above good and evil!'

At this, to him, utterly devilish proposal, the mountaineer's jaw dropped, and his fingers clenched white on his Book.

Peter, fearing a Holy War would break out in the mountains, said quickly to the hiker, who was lacing his boots, 'Stranger, thim hain't the sort o' shoes to wear. Yore feet needs air. We jist wear moccasins, — carry a extry pair, — and we ben walkin' all summer and hain't had no foot trouble. Thar hain't no snakes in ther road. We jist saw one all summer.' I gazed on Peter with pride, and we all went on together.

Suddenly from nowhere came the sound of a fiddle. 'Is n't that "Billy in the Low Ground"?' I asked.

'That's Billy,' Peter answered. And presently we came upon a house where there was a group of men on the porch. It was a 'big dinner,' celebrating Grandpap's ninetieth birthday, and Grandpap himself was playing, his gnarled old fingers finding their way straight to the heart of 'Billy in the Low Ground.'

After a while I produced my Villaume violin, which they handled curiously, with its unheard-of chin rest. One after another of the men played, but I knew better than to compete, for, try as I would, I could not master the art. A mountain player holds his fiddle firmly against his side, and plays with only a few inches of his bow. He tunes anew for any change of key, and it is a 'sorry player' who observes a rest or a pause. The fiddler blends his whole being in the monotonous swing, as sweet and sure and incessant as the rhythm of falling water. Deep in the gayest tunes he plays there is, to me, an undertone of sadness, — the spirit of the mountains, — as irrevocable and as inevitable as death. Fancy, perhaps. But America would lose much should the art die out.

An anæmic lad of about fourteen tuned an especially vicious fiddle. But he muted it with his knife blade and played well up on the finger board with his clawlike hands. 'The Land of the Cloudless Sky' rang out true and sweet, and wonderfully appealing. I gave him a mute. He had never seen one, and I shall never forget his delight. The boy had the God's gift, and I left him next morning playing the Rubinstein 'Melody in F,' with his first long bow. But I had to assure his mammy, Miss Laura, that it was a church tune. For, Miss Laura said, 'Ralph's goin' ter be a preacher. He don't play only church tunes.'

I ate with the women at the 'second table.' The mountain men eat first, the women waiting. They approach the table as a filling station for renewal of energy. To speak, except for food, is a gaucherie, and as embarrassing as a loud voice when music unexpectedly ceases. Peter said he did not dare offer Grandpap many happy returns, though there was the wherewithal for a toast.

While Miss Laura, who seemed terribly efficient, was 'dishing up,' I asked my neighbor at dinner which man was the father of Miss Laura's talented boy. She answered me, with a portion of cheese pie poised on her knife: 'Ralph hain't got no pappy. He's a woods colt. His pappy wuz a preacher, though. He come hyar frum Nashville with lung trouble. He died. Miss Laura she's mighty feared fur Ralph. He wears a flannel waist, and she keeps the winders shet summer and winter whar he sleeps. She's goin' ter make a preacher of him.'

'How fine!' I said inanely. I was thinking of the attitude of these simple people toward illegitimacy. For in the mountains a woman's sacred duty is to bear a child — preferably in wedlock, but a child is a child.

II

The next morning we set out for Wildcat Dam, 'the lonesomest place in the mountings, whar thar is two houses and the best fishin' in the world.' We met no one, although there were moonshine caches along the way. We had learned to read the signs, like gypsy patrins, of fresh boughs where we could follow a dim path and, putting a quarter on a stump and turning our backs, find a good drink of corn liquor.

It was late afternoon when we came to a grassy cove hemmed in close by mountains. A ruined water mill added a sadness to the scene. Across a wide rushing river stood the old dam, and from its crenate wall dozens of vipers obtruded their flattened heads and forked tongues, their lidless eyes looking down on the foaming water below. Peter stopped to shoot at them, and I walked on by the river road to find a house. For the place oppressed me, and I craved a camp this night near friendly human beings. The river sang a haunting song. Old memories waked and cried, and conquered griefs woke to fight again. But when I came upon a white house with a long gallery where, on a rustic chair, lay an open book, I called myself names, and reflected that I was tired. For walking down a mountain is harder muscle-work than climbing.

Through an open screened door I saw a neat room where a scholarly-looking man, with jetty hair pushed back from a noble forehead, sat delicately leafing a book. A stack of books and magazines was piled at his side. I knocked and knocked again, but the man never looked up or ceased his careful leafing of his book. Concluding that the man was deaf, I called, for, through another room, I saw two women sitting on a porch before a little

garden gay with hollyhocks and zinnias. A young woman, with the same intellectual beauty of the reading man, came and, in a beautifully modulated, full-throated voice, bade me enter. The reading man never looked up from his book. A woman of the type once called motherly sat stringing beans, and a curly-haired boy of six, perhaps, played with a kitten. I sat and helped string the beans and talked of ourselves. The place was neat, like a New England home. For the Southern home aims at beauty rather than order and convenience. After a while I said, 'Though we are camping, I wonder if you would take us to board a few days, while I fish.' And, fearing a recrudescence of sadness, I added, 'I believe I could be happy here.'

The woman called softly, 'Father! Father!' and from another room appeared the most gigantic man I had ever seen. His fiery eyes were set in a finely modeled head utterly destitute of a single hair. 'Father,' said the woman, 'here is a lady who wants to stop with us a few days. She says she thinks she might be happy here.'

The old man offered me his mighty hand. He said, 'If you think you can be happy here, stay a day or a year.' I thanked him; and the young woman — sullenly, I thought — showed me a room with dainty curtains and hooked rugs and oh, bliss! an outside bathroom with a row of white towels! I hastened away with the joyful news.

But at the door the woman stopped me. 'I must tell you,' she said, 'there is a reason why you may not like to stop with us. My son, here, is what they call an idiot. He is quite harmless, but people are afraid of him.'

'You mean,' I cried, 'the scholarly gentleman reading?'

'He has leafed books like that for forty years. He never tears or soils a book, and he'll cry if we take them away. He is as helpless as a baby, and I've never left him day or night for forty-three years.'

I leaned against the screen and looked at the man in his long clean Russian blouse, leafing his book with dainty care. And I, in my insolent egoism, had asked these people to take me in that *I* might be happy! Suddenly the man looked up and wailed in a long descending cadence the word '*F-l-y!*' 'It's the only word he can say,' said his mother, 'and he'll say it till I catch the fly.' And incessantly he sang the word until the fly was caught!

We stepped outside and a man rattled up in a wagon. He called, 'I'll be pow'ful obleeged ef you-all'll jist ask Charlie to step outside and see ef hit's goin' ter rain. I've got ter cut hay, and don't wanter hev hit down in the rain.' The woman led her son gently to the porch. He stood a moment like a sage in profound meditation. Then his body began to sway, and his arms waved like a tree in the distress of storm, and his voice rose like the sough of the wind until it was unbearable.

'Much obleeged!' said the man. 'I won't cut hay till after the storm.'

'He always knows when it will rain, and people come for miles around to consult him,' the mother said proudly. Astonished, I asked her what sign he made if it was to be clear. 'He dances as light, and makes the prettiest sound — like bees murmuring.'

Peter came up the road, and I beckoned him. It was curious to watch John's attitude toward the imbecile. He stared and cringed, and fixed his eyes on the man as though he saw forms invisible to us. During our three days' stay John haunted him, staring transfixed before the idiot, who never lifted his eyes. A youth of an inferior type came in and was introduced as the

husband of Emma, the daughter. And I observed that the child feared and disliked him.

After supper, — and what white linen and what a dainty tea cozy! — while Peter admired the grandfather's clock, I looked curiously at the books, remarking on the many books of travel.

'Yes,' said our host, 'I am an Englishman. I was a sailor, and was wrecked on the coast of Africa. That's where I got this bald head. Three of us got to shore, but the other two died on the way. They picked me up crazy with fever. When I woke in a native hut there was n't a hair on my head.'

'But how,' I asked, 'did you find this remote place?'

'I shipped for America and found my wife here. I bought the finest wig in Boston to win her,' he laughed. 'I wear it now on our anniversary days.'

'I am English too,' said his wife, 'but I came to America as a child. Father was always hankering for the sea, so we came here to be out of the sight and sound of the water.'

And in my Pollyanna way I said, 'But you have found peace and quiet here.'

The old man smiled at me sadly. 'A man's fate is written on his forehead. He can't sidestep his destiny. You are looking at those Correspondence Courses. I had to educate my children here, so I just learned along with them. Emma can read French as well as she can English.'

'You have other children?' I asked.

'Yes, two sons,' he said shortly.

That night there was a violent storm and a tree crashed down near our window. I thought of Charlie, and I marveled. I marvel still.

I sat on the porch, tired from fishing — but what a string of bass I caught! The woman brought her sewing and sat with me. 'The little white building opposite, perched on the mountain side — a church?' I asked.

'Yes, but I can't bear the sight of it. That's why my flower garden's on the other side.'

'Forgive me — I did n't know.'

Then the woman began to speak, slowly and with difficulty, the words released with effort — slow drops from an old wound that bleeds afresh.

'The boy's father preached at that church. He's not Ed's child. His father came from the city to help in the spring and fall revivals. Emma sang in his choir — she is a beautiful singer. All my children have good voices. When the spring revival was over he went away. After a while I knew the truth. He promised to marry her when he came back in the fall. But he never wrote, and he did n't give her his address. When he came back he never came near her. (He used to come home with her from the Class — they call their choir that.) She tried to see him, but he would n't see her. I did n't dare tell Father. He has an insane temper when he's roused. Oh, I was afraid! He idolized Emma. You see, they kind of grew up together with their learning books, and reading. She was n't like she is now. Always singing and roaming the mountains with Robert and Edward. Robert was twenty-three and Edward was twenty-one. Emma was just eighteen. They were so proud of her.' The woman rocked to and fro and wrung her hands. 'If only I had n't told them! But I did! I did! They went to the man and tried to make him marry Emma. But he threatened to have them arrested. He said he scarcely knew her. Everyone would have been against us. You see, we are "furriners" and Father did n't like their dissenters' church. My boys took the money from under the fireplace, — the money they'd saved, — and saddled their horses and took their guns.

I tried to hold them. It was dark. Emma had walked on to church. But they kissed me good-bye — it was the last time I ever saw them!'

I reached over and took the woman's hand.

'Father went to sleep. I sat out here in the dark, watching the lights of the church, waiting — waiting. Charlie was restless and would n't sleep. He kept walking up and down in the dark, calling to the storm. Sometimes I thought I'd call Father, but I did n't dare. The old clock ticked so slow — so slow! It struck eleven as they sang their last song. It was "Just As I Am" — they sing it often and I turn sick when the breeze brings it! Then there were two shots — quick — one after the other. They had sung in the Class, my two boys; then they got their guns and as he came out the door they both shot. They loved each other — they did n't want either to bear the blame alone.'

'Oh, tell me they escaped!' I cried. I thought I could not bear it if they had not got away!

'Robert did. It's been six years. We've never heard from him. But Edward is in the penitentiary. Father goes to see him. He won't live long. I can't leave Charlie to go. Ed worked for us and he offered to marry Emma. I begged her not to. But they — Father and Emma — wanted the child born in wedlock. But Ed hates the boy, and Emma hates him. I'm afraid! There's more trouble to come! Sometimes I wish she'd leave the boy with me and run away. But what will become of Charlie when Father and I go? He could never bear harsh or coarse treatment. Charlie is an idiot, I know — but he's *refined!*'

As we walked on the next day, Peter said: 'And all that tragedy because they brought their old-fashioned standards here! Why, Emma could have been the Miss Laura of the settlement!'

'But,' I cried from a heavy heart, 'there remains always Charlie! Forty-three years! Never a day away!'

III

We took the highway to the county seat, for we had a traveler's check to cash. Six miles from the town we came upon a church set on a hill overlooking a wide valley. Peter wanted to walk on. He said he was about fed up with preachers. But I said that we must n't generalize; that predatory preachers did not alight in flocks; that I was wickedly 'sunk,' and needed the innocent exaltation of their simple piety. So we camped by the little churchyard with its small white stones and red roses, and made ourselves fine for evening service. The congregation was already assembling, and we were told it was a big meeting, and the finest preacher from the city was helping. A slender youth, his white sleeves billowing in the evening breeze, stood on the steps of the church overlooking the shadowed valley and sounded the call to prayer on a shining bugle. He played the reveille, then taps, and it was all very beautiful, and peace descended on my troubled spirit.

Two men approached us, one carrying a Bible. We knew by his locked face, his controlled gestures, and his public voice that one was the city preacher. Without a word of greeting, he said: 'What are you people traveling on? What are you selling?' We answered, 'Nothing.' 'Well, you move on!' he cried. 'We can't have you here distracting the minds of these young folks. There are souls to be saved here this night! Move on!'

We insinuated that we had no intention of putting on a rival show, that we had walked far, and that we only desired to hear him preach. But he

cried, angrily, 'Move on! We don't want you here. Godless tin-can tourists are enough in this country, without tramps! Move on!'

Peter said, 'As to what we are traveling on, I can't see that it is your business, but we are traveling on what, evidently, you are preaching for — money.'

The man's face was convulsed with rage. 'Here!' he called to a group of young people listening eagerly. 'Follow these tramps out of our neighborhood.'

Peter had gone for John and the cart; and I said, unwisely, 'We are glad to go on, for the spirit of your Master is not here, as I'll tell everyone we meet.'

'Don't you dare tell I drove you away from this church!' he cried. 'We can't have loafers about attracting attention. If you had been selling something useful you might have stayed. Move on!'

We stumbled on in the dark, followed by a jeering crowd. But the country preacher called, in a voice of authority, 'Don't you pester them people! And whin the horn plays you turn right back — iver' one of you!' And the sad young man at Locksley Hall never heard his comrades 'sound upon the bugle horn' with greater relief than we felt when 'Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!' called suddenly through the night.

I walked on so rapidly that Peter objected. 'I am fleeing from the Christians!' I cried. 'I know how the Moors felt when the Christians had them at water's edge!'

It was now pitch-dark, and we were tired and tempted to make camp. But we reminded ourselves that later the road would be filled with zealots, their inferiority complexes ironed out and their egotism inflated, and we might not be safe. At last we came to the little city, where only a friendly night watchman was awake. He directed us to the schoolhouse yard to camp, and we crept next a bed of blooming cannas by an open window and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

I awoke with the sun in my eyes, to find Peter with a pitcher of hot tea. He was laughing uproariously. 'Where do you think we are?' he cried. 'This is the city preacher's church, and this is his study window! And Lord, how they hate him here!' While Peter packed hurriedly, — the parsonage was next door, — with childish glee I wrote a bread-and-butter letter, tied it to a pebble by a fishing line, and swung it until it alighted in the middle of the fat Bible on the city preacher's desk. I wrote: —

REVEREND SIR: —

This is to thank you for the hospitality of your canna bed, where we slept and breakfasted. Your neighbors ask that you preach next Sabbath from the text about entertaining angels unawares. (I have n't the verse and chapter, but no doubt you can find it.) We are buying the truth and selling it not.

Yours in brotherly love,

THE TRAMPS

'Now,' I said proudly, 'let's inquire for the blackest moonshine belt, where we'll be safer.'

CONCLUSIONS

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

It is not by thought that men live. Life begins in organisms so simple that one may reasonably doubt even their ability to feel, much less think, and animals cling to or fight for it with a determination which we might be inclined to call superhuman if we did not know that a will to live so thoughtless and so unconditional is the attribute of beings rather below than above the human level. All efforts to find a rational justification of life, to declare it worth the living for this reason or that, are, in themselves, a confession of weakness, since life at its strongest never feels the need of any such justification and since the most optimistic philosopher is less optimistic than that man or animal who, his belief that life is good being too immediate to require the interposition of thought, is no philosopher at all.

In view of this fact it is not surprising that the subtlest intellectual contortions of modern metaphysics should fail to establish the existence of satisfactory aims for life when, as a matter of fact, any effort to do so fails as soon as it begins and can only arise as the result of a weakening of that self-justifying vitality which is the source of all life and of all optimism. As soon as thought begins to seek the ends or aims to which life is subservient, it has already confessed its inability to achieve that animal acceptance of life for life's sake which is responsible for the most determined efforts to live, and, in one sense, we may say that even the firmest mediæval belief in a perfectly concrete salvation after death marks already the beginning of the completest despair, since that belief could not arise before thought had rendered primitive vitality no longer all-sufficient.

The decadent civilizations of the past were not saved by their philosophers, but by the influx of simpler peoples who had centuries yet to live before their minds should be ripe for despair. Neither Socrates nor Plato could teach his compatriots any wisdom from which they could draw the strength to compete with the crude energy of their Roman neighbors, and even their thought inevitably declined soon after it had exhausted their vital energy. Nor could these Romans, who flourished longer for the very reason, perhaps, that they had slower and less subtle intellects, live forever; they too were compelled to give way in their time to barbarians innocent alike both of philosophy and of any possible need to call upon it.

The subhuman will to live which is all-sufficient for the animal may be replaced by faith, faith may be replaced by philosophy, and philosophy may attenuate itself until it becomes, like modern metaphysics, a mere game; but each of these developments marks a stage in a progressive enfeeblement of that will to live for the gradual weakening of which it is the function of each to compensate. Vitality calls upon faith for aid, faith turns gradually

to philosophy for support, and then philosophy, losing all confidence in its own conclusions, begins to babble of 'beneficent fictions' instead of talking about Truth; but each is less confident than what went before, and each is, by consequence, less easy to live by. Taken together they represent the successive and increasingly desperate expedients by means of which man, the ambitious animal, endeavors to postpone the inevitable realization that living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning, and that it is most satisfactorily conducted by creatures who never feel the need to attempt to give it any other. But they are at best no more than expedients, and when the last has been exhausted there remains nothing except the possibility that the human species will be revitalized by some race or some class which is capable of beginning all over again.

Under the circumstances it is not strange that decadent civilizations are likely to think that the collapse of their culture is in reality the end of the human story. Perhaps some of the last of the old Roman intelligentsia realized that the future belonged to the barbarians from the north and that it belonged to them for the very reason that they were incapable of assimilating ancient thought; but even among the early Christian theologians there was a widespread belief that the end of Rome could mean nothing except the end of the world, and, for similar reasons, it is difficult for us to believe in the possibility of anything except either the continuation of modern culture or the extinction of human life. But a glance at history should make us hesitate before asserting that either one of these alternative possibilities is likely to become a reality. On the one hand, all cultures have ultimately collapsed, and human life has, on the other hand, always persisted — not because philosophers have arisen to solve its problems, but because naïver creatures incapable of understanding the problems, and hence not feeling the need to solve them, have appeared somewhere upon the face of the globe.

If modern civilization is decadent, then perhaps it will be rejuvenated, but not by the philosophers, whose subtlest thoughts are only symptoms of the disease which they are endeavoring to combat. If the future belongs to anyone it belongs to those to whom it has always belonged — to those, that is to say, too absorbed in living to feel the need for thought; and they will come, as the barbarians have always come, absorbed in the processes of life for their own sake, eating without asking if it is worth while to eat, begetting children without asking why they should beget them, and conquering without asking for what purpose they conquer.

Doubtless even those among the last of the Romans who had some dim conception of the fact that the centuries immediately to follow would belong to the barbarians were not, for the most part, greatly interested in or cheered by the fact. Thoughtful people come inevitably to feel that if life has any value at all, then that value lies in thought, and to the Roman it probably seemed that it was hardly worth while to save the human animal if he could be saved only by the destruction of all that which his own ancestors had achieved, and by the forgetting of everything which he cared to remember. The annihilation of ancient culture was to him equivalent to the annihilation of humanity, and a modern who has come to think in a similar fashion can have only a languid interest in a possible animal rejuvenation which would inevitably involve a blunting

of that delicate sensibility and that exquisite subtlety of intellect upon which he has come to set the very highest value.

But doubtless this ancient Roman speculated idly, and it is impossible for us not to do the same. Where will the barbarians (and we may use that word not as a term of contempt, but merely as a way of identifying these people animated by vitally simple thoughts) come? We are not surrounded as the Romans were by childlike savages, and we can hardly imagine the black tribes of Africa pushing in upon us. Have we, within the confines of our own cities, populations quite as little affected by modern thought as the Goths were affected by Greek philosophy, and hence quite capable either of carrying peaceably on as the aristocracy dies quietly off at the top or of arising sometime to overwhelm us? Has China, having died once, lain fallow long enough to have become once more primitive, or are the Russians indeed the new barbarians, even if they are such in a somewhat different sense than that implied in the sensational literature of anti-Communist propaganda?

II

These Russians are young in the only sense of the word which can have a meaning when applied to any part of the human family. If all men had a common ancestor, then all races are equally old in years, but those which have never passed through the successive and debilitating stages of culture retain that potentiality for doing so which constitutes them racially young, and the Russians, who have always lived upon the frontiers of Europe, are in this sense a primitive race, since European culture has never been for them more than the exotic diversion of a small class. For the first time in history the mass of the people are in a position to employ their constructive faculties, and it so happens that their domain is one which offers an enormous field for the employment of such faculties.

Young races, like young individuals, need toys to play with. Before the advent of the machine, the Romans amused themselves with military and social organization, pushing the boundaries of their empire further and further back into unknown territory until their energy was exhausted and they were compelled to begin a gradual retraction; to-day the processes of industrial development are capable of absorbing much of the vitality which could formerly find an outlet only in conquest; but if modern people amuse themselves by building factories or digging mines they do so for exactly the same reason that the Romans annexed the British Isles — because, that is to say, there is little temptation to ask ultimate questions as long as there are many tangible things to do and plenty of energy to do them with. Russia has both, and for that very reason there is no other place in the world where one will find to-day an optimism so simple and so terrible.

We — particularly we in America — have done all that. We have dug our mines, piped our oil, built our factories, and, having done so, we have begun to settle down in our comfortable houses to ask what comes next. But the Russians are at least a century away from such a condition. They begin at a point at least as far back as we began a century ago, and they are in the happy position of desiring certain things which they have good reason to believe ultimately achievable. Not only do they want to grow rich and to establish a form of society which will provide for an equitable distribution of their riches, but they find on

every side some tangible task capable of being accomplished in such a way as to further their ambition. Perhaps when this ambition has been achieved, when all men are as materially comfortable as some few men are to-day, then the comfortable masses will discover what the comfortable few have discovered already — which is, of course, that comfort seems enough only when one happens not to have it. But that day is still long distant. Not only will the complete industrial development of the country occupy many years, but the problems of the new society are themselves so complicated that they are not likely to be solved for generations, and hence, in all probability, Russia will not grow ripe so rapidly as the United States did.

As a result of these conditions there has already developed in Russia a new philosophy of life which, in spite of the fact that it has taken a form influenced by modern industrial conditions, is easily recognizable as being essentially primitive in its simplicity. Sweeping aside the intellectual and emotional problems of Europe, refusing even in its art to concern itself with the psychology of the individual soul, Communism assumes that nothing is really important except those things upon which the welfare of the race depends, and in assuming that it is assuming exactly what a primitive society always assumes. Its drama and its poetry celebrate the machine exactly as the literature of a primitive people celebrates the processes of hunting or of agriculture, and they do so for exactly the same reason — for the reason, that is to say, that agriculture on the one hand and industry on the other are the two fundamental processes by which the life of the people is sustained.

Communistic utopianism is based upon the assumption that the only maladjustments from which mankind suffers are social in character, and hence it is sustained by the belief that in a perfect State all men would be perfectly happy. Fundamentally materialistic, it refuses to remember that physical well-being is no guaranty of felicity, and that, as a matter of fact, as soon as the individual finds himself in a perfectly satisfactory physical environment he begins to be aware of those more fundamental maladjustments that subsist, not between man and society, but between the human spirit and the natural universe. And though, for this reason, it must seem to the cultivated European essentially naïve, yet in that very naïveté lies its strength as a social philosophy. Thanks to the fact that the perfect Communist is not aware of the existence of any problems more subtle than those involved in the production and distribution of wealth, he can throw himself into the business of living with a firm faith in the value of what he is doing, and he can display an energy in practical affairs not to be equaled by anyone incapable of a similar belief in their ultimate importance.

All societies which have passed the first vigor of their youth reveal their loss of faith in life itself by the fact that they no longer consider such fundamental processes as other than means toward an end. Food, clothes, and warmth are considered merely as instruments, and the most eager attention is directed, not toward attaining them, but toward those activities which men are at liberty to pursue when such fundamental things are granted. Productive labor is regarded as an evil, and when anything is said concerning the possibility of improving the condition of the masses such improvement is always thought of as consisting essentially in so shortening even their hours of labor as to make possible for them also certain hours of freedom. Primi-

tive societies, on the other hand, have no desire to escape from such fundamental processes. They do not hunt in order to live, but they live in order to hunt, because for them the value of life lies in the activities necessary to carry it on; and the Communist philosophy of labor is based upon a similarly primitive outlook. Factories are considered, not as a means toward an end, but as ends in themselves. A full life is to consist, not in one spent in the pursuit of those thoughts or the cultivation of those emotions which are possible only when productive labor has been reduced to a minimum, but in one completely absorbed by such labor.

Hence it is that to the good Communist, as to the good tribesman, any question concerning the meaning of life is in itself completely meaningless, and he will live the complicated industrial life of to-day exactly as the tribesman lives the simple life of his tribe — not in thought, but in action. He has a sort of God, but his God is in reality what anthropologists call a culture-god; merely, that is to say, the spirit which presides over and infuses itself with the germination of the seed, the ripening of the fruit, or the whirring of the machine.

Such a philosophy comes nearer than any other to that unformulated one by which an animal lives. It does not ask any of the questions which a weary people inevitably ask, and it is, as a matter of fact, less a system of thought than a translation into simple words of the will to live and thrive. But it is, for all that, only the more impressive as an evidence of the vigorous youth of the Russian mind. The visitor to Moscow who sees how eagerly its inhabitants live under conditions which are still very difficult — how gladly they accept both labor and, when necessary, privation — cannot but realize that they are sustained by a fundamental optimism unknown anywhere else in the world. At the present moment the inhabitants of many European countries *have* much more, but they hope much less, and they are incapable of any acceptance of life so vital and so complete.

If the Communistic experiment is economically a failure, then these hopes may be soon disappointed; if it becomes economically a success, then they will doubtless still be disappointed in that more distant day when, the perfect State having been achieved, its inhabitants come to realize that the natural universe is as imperfectly adapted as ever to human needs. But man-the-animal lives in Time. A hope is a hope up to the instant when it is dashed, and the Russia of to-day is filled with a confidence hardly less elementary than that of the animal which, under the influence of the vital urge, acts as though the litter which it has just brought into the world were so tremendously worth saving that nothing else which had occurred since the dawn of the first day was of equal importance.

Perhaps, then, Europe has good reason to speak of the 'Bolshevist menace,' but if so the events which she fears are not quite the ones most likely to occur. If Russia or the Russian spirit conquers Europe, it will not be with the bomb of the anarchist but with the vitality of the young barbarian, who may destroy many things, but who destroys them only that he may begin over again. Such calamities are calamitous only from the point of view of a humanism which values the complexity of its feelings and the subtlety of its intellect far more than Nature does. To her they are merely the reassertion of her right to recapture her own world, merely the process by which she repeoples the earth with creatures simple enough to live joyously there.

III

To us, however, such speculations as these are doubly vain. In the first place the future may belong, not to the Russians, but to some class of people not yet thought of in this connection, and in the second place none of these possible futures is one which can have anything to do with us or our traditions. Though the new barbarians may forget, we will remember that the paradox of humanism and the tragic fallacy are not to be altered by the establishment of new societies, and that the despair which was the fruit of both ancient and modern civilization must inevitably ripen again in the course of the development of any society which enters upon the pursuit of human values.

Some critics of Communism have, to be sure, maintained that its tendencies were fundamentally antihuman and that, should it ever become established, it would so arrest the development of the humanistic spirit as to fix mankind forever in some changelessly efficient routine like that of an ant hill. But even if this be true it does not alter the fact that its hopes are no hopes in which we can have any part, since we should be even more alien to such a society than to one which promised to recapitulate our own youth. The world may be rejuvenated in one way or another, but we will not. Skepticism has entered too deeply into our souls ever to be replaced by faith, and we can never forget the things which the new barbarians will never need to have known. This world in which an unresolvable discord is the fundamental fact is the world in which we must continue to live, and for us wisdom must consist, not in searching for a means of escape which does not exist, but in making such peace with it as we may.

Nor is there any reason why we should fail to realize the fact that the acceptance of such despair as must inevitably be ours does not, after all, involve a misery so acute as that which many have been compelled to endure. Terror can be blacker than that, and so can the extremes of physical want and pain. The most human human being has still more of the animal than of anything else, and no love of rhetoric should betray one into seeming to deny that he who has escaped animal pain has escaped much. Despair of the sort which has here been described is a luxury in the sense that it is possible only to those who have much that many people do without, and philosophical pessimism, dry as it may leave the soul, is more easily endured than hunger or cold.

Leaving the future to those who have faith in it, we may survey our world, and, if we bear in mind the facts just stated, we may permit ourselves to exclaim, a little rhetorically perhaps, —

> Hail, horrors, hail,
> . . . and thou profoundest hell,
> Receive thy new possessor.

If humanism and Nature are fundamentally antithetical, if the human virtues have a definite limit set to their development, and if they may be cultivated only by a process which renders us progressively unfit to fulfill our biological duties, then we may at least permit ourselves a certain defiant satisfaction when we realize that we have made our choice and that we are resolved to abide by the consequences. Some small part of the tragic fallacy may be said indeed to be still valid for us, for if we cannot feel ourselves great as Shakespeare did, if we no longer believe in either our infinite capacities or our importance to the universe, we know at least that we have discovered the trick which has been played upon

us, and that, whatever else we may be, we are no longer dupes.

Rejuvenation may be offered to us at a certain price. Nature, issuing her last warning, may bid us to embrace some new illusion before it is too late, and to accord ourselves once more with her. But we prefer rather to fail in our own way than to succeed in hers. Our human world may have no existence outside of our own desires, but those are more imperious than anything else we know, and we will cling to our own lost cause, choosing always rather to know than to be. Doubtless fresh people have still a long way to go with Nature before they are compelled to realize that they too have come to the parting of the ways, but though we may wish them well we do not envy them. If death for us and our kind is the inevitable result of our stubbornness, then we can only say, 'So be it.' Ours is a lost cause, and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We would rather die as men than live as animals.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY

BY KEN NAKAZAWA

THE Japanese poem is the dewdrop that holds a rainbow in its heart. In order to enjoy it, one must take the rainbow out of the dewdrop and spread it across the firmament. Japanese poems are very short. The *tanka* is made up of thirty-one syllables, and the *hokku* has only seventeen. A very small tapestry, indeed, upon which to weave one's dream. Consequently the poets of Japan must depend largely upon the art of suggestion. They must create, not the flowers that are already in bloom, but the seeds which the readers themselves can grow into flowers. When reading Japanese poems, therefore, one must see not only what is expressed, but what is left unsaid. He must be not only a reader, but a creator. Out of the lines and colors given by the poet he must create a complete picture. To read only what is expressed in a Japanese poem is to see merely the beginning of the trail that will lead us into the valley of dancing blossoms.

This is one of the most fascinating features of Japanese poetry. It is true that poems of this type are inclined to be abstruse. At least they lack directness of appeal. But at the same time they offer a sort of adventure not found in poems of more obvious kind. When we are busy, or tired, we like to have dreams made for us; but when we have time, and are active, we like to make our own dreams. The poems that are obvious are like the puzzles that are already solved. They deny us the joy of seeking and creating — the very thing which makes poetry so superbly delightful.

Words, after all, are such inadequate things. They are like the net by which the proverbial fisherman tried to capture the moon. Millions and millions of words we may use, but we cannot re-create even the sunlight that glistens

on a spider web, or the moonbeam that shimmers in crumbling dewdrop. All we can do is merely to suggest — merely to build up the stem upon which the flower of beauty is to grow. Therefore the poem that is like the unknown bird, singing unseen in the heart of blossoms, gives us a greater satisfaction than the one in which all is expressed. The flowers we have grown ourselves mean more to us than those we have bought, because we have put so much of ourselves in them. So with poetry. The chief charm of reading poetry lies in the fact that it enables us to disclose the inapparent beauty out of the apparent reality.

Japanese poetry is the record of emotion, and not of facts. Being emotional, the Japanese are most interested in the feel of things. When a Japanese is about to compose a poem, he observes his object until a certain definite feeling comes and crystallizes in his mind. Then he interprets that emotion, using whatever part of the object is necessary to attain the purpose. This means that the material he uses in his poem may be entirely different from what he has observed. Suppose he is writing a poem about a storm scene. He sees the lightning that daggers flying clouds, the wind that uproots towering pine trees, and the roaring billows that batter against frowning cliffs. But the thing he uses in his poem may not be the lightning, or the wind, or the billows, but a single leaf which whirls among driving rain. In order to appreciate a Japanese poem, therefore, one must see, not how true it is to nature, but how true it is to the feel of nature.

Among the types of emotion that are interpreted in Japanese poetry, the feel of the seasons is the most interesting. In Japan the four seasons are very definitely marked. One can never mistake spring for autumn, or autumn for winter. And each of these seasons inspires us with a certain feeling. Spring with misty moonlight and dreaming blossoms, summer with skylarks and green shadows, autumn with clear water and flaming maples, winter with clear sunlight and silvery plains — each gives us a distinctive feeling of its own. This feeling the poets of Japan strive to weave into their poems.

This effort to portray the feel of seasons is most pronounced in the poems of the hokku type. Few subjects of hokku poems are seasonless; that is, most of them belong to one of the four seasons. In the book on the technique of hokku poetry, they are classified under Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Beginners in hokku composition are required to respect this classification, and to place their subjects in a proper season unless there is a special reason for not doing so. Being great lovers of nature, the Japanese attach no small importance to the season, which is, in a way, an expression of nature's mood.

Japanese poets are more or less pantheists. They consciously or unconsciously believe in the existence of will behind all things and incidents. To them the dewy blossoms that dance in the sunlight are not mere blossoms, but the soul of spring come to express its irrepressible joy. The bird which sings at the grave of a loved one is not a mere bird, but the spirit of the loved one come to comfort the bereaved. A childish superstition, one may say, but it is this very superstition that gives nearness and life to the things they portray. If we look upon a tree as a mere tree, it will be a mere tree; but if we regard it as something that possesses and is moved by human will and human feeling, it will become a living symbol of beauty. Much can be said for and against pantheism; but in the domain of art and literature,

where harmony is the most important consideration, this doctrine, which regards the world, not as a jumble of dissociated and unrelated matters, but as a great ensemble of interrelated and interdependent things and incidents, has usefulness which more than redeems its shortcomings.

Another thing that we must remember in order to understand Japanese poems correctly is that the Japanese have a different background from ours, and that, as a result, they have different ideas about things. Take, for instance, their idea of a candy man. The image that the term 'candy man' conjures up before our eyes is that of a corpulent, beak-nosed, black-moustached individual, immaculately dressed in a white coat and white cap. He carries a tray suspended from his bulging neck, and hawks his wares with a booming voice. We do not even suspect that behind this term as used by the Japanese stands a kindly old man who shuffles along quiet streets, blowing on his tiny reed trumpet and making exquisite candy toys for his little customers.

So with their idea of a cowboy. The picture which the name 'cowboy' brings to us is that of a hard-fisted, square-shooting exponent of Western blood and thunder, instead of a farm boy who rides home on a gentle ox as the moon comes up from beyond the field of pampas grass, and who leaves the note of his reed pipe lingering in the gathering mist. Even with such a thing as a bell their idea differs. The bell of Japan is made of green bronze, and is struck with a huge wooden hammer. Instead of clear, metallic sound, it gives a deep, mellow sound, which is somewhat like the roar of waves in a hollow. It inspires infinite sorrow instead of joy, and indescribable loneliness instead of serenity. We must remember this difference, and try to look at things with the eyes of the Japanese, or we may commit the mistake of sprinkling water on a straw flower.

So much for the way to appreciate Japanese poems. Let us now turn to the poems themselves. We have learned how the Japanese bell looks and sounds. Let our first example be the poem of a temple bell.

> In the sound of a temple bell,
> I hear the loneliness of a thousand years.

An old bell hangs in a weather-stained bell tower. Long yellow grass tangles on the roof of the bell tower; thousands of ivy vines hide its pillars, and deep moss covers its decaying steps. From the eaves of this ancient tower swings the huge bronze bell, green with a great age, a dragon coiled at the crest.

An old priest comes to the tower. His tall emaciated body is clad in a long black robe, and his lean fingers are bent over a brown rosary. As he slowly ascends the mossy steps, he seems to be the soul of the evening shadows, which are fast gathering.

Standing beside the great bell, he prays awhile, rolling the rosary between his palms and mumbling sacred words. Then he swings back the huge hammer, which hangs beside the bell, and strikes.

Out of the great bell comes a deep, mellow sound, spreading over the temple yard and the city beyond. There is an indescribable feeling of loneliness in that sound. It makes one think of the soul that must leave its earthly confinement and lose itself in the vastness of the Great Beyond. It calls forth the vision of the people who have heard it in the days that are no more — millions and millions of men who stood on the long, long road of yesterdays, listening, praying, and then passing away.

This is the picture and sentiment the poem brings to us. Here is another: —

How cool! Moonbeams drip from bamboo leaves.

A hot summer night. Dusty and sultry — people out on the verandah, fanning themselves furiously, praying for a breath of cool wind. Suddenly clouds blacken the sky and a shower beats upon the forest of tall bamboo trees. In a while, the shower passes away, and the moon comes to shine in double splendor. Wind rises, and the raindrops, sliding down the rustling bamboo leaves, patter on the freshened grass. They catch moonlight as they fall, and seem like a shower of moonbeams.

This may seem a strange way to interpret poetry, but then, this is what we usually do, and must do, in order to have full enjoyment of good poems. Suppose we are reading 'The Last Rose of Summer.' The immediate picture presented before us is that of a single rose; but, if we see only the solitary rose that meditates in the waning light of late summer, our enjoyment of the poem will not be complete. We must go back to the time when other roses were in bloom. Yes, we must go back even to the time when these roses were mere promise. Hundreds and hundreds of roses swell in the buds; and then, bursting into blooms, shimmer in the sun, dance in the wind, and dream in the moonlight. Then they fall away, one by one, leaving this solitary rose to dream of the days when they were all together. It is only after seeing these pictures that we can have full understanding of the beautiful sentiment expressed in this poem.

Japanese poetry, then, is like the song of a wild bird. It is simple and short and seemingly artless; but behind it lies the mystic world where all our dreams come true. It is true that the dreams we build out of the poems at times differ from those of the Japanese. Instead of the shadowy canyon, where moonbeams trickle through the waving fingers of maple leaves and break in the mossy stream, we may see the sunlight that shimmers on the dewy apple blossoms. But if we study the life and ideals of the Japanese, and try to look at things from their point of view and to love and feel nature as they do, we shall be able to complete in the right way the part of the picture that is left unpainted by the poets of Japan.

LINCOLN THE LOVER

III. THE TRAGEDY

BY WILMA FRANCES MINOR

I

WHEN we took leave of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge in the preceding paper, Lincoln had just heard that Ann had gone to work in the friendly household of 'Uncle Jimmy' Short at Sand Ridge. Lincoln was distressed at the news; he felt it as a reproach to himself that he could not protect Ann from such necessities, and he wrote the noble letter which has come down to me among the other Lincoln keepsakes preserved by Ann's cousin and bosom friend, Matilda Cameron.

'I try to persuade myself that my unlucky star has not overshadowed you,' Lincoln wrote. 'Molly Prewitt told me about you going to work for James Short's family. You are too frail for that hard work. My treasured one, I should now be standing between you and such trials. O! when will success crown my untiring efforts.' But hope was at work as well as impatience. Later in the letter Lincoln expressed himself more cheerfully: 'I feel unusually lifted with hope of relieving your present worry at an early date and likewise doing myself the best turn of my life.'

The year was 1834. Lincoln, heavily in debt, served as postmaster of New Salem, actively practised surveying, and was a candidate for the state legislature. James Rutledge and John Cameron had given up the effort to make a success of their New Salem projects and had retired to what was originally the Cameron farm at Sand Ridge, a few miles away. The older girls in both families had been compelled to 'work out.' The Cameron farm had been bought, before his departure from New Salem, by John McNamar, to whom Ann Rutledge had first been engaged. He was an upright and industrious young merchant who had achieved remarkable success in a very short time. But he had called himself McNeil on his arrival in the town, and when it became known that he had been living under an assumed name, suspicion was aroused. He explained that when his father had suffered financial reverses he had wished to cut himself off from the past and make his fortune unimpeded, but this explanation did little to set gossip at rest. McNamar had left for New York in 1832, promising to return quickly with his parents, but actually he did not make his way back to New Salem for three years. Whatever correspondence may have passed in the meantime between him and Ann Rutledge eventually came to an end. In the absence of word from him, and led into doubt and distrust by the suspicion which his conduct had provoked, Ann yielded to the force of a new affection. Lincoln came into her life as a more absorbing influence, and she gave him a love

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which she could not have given McNamar.

Ann did not leave Lincoln's letter unanswered. She sent him in return a precious possession, a Bible [1] which had belonged to her mother. With the stout little volume came these few lines: —

DEAR ABE

It was my mothers she giv it to me. I love it so much that I want you to hav it. pleas read it all. it will make you feel diferent.

ANN

Of all the Lincoln possessions which have descended to me, and which have never before been published or known, — letters, diaries, books, — surely none is more precious than this Bible. Not only was it a lover's gift from Ann to Abraham, but it has been marked with Lincoln's own writing, and he has left in it impulsive traces of his thought or emotion. Let us follow his steps, and examine the pages of the yellowed old Bible which has come down from his own hands.

The engraved title-page of the volume bears this legend: —

THE/ ENGLISH VERSION/ OF THE/ POLYGLOTT BIBLE/ WITH/ MARGINAL READINGS/ PHILADELPHIA/ PUBLISHED BY KEY & MIELKE/ N° 181 MARKET STREET/ 1831

At the bottom of the title-page is the endorsement in Lincoln's hand: 'New Salem — 1834.'

On the page opposite the title, Lincoln has written: —

Presented to me by Ann Mayes Rutledge, that I may read and subdue [obscure] my mind to its valued teachings.

And at the bottom of the page: —

I will be diligent in my reading
A. LINCOLN.

[1] The extent of Lincoln's Bible reading during his boyhood and youth in Indiana is disputed, we are told by Senator Beveridge. — AUTHOR

No doubt when Ann sent Lincoln her Bible and wrote, 'pleas read it all. it will make you feel diferent,' she had in mind Lincoln's independence toward the accepted religious convictions of the village. Both the Rutledge and the Cameron families were Cumberland Presbyterians, as Mat Cameron informs us. They, with the responsible citizens of New Salem generally, were staunch supporters of the literal Scripture as they had been taught to understand it, and any deviation from the received views they felt to be dangerously tainted with sin. Lincoln, who had read Gibbon and Tom Paine, and possessed a naturally unfettered mind, did not escape the common accusation of atheism which was apt to be indiscriminately hurled at dissent of any degree or variety. That he read even Ann's Bible without surrendering his independence of mind is evident from the words he wrote opposite the concluding verse of the book of Judges.

The familiar verse reads, 'In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.' Lincoln has enclosed the lines in pen strokes, and written underneath in the margin: —

a good precept I would say
A. L.

Among the writings which Lincoln knew and which we might expect him to apply to his love for Ann Rutledge, perhaps we should not naturally look for the Song of Solomon. But expectation is a poor guide among facts. It is a pleasure sharpened by delicious contrasts to find the marks of Lincoln's pen about a little group of verses in the Song of Songs. They are the first five verses of chapter four.

BEHOLD, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead.

2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.

4. Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

5. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

Above the first line of these verses and in the margins down the sides Lincoln has drawn lines in ink. In the bottom margin below the column is a little pen check, with the words 'to Ann.'

No other annotations by Lincoln are discoverable in the volume until the end. There, at the close of the book, he has written: —

I have read and much hath
been accomplished.

II

On August 4, 1834, Lincoln's campaign came to a successful close; he was elected to the state legislature. Not until the first of December did the lawmakers convene in Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois. Later Lincoln was himself to be the victorious leader of the forces representing Springfield in the contest which took place among several towns for the honor of becoming capital of the State. Toward the end of November, Lincoln journeyed to Vandalia by stagecoach in a new suit of clothes which had been made by a tailor in Springfield. Lincoln had secured a considerable loan properly to equip himself for his appearance in the capital.

It was his entrance upon public life, and in a study of Lincoln's career it would be necessary to give some account of the first legislative session in which he took part. But we are considering the Lincoln of New Salem, and especially the lover of Ann Rutledge. In the complex pool of politics we cannot pause to delve.

In September, before Lincoln's departure, Mat Cameron received a letter from a visitor to New Salem evidently of congenial temperament. It is second only to Mat's own diary in the ingenuous glimpse it affords us of New Salem life, and particularly of Lincoln and Ann.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
Sept 9" 1834

MY DEER MAT

well we got heer at las it was a auful trip. I will never forgit my nise stay in Salem. I ofen think of yore frens An and Ab. she is butyful and he is so smart. he mus be rite fer her coz she is so egeacated herself. you shor hav bad luk with yore boze. purhap you want a smart won lik An has. but Mat you and me ant perty as her. James and me ar setin up jes the same. gess we git splised this winter. maw is letin me weve fer myself now. can you git Nance to exchang sum chroshay fer my skert and I will send her enything she sez. Milly brot sum calico cler from New York City. it aful perty. give my luv to yore fambly and all the foks I met ther and cum and see me sum time. yore fren

MILINDE WHIPPLE

to Mat. P. S. over ....

In the spring of 1835, Lincoln returned to New Salem, and again began to survey, study law, and distribute letters. It was at this time, after his first term as legislator, that plans for actual marriage between Ann and Abraham grew more definite. Yet there was no undue haste. Lincoln, despite his first success and the increasing promise of his future, was in no circumstances to support a wife; and

Ann wished to enter the Female Seminary at Jacksonville in the fall. It appears that Lincoln himself thought of attending Illinois College, also situated in Jacksonville, where Ann's brother David was already a student. Not only did these educational plans stand in the way of an early marriage, but Ann had never formally been surrendered by McNamar. She had given her love to Lincoln, but a definite release from her promise to McNamar was naturally desirable.

Such was the situation throughout the summer of 1835. Lincoln boarded at the Tavern, which was kept, now that the Rutledges had left New Salem, by Henry Onstot. Since the founders of the little town had moved away, its fortunes declined rapidly. Other families took their departure; meetings of the literary society, and the debates into which Lincoln had entered with such zest in the first years of New Salem, belonged to the past. Lincoln threw himself more intensely than ever into the study of law.

A few glimpses of the lovers at this time I am able to give from the documents which have descended to me, glimpses contained in the letters which Lincoln and Ann gave Mat Cameron for safe-keeping, and in Mat's own diary. Mat seems to have been impressed by the desire for education which her friends revealed. Here is a page of her diary in which the studies of Lincoln and Ann again come to the fore.

Friday

Abe is techin Ann to spel and rite she woz wors than me wonst and now she is betern me. he wants her to go to the femail school when he goes to Jacksonville to. he is so smart — Sam aint but Sam is quiker in most things. he aint had as good a chanst like Abe. Maws got the milk-siknes and I had to tend baby most las nite. ant Mary Ann cum over this morning now I ges Maw will git better. Sam giv me a bag of stor-candy las nite. I bin makin dri-pech turn-overs for super Sam likes them so. good-by for this time.

MAT

At some time during the summer of 1835, Ann wrote Lincoln the last of her letters which remains in my collection. The bearer was Nancy Cameron; both Ann and Mat had sisters named Nancy, who are referred to from time to time in the notes which the lovers exchanged.

MY BELOVED ABE

Pleas do not cum to-nite I am ailing with a cole. Ma sez I must take a swet rite after super. so I send this by Nance C. she is fathful to us now. unkel Robert is going to Springfield to-moro. he sez he will fech enything you want if you will let him no in time. I hatt mising you to-nite. but Pa will ofer in prayer I git beter to-moro. I long nomore for inteligenc to cum out of New York. you ar all in all to me. he never persued his love for me like you do. so tender and kare-taking. I am full of hapynes. Newton Graham sez he will help me the half our after school. so with your help I kin be inlightened in the year for the female collegg. if I kin make it Pa wants me to hav advantage same as David nex term. I study hard with overflowing hart to make you hapy and I long to proclaim worthynes in your site. I kin rite to you like you to me betern trying to talk with everbody around like is most allways the case. I bin weaving this morning. tilly is going to spin sum thiner thred for me for my shams. well Nance C. is done visiting with the girls so I clos. think of me as I think of you for I am thine forever and ever

ANN.

P. S. Cum tomoro nite eny-way.

Sickness has its unhappy part in the brief story of New Salem. The people of the village were familiar with malarial fever; Lincoln himself had already suffered in the course of an epidemic after he helped the self-sacrificing Dr. John Allen to care for the stricken. The Camerons nursed him through the

attack, and Mat kept him supplied with water. It was then that he told her that if she would give him all the water he wanted he would 'reward her some day when he got to be president.' He was to suffer from another malarial attack after the culminating tragic shock which closed the summer of 1835.

Apparently in answer to Ann's letter, Lincoln wrote the last message which she was to receive from him. It gives expression again in curious juxtaposition to the religious doubts which Ann evidently tried to set at rest, and to superstitions which had been impressed upon Lincoln by his childhood and youth in the backwoods. A vein of fatalism and superstition was a property of Lincoln's character, appearing especially in times of depression. We may conclude that Ann was religiously opposed to this characteristic, as well as to the scruples of reason which influenced Lincoln against the usual Christian beliefs of the day.

The letter has descended to me among the other documents which tell with satisfying fullness what has long been eagerly surmised but never certainly known about Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. It is the last written message Ann received from him.

My Dearly Valued Ann

It greatly pains me to hear from Nancy regarding your condition. I am sending this with her — so you will know — when she gets back — that I will be over tomorrow early. I have been saying over and over to myself surely my traditional bad luck cannot reach me again through my beloved. I do long to confirm the confidence you have in heaven — but should anything serious occur to you I fear my faith would be eternally broken. Mat told me you dont wish me to worry about the black cat crossing my path three times the other evening — I faithfully promise if you will hastily recover — to do away with any 'Jinks' you do not favor. allow me to express the hope that the close of day will find you much improved. My fervent love is with you

Yours affectionately

Abe.

Beloved Ann.

It has been said that Ann's fatal illness was brought about in part, at least, by a tortured conscience. She had given her love to Lincoln, but perhaps the suspicion and gossip which had been visited on McNamar were mistaken. Perhaps, after all, his conduct had been upright and beyond reproach. He might yet return to New Salem to claim her.

The difficulty of her position may well have given her concern and caused her to suffer. But in her last letter to Lincoln she had written, 'I long nomore for inteligenc to cum out of New York. you ar all in all to me. he never persued his love for me like you do. so tender and kare-taking. I am full of hapynes.' No doubt can exist that the words were sincere and that her affections were fixed upon Lincoln at the last. Moreover, the disease of which she was a victim had a definite physical origin and course. Senator Beveridge tells us that it was 'brain fever,' a term applied to what we now call typhoid. Not only Ann but her father succumbed to it.

For weeks she hovered between life and death. Finally it became plain that no hope of her recovery was possible. She called for Lincoln, and they had a last interview. When he left her bedside, Lincoln went about saying, 'I awfully forbode she will not get better.' On August 25, 1835, Ann died.

Not long after, John McNamar drove into New Salem with his mother and sisters beside him in the wagon. He gave his account of his relations with Ann Rutledge to William H. Herndon, Lincoln's third law partner, and Herndon made use of McNamar's statement in his lecture in the Old Sangamon

County Court House in 1866. McNamar made other statements as well, but secure conclusions with regard to his view of the situation, his conduct, and his character, remain somewhat difficult to establish. He married twice after his return to New Salem, and settled on the property which he had acquired from James Rutledge and John Cameron at Sand Ridge. The widowed Mrs. Rutledge, with her children, removed to Iowa.

The closing entry in Matilda Cameron's diary allows us a glimpse of McNamar as he appeared to Ann's bosom friend and Lincoln's sturdy partisan. It is perhaps only fair to point out the obvious fact that Mat wrote in great, if pardonable, heat; and it would have been a charity exceeding human nature in McNamar if he had allowed the two large families of the Rutledges and the Camerons to remain indefinitely upon his property. They had been permitted to stay there throughout the winter of 1835.

SAND RIDGE *April* 1836

My deer diary its so hard for me to rite I ges thats why its bin a long time cinse I rote, allso I had to hier out agen to Shorts to do the bilin and turnin for sum ezy cheers they wuz makin. then I bin weving to. cinse that Macknamer cum bak hear he doz not mind pore Anns dieing atall — hes setin up allreddy with Deb. Latimer. Abe wuz rite when he tole Ann she wuz luky to git shet of him befor he shoed the klovin huf. that such a feler wood pres the lif outen her — he is a skunk to my mind he is puttn pore ant Mary Ann and fambly out as allso us folks. Father opines he ruther go to Fulton Co Iway sted of Missouri — as lokatin land is ezier ther. I do not care I got nothin to stay hear for. I jist wisht I wuz in Heaven wher the wiked sease frum trobling and the werry are at rest — cuz my hart has bin broak so meny times bout so meny folks.

good-by for now.

MAT.

III

The effect of Ann's death upon Lincoln has been described with wide diversity. It has been said that Lincoln was crazed with grief, that for a time he was actually out of his mind. It has been said on the other hand that while he was sincerely affected, so that his friends noticed his despondency, he gave no evidence of extravagant or unnatural sorrow. Dr. Barton has pointed out that about a month after Ann's death Lincoln made an accurate survey of a tract of land, giving every indication of thorough clearness of mind and command of his faculties. Through the winter of 1835 he was again busy in the legislature and engrossed in his study of law. Within a year after Ann had passed away he was involved in the strange affair with Mary Owens, which may have been half joke, but which at least resulted in his proposing to her three times and being rejected as many.

But neither Lincoln's persistence in his work and his ability to perform it well nor his willingness to undertake a suitable marriage is incompatible with an intense and lasting grief. They do not allow us to reject the reality of the shadow which fell upon his mind, an early example of the mental instability which appeared from time to time in the succeeding years. Of this shadow too many observers have testified to allow us to doubt its existence. Since Lincoln had left Ann's bedside after their last interview, his distraction had alarmed his friends. It was severe enough so that they had the fear that his mind might be in danger. His disruption is probably not attributable entirely to the death of Ann. He had been applying himself with consuming intensity to his study; and sometime during the fall of 1835 he suffered a fresh attack of malarial fever. It is

natural to think that these circumstances may have contributed to the unsettling of mind which he appeared to go through. For a period he was cared for in the Bowling Green home, where the kindness of Mrs. Green did much to restore him to self-possession.

With these thoughts as a premise, we may follow the footsteps of Lincoln in his sorrow. Miss Tarbell has recorded that he was in the presence of William Greene, formerly his fellow clerk in Offutt's store, one stormy night. He was in a moment of uncontrollable feeling, and when his friend urged him to forget his loss he said, 'I cannot. The thought of the snow and rain on her grave fills me with indescribable grief.'

Among my own Lincoln collection are more intimate records, in his own hand, which have never previously been laid before students. These records must set at rest for all time the question of the intensity and permanence of Lincoln's grief. Let us read first a letter which Lincoln wrote a dozen years later when his developing career had taken him to Washington as Representative in Congress. It is addressed to John Calhoun, under whom Lincoln first found employment as a surveyor. This circumstance explains Lincoln's play upon the word 'elevation' in the first lines of the letter. The two men became close friends, and it was Sally Calhoun who, at her father's suggestion, wrote down the entertaining and valuable memorandum from which we have frequently quoted in these papers.

In this letter to Calhoun, Lincoln himself tells us of the effect which Ann Rutledge had had upon his life as that effect appeared to his own mind. It is his own explicit statement of what Ann had meant to him.

WASHINGTON *May* 19 — 1848

DEAR JOHN

You old *rascal!* I am not risen to such heights that I am above taking your advice. no more *nor less* than the time — so long it seems — that you placed the instrument in my hand and bade *me find my elevation.* I am thinking at present you had mightily to do with my present *elevation.* You and one other. John when I landed in Salem I was only a stick of driftwood handed and banded and swirled before the whims of wind and tide; I never settled for long on any matter or at any place. the 'will-o-the-wisp' was my guiding star, the Banshees cry was my goal.[2] then like a ray of sun-shine and as brief — she flooded my life, and at times like today when I traverse past paths I see this picture before me — fever burning the light from her dear eyes, urging me to *fight* for the right as I had so often impressed on her mind the sentiment of my desires — begged me to count no sacrifice to great to do the Lords work. I took a solem oath to do whatever the good will of the Lord should propound for me to enact. John old friend — I have *kept faith.* sometimes I feel that in Heaven she is pleading for my furtherance. my beloved and efficient wife, my blessed boys and my so greatly esteemed friends are all responsible, from my point of view, for my achievements to a *marked degree;* but you and she lifted the stick of driftwood from the stream before it waterlogged and sank. therefore in thanking you for your good advice, I frankly admit my urgent need for same. One never gets to old to learn you know. Mary instructed me to invite Sally up here for a visit as soon as Mary and the boys return from their stay in Lexington. present my remembrances to your family.

Yours forever

A. LINCOLN.

Eloquent of the months that followed Ann's death are two remaining entries in Mat Cameron's diary. The first, written, as it must have been, but a few days after the event itself, shows

[2] Apparently Lincoln quotes here a couplet from some poem with which he was familiar, and which perhaps he used to recite. — AUTHOR

us how Ann's letters to Lincoln came to be reunited with those which Lincoln had written her, and which she gave to Mat for safe-keeping.

August — 1835

Sunday

deer diary as pore Abe ses him and me is going trough the vail of despond. our angel on erth has bin snached from us to the arms of the Lord. I am all broak up and fitles for enything. the kin ses Abe is luny. I think he is broaken-harted. he wants me to keep his 5 leters from her coz he is perswaded he will sune foler her I expect he will to. cense we all cum bak hear Sam broak my hart all is wo on this erth below. Polys man wuz buryed last Sunday of the fever to. Milly acks like she wuz coming doun to. I am going to tak Anns plase at Shorts to droun all my greef and wo. unkel James has the mizery to. Sally ann went over to Salem to help the Radfords they have the siknes to. this hous of moarning is to sad to rite more in at present so good-by til sum time in the futur.

MAT.

Poor Mat was never perplexed by too many lovers; her need was but one, if that one could be persuaded to stand by her to the altar. The heart which Sam broke we find plighted at her next writing to Reuben; but Reuben was no more constant than Sam, and when Mat finally married, her husband was a Cartwright, a relative of the famous Peter Cartwright, an early circuit rider and backwoods preacher. Not without truth had Milinde Whipple written, 'you shor hav bad luk with yore boze.'

In Mat's last appearance upon the stage we see a melancholy picture of the decline and fast-approaching death of New Salem. It was not long before the little town, in Lincoln's words, had 'winked out.'

March 12th 1836

A new begining my diary.

Over 7 months has gon cinse Ann wuz transported to Heaven. I bin working at Shorts and deer Ruben has heeled my broaken hart. I am ingaged now. I am weving stedy on my things nedful. I got sum hair flours and embordery and kroshay and the broach Abe giv Ann for keep-sakes I put them all in my box with a presed flour from her grave. Ruben ses I must put away all sadnes and be my ole self agen. Abe is giten hiself agen to but aint mery like he wuz. ant Mary Ann is having a hard time now. sum folks has left Sand Ridge and also a lot in Salem. P I meen my Father taulks of migrating to Missouri if he doz Rubin and me will go to. John Calhone and family has al-reddy gone. Abe is tendin surveying for him hear what litle ther is to do. in Salem and hear-abouts. las nite billy had quinzy reel bad I set up and Ruben set up with me. he is kindnes itself.

good-by for this time

MAT.

Charming Mat Cameron — charming at this interval of time and distance although in life she weighed 'twist as much' as the beautiful Ann Rutledge whom young men preferred! We cannot take leave of her without a tribute of honest sympathy. We have laughed at her naïveté, but she is a figure of pathos as she stands amid the wreck of all that she had cared for — Ann dead, Lincoln distracted with grief, her own lovers fickle, New Salem deserted, McNamar turning her father off the farm that once had been his. We cannot wonder that she wished only to find her way to a Heaven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

More than one friend of Lincoln expressed the opinion that the death of Ann, bitter as it was to him, represented a necessary step in his life. Had Ann lived and married him, according to this view, they would have settled down happily together, and the world would not have heard of Lincoln. Whatever may be the justice of such an opinion, it is interesting to find John Calhoun, a man of education

and intelligence and a good friend of Lincoln, giving voice to it. Calhoun's thought is preserved for us by his daughter Sally in her memorandum.

Father says he firmly believes that Lincoln first fell in love with Ann Rutledge because she was in trouble that of course he always admired her but her engagement to McNamar prevented him showing it. it was only after McNamar left her that Lincoln took up with her and soon they were both deeply in love. Father says that however he feels the wisdom of the Lord in taking Ann because he thinks otherwise Lincoln would not have thrown himself into politics like he has and that is where he belongs. when he got his mind back after Ann's death — he told Father — that if he could straighten out a lot of affairs for a lot of people and make them content — the Good Lord might let him join Ann in the Celestial Realm some time.

One last source I have in my collection by which we are enabled to understand the shadow that rested on Lincoln's mind. Of all the records of his loss, it is the closest to his own thoughts, and the most poignant for those who would follow in the steps of his grief.

In the first paper of this series, we saw that Lincoln in 1839 possessed a copy of the third edition of Samuel Kirkham's *Essay on Elocution*, published in New York in the preceding year.[3] On the back flyleaf of the volume is an inscription written and signed by Sally Calhoun in 1859, in which she says that Lincoln left the book with her father during a visit to the Calhoun household in Springfield. In the year 1839, when Lincoln wrote his name in the book, he was himself living in Springfield. New Salem had come to the end of its brief existence. Four years had passed since Ann's death. Lincoln, as a young lawyer and member of the state legislature, was rapidly gaining power and influence. Yet, as he read the passages which Mr. Kirkham had chosen to illustrate the principles of elocution, his thoughts reverted to Ann Rutledge, and his sorrow flowed afresh. 'I shall all ways cherish this book,' writes Sally Calhoun in her inscription, 'as it is so intimately marked in memory of his little sweetheart Ann.'

The volume is rich in annotations, and many pages have received the marks of Lincoln's pen. A number of his marginal notes appeared in the first paper in this series. But others, which he wrote in memory of Ann Rutledge, have been reserved for these closing pages of our story, that they may stand as a lasting and final evidence of his love of Ann and his grief when he lost her.

Kirkham's volume is entitled *An Essay on Elocution, Designed for the Use of Schools and Private Learners.* Lincoln underlined on the title-page the words 'private learners,' and wrote beneath them, 'especially me.' Much time and space could profitably and entertainingly be given to the study of the book, even where it bears no traces of Lincoln's pen; for we know that every word it contains must have been scrutinized and pondered with his usual thoroughness and intensity of application, and it is interesting to consider what nourishment this curious treatise offered to his mind. Mr. Kirkham begins with a turgid preface, of which we may quote the first paragraph as a fair example of the whole.

A PREFACE is to the reader, what a fence is to a horse, when it obstructs his progress to a field of sprouting herbage, which he considers himself justifiable to enter by leaping over the barrier. The reader wades through a long preface with as much reluctance, as he would pass through the

[3] It is known that Lincoln had studied a grammar by the same author during his residence in New Salem. — AUTHOR

ordeal of a ceremonious introduction to a large assemblage of guests, when invited to dine with a stranger. This repugnance to preface-reading, doubtless, arises out of the fact, that prefaces are generally dull, and often but the prelude to a still duller book.

The treatise itself begins with entire propriety by defining the science which it is to present.

ELOCUTION treats of the just pronunciation of words arranged into sentences, and forming a discourse, and is here employed as synonymous with *enunciation*, or *delivery*.

Pronunciation may be considered in a twofold light. When applied to the correct sounds given to single letters or single words without reference to their mutual dependance on each other, it is styled *Orthoepy;* but when extended to the just enunciation of words arranged into sentences, and depending on each other for sense, it is called *Elocution*.

The first part of the volume consists of Mr. Kirkham's rules, explanations, questions, and the usual matter of a textbook. The second part consists of selections, both in prose and in verse, drawn from a considerable variety of authors, and it is in these selections that Lincoln's mind found the food it craved. The selections are printed with frequent italics, marks of accent, capitals, and other devices intended to suggest the appropriate manner of oral delivery. How much regard Lincoln paid to *Orthoepy* and *Elocution* abstractly considered we can hardly know. If we may judge by the marks of his pen, his mind flew past the accents and italics of Mr. Kirkham and found its lodging in the passages themselves, which offered to his heart and to his thoughts a welcome store of consolation and truth.

The words which Lincoln wrote opposite one stanza quoted by Mr. Kirkham have already been mentioned, but it is fitting that they should be repeated now, in the fuller context of the whole story. The stanza is from Byron and has received the title 'Future Bliss.'

> If that high world which lies beyond
> Our own, surviving love endears;
> If there the cherished heart be found,
> The eye the same, except in tears;
> How welcome those untrodden spheres!
> How sweet this very hour to *die!*
> To soar from earth, and find all fears
> Lost in *thy* light . . . Eternity!

Above these lines, in Lincoln's hand, appears the inscription 'to Ann,' and in the margin at the right is the signature 'A. Lincoln.'

Mr. Kirkham's selections include the Ninetieth Psalm. It is followed by Watts's metrical version, and about one stanza of this Lincoln has drawn irregular lines in ink. Surely it is not hard to identify the morning flower that must have been in his thoughts.

> Death, like an overflowing stream,
> Sweeps us away: our life's a dream,
> An empty tale, a morning flower,
> Cut down and withered in an hour.

In the margin Lincoln has written, 'a *short, short hour*.'

Ann Rutledge had been buried in the Old Concord Cemetery, about a mile from the house on the Cameron farm where the Rutledges were living when she died. Many years later her remains were taken to the Oakland Cemetery in Petersburg, a short distance down the Sangamon River from the site of New Salem. It has been said that Lincoln made frequent visits to the Concord burying ground to give vent to his bitter grief beside Ann's grave. If confirmation of this fact were wanting, it is provided in the traces of his writing which remain in his copy of Kirkham's *Elocution*. Here, by an accident of appropriateness, Lincoln found a passage which might have been written for his own heart. It is from Irving, and is entitled 'Affection for the

Dead.' To us the cultivated artificiality of Irving's periods might seem an offense rather than a consolation in the presence of an actual and hard bereavement. But to Lincoln eloquence was a living force, an organ of truth. He was no more impressed by the speciousness of Irving's graceful reflections than he seems to have been impressed by Kirkham's accents and italics. He read, and found only a poignant and literal expression of the experience which he himself had suffered.

The passage quoted from Irving is of some length, and at several points Lincoln has interposed with pen strokes and impulsive words. The passage begins near the bottom of page 177 in Kirkham's volume. Two sentences conclude the page.

> The sorrow for the *dead*, is the *only* sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every *other* wound, we seek to *heal* — every *other* affliction, to *forget;* but *this* wound, we consider it a duty to *keep open* — this affliction we *cherish*.

These sentences Lincoln has enclosed in pen strokes; he has underlined the words 'is the *only* sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced'; and in the margin below he has written: —

> Wait, Wait my Beloved for me, Abe.

On the following page, Lincoln has underlined several sentences.

> Who, even in the hour of *agony*, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most *loved;* when he feels his heart, as it were, *crushed* in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by *forgetfulness?* No; the love which survives the *tomb*, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

In the margin at the side Lincoln has written, 'How true.'

These were sentences in which Lincoln might indeed find the expression of his own thoughts. But he was to find others which touched him even more nearly, and which seem almost startlingly appropriate when we remember the story of his visits to the Concord Cemetery where Ann Rutledge had been buried.

> But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness.

Lincoln has given emphasis to these words by pen strokes both in the margins and in the text itself.

Finally we must notice the concluding line of the page, which has also been marked by his hand.

> Ay, go to the grave of buried *love*, and meditate!

In the margin below, Lincoln has written: —

> And after the agony find courage to go on.

(*The End*)

PARGA

BY SIR RENNELL RODD

DURING the last year circumstances have enabled me to fulfill a long-cherished design to visit Ithaca and Same and to verify the topography of the *Odyssey*. Incidentally another ambition has been unexpectedly realized. A fortunate conspiracy of the elements which have no regard for human obligations and the limitations of time has carried me to a place to which the associations of romantic youth have always attracted me, but which I had renounced all hope of seeing in a maturer phase of life because of its seclusion in a region destitute of even those moderate conditions of comfort which the latter years demand. Ever since I had followed the thrilling story of heroic Suli, still touched in my younger days with the magic of the Byronic afterglow, a compelling fascination had clung to the name of Parga, that little territory and seaport on the Epirote, then the Albanian, coast, which, owing to its occupation by a French garrison after the end of a Venetian rule of four centuries, had made it possible for Botgaris and some survivors of the mountain federation to find a doorway to the Ionian Sea and to escape to Corfu, from the inexorable vengeance of Ali Pasha of Janina.

The whole of that rugged Epirote coast is crowded with the sites of lesser-known townships of antiquity, and even of cities of the Augustan age like Nicopolis, built to commemorate the fateful battle of Actium. Almost every name invokes suggestion or memory. Only a few miles to the south of Parga, Acheron, racing in cataract through the deep-furrowed gorge of Suli, and mingling with Cocytus, its fellow stream of the infernal world, finds the way seaward through the Gulf of Phanari, the ancient haven of sweet water. In those prehistoric years when the first Achæan immigrants, descending from the northwest, originally from the Danubian grasslands, established themselves near Dodona, the deep and gloomy chasm of Suli, instinct with the awe of nature and haunted by the weird sound of rushing waters reverberated through the forbidding defile which no man dared to penetrate, was inevitably regarded as the gateway to their imagined kingdom of the dead.

The bar that obstructs the Gulf of Arta, with a barely two-fathom channel, makes Prevesa and Vonitsa accessible only to very light-drafted vessels, and many of the little ports are narrow of entrance with scant room inside for any manœuvre between shoaling banks. Once before, when I was sailing up this coast and had established the position of Parga to be not greatly off our course, I suggested this slight deviation to the responsible navigator of my small craft, but received no encouragement. So that for me that dream haven seemed to have been left behind for good, where the blue waters met the opal outline of unattainable mountains.

In June of this year, however, I was once more beating up for the Corfu Channel against a strong northwester, keeping well over to the mainland side opposite Paxos Island, so as to avoid the treacherous Madonna shoal, when

at the end of a long coastward beat I was thrilled to see Parga, barely a mile to the south of us, with its bold promontory rock crowned by a Venetian castle looking to 'the foam of perilous seas.' The sun was setting in a menacing sky, the head wind had freshened considerably, and a big sea was setting up. I had urgent reasons for desiring to reach Corfu and find the mail we had now been without for many weeks, but my Italian captain expressed a doubt whether, if we arrived there, after beating through rough water all the night, we should be able to lie in the open roadstead, and eagerly accepted the suggestion that we should run back to Parga.

The Mediterranean pilot made it clear that there were two bays or havens, one on each side of the promontory on which the castle stands. The larger of these, the western, open only to the south, was three cables wide at the entrance and three cables deep, with an anchorage in ten fathoms or under. The passage to the eastern harbor, better protected against all winds by a chain of islands, was only one cable wide. As it might not be easy to get out again without a motor, and as ours was temporarily out of action, we decided for the former, dropped the mainsail, and ran back before the wind under mizzen and staysail. The sun was down, but the June glow continued until after the full moon was fairly high in the east. The mile was soon covered, and we slowly turned a clifflike cape on the crest of which a ruined church tower overtopped the trees. Just as we rounded the point we noticed, only a few yards away, the water fretting over a rock, submerged but almost awash, which none of our sea guides had indicated. Hoping that there might be no others, we drifted past it into the middle of the bay.

In front of us rose the castle rock, with its crenelated outlines mysterious in the twilight of sun and moon. A long white sand or pebble beach marked the head of the bay, under slopes which we could still see were finely wooded, and behind them rose the higher slopes which hid Paramythia and Janina. On the ridge joining the citadel and a few white houses the lofty minaret of a mosque showed plainly, but the town of Parga lay on the other side of the rock toward the eastern bay. A slight swell had accompanied us in, but we lay very peacefully when the anchor grounded in ten fathoms. After a little while a shore boat came out with the captain of the port, who was curious to know what had brought us to a place so out of the world that local steamers touched there only once a fortnight. Pratique was arranged over a cigarette. Bread and other supplies were promised in for the morrow, and a little petrol, which we had hardly dared to hope for, without which we were immobilized in the long calms which seem here in June to alternate with fresh breezes and squalls. An unexpected delay due to an accident to one of the crew, at Same in Cephallenia, where none could be obtained, and a series of contrary winds had reduced us to depending only on the sail of the earlier navigator.

About nine o'clock we went down to dinner, thankful for the good chance that had brought us to Parga, which in the half light promised more than to fulfill my highest anticipations. By the time we returned to the deck a Greek brigantine had come for a brief respite from the weary beat up the gulf against the strong wind and heavy sea. The glow had gone from the west, and she showed a black silhouette etched against a clear sky under the full moon, some fifty yards away from us. In the seafaring life such moments are worth living for, when the turbulence of the elements is replaced by perfect peace in

an unknown haven, with the promise of a beautiful world to be revealed at dawn.

And Parga did not disappoint us. Rich olive woods ascended from the shore of our little bay, and to the left was a grove of planes and lemons vivid green to the water's edge. On the western headland, a golden cliff crested with green, such as Salvator Rosa loved to paint, were the ruins of a monastery, the tower of which we had seen rising above the trees. The clear water up to the base of the castle rock, a splendid mass of ochre and violet against the eastern sky, was the color of turquoise with ripples of sapphire. We set off early, rowing round the citadel to the inner harbor, sheltered by a chain of rocks or rocky islets, one of which bore the ruins of a smaller fort or castle and a chapel with its independent bell tower, both painted blue, relieving against the limestone crags. From here one could see Paxos and Antipaxos to the west. A long line of yellow cliffs ran south, and behind it rose the heights of Suli. The faint outline beyond might still be Leucas.

The little town of new Parga lies snugly in the elbow beach of the castle rock and the mainland. A few boats were clustered round a wooden pier. The streets, with no method in their twists and turns save adjustment to the rise of the ground, were delightfully picturesque. The houses were mostly low, with modest shops where baskets of lemons and cucumbers gave a bright note of color. There was no litter; all was clean and tidy. Almost every man wore some form of local costume, and many still affected the red fez which Turkey has discarded. The elder women carried the distaff. One, with gray hair escaping from the handkerchief tied round her head, and dressed in rusty black, might have posed for the Fate who spins the thread of life. Each passer-by gave us a kindly greeting, and we were not followed or harassed by children. The boys were no doubt at school.

Our friendly harbor master insisted that the local constable on duty should accompany us in our explorations, which he did with admirable discretion. So we left the steward to forage for what the modest market of Parga could offer our depleted larder, and started by a climbing street for the isthmus ridge on which the older Parga stands. Looking back over the tiled roofs, it was evident that on this side also the hinterland of this ancient territory was green and fertile. The houses of the old upper town, many of which had had some pretensions, were mostly roofless and abandoned. Below them were terraced levels which had once been gardens, where still a few pear and pomegranates grew among ancestral olives. From the crest of the ridge a path to the left led under a high wall of rock to the arched castle entrance. It was closed by an iron grill with sharp spikes pointing outward, made fast with a chain and padlock to a wooden inner door, but so inadequately, as our constable pointed out, that a strong pull at the gate from outside or a thrust from within made room for the reasonably slender to pass between it and the side post. And so we all slipped through.

Within the ample area of the curtain wall, once filled with churches and dwellings, there are only ruins now, but the bastions and the keep on the summit of the rock are fairly well preserved. The whole ground was overgrown with those scented herbs which, as you tread them underfoot, fill the clear air of Greece with perfume. The broken walls were tufted with the caper plant, with its passion-flower blossom now out in all its soft beauty. Old guns lay abandoned among the shrubs and

fallen stones. I brought away with me a small iron ball.

The art of a master builder had here adjusted the stage of Nature to his needs, but Nature had once again asserted her more enduring mastery. What infinite toil of forced labor by enslaved humanity must have been expended to mortise redoubt and bastion to the sheer and jagged limestone, in the dim years at the close of the fourteenth century, when the inhabitants of the little territory of Parga, while retaining a semi-independence, placed themselves under the protection of Venice, and received in their double haven the vessels with the lion banner which dominated the Ionian Sea, bringing the wares of the East to the wealthier citizens living on the ridge. Almost one seemed to see the red hulls of the galleys drawn up on the shingle, while the men of Parga, under agreement with the Proveditori of St. Mark, raided beyond the hills, collecting oarsmen to make good the gaps in the crews.

What furious battles must have raged round those decaying walls, what heroisms have passed unrecorded, what betrayals unimpeached in the alternating phases of capture by the Turk and recovery by the republic. Until at last, enervated by prosperity and dissipating on frivolity the accumulations of her long monopoly, 'Venice spent what Venice earned,' and a great page of story closed in 1797. Ali Pasha of Janina had by then established himself all along the Epirote coast from Butrinto, opposite Corfu, to Vonitsa in the Gulf of Arta. Only Parga, occupied by a French garrison, continued to hold out until the Russians and the Turks, for once united in a common cause, dispossessed France of the Ionian Islands, which she had secured by the Treaty of Campo Formio. Then Russia in 1800 made over this old Venetian outpost to the Porte. And so at last a mosque, which still dominates the ridge, was built at Parga.

The site has been identified with that of the ancient Toryne. I could see, however, no trace of Hellenic walls. But obviously so strong a position, not unlike that of Monemvasia in the Morea, overlooking two harbors with splendid beaching ground for the old coastwise craft, must have been held from the earliest times. Any ancient material available would, of course, have been made to serve for the construction of the castle, but it would be in accordance with precedent that some courses of ancient masonry might have served for foundations in the fortress of more recent years.

An artist, if he could find some possible accommodation, might profitably spend many days or weeks in Parga, and the student could thence visit by bridle track a number of interesting places remote from Western civilization, always provided he were prepared to disregard those risks which one or two still recent incidents have revealed may still beset travelers through these untrodden byways. We could give but thirty-six hours to a place fantastically beautiful and quick with an ambience deriving not so much from conscious association as from a subconscious sense of history unrecorded, the crowded details of which imagination must fill in.

ALCANTARA

BY MacGREGOR JENKINS

I

How I ever came to be a friend and ally, co-conspirator and business partner, of Tobias Starkweather it is not important to relate. The moralist might find in the narrative a painful instance of moral disintegration and decay, the cynic might smile and regard the whole episode as indicating nothing more culpable than childish credulity and vanity.

For this reason the story will never be told. I am satisfied that those who have shared with me an interest in horses, those in whose veins has flowed the deadliest virus known to man, will understand. They know that this interest is fraught with many dramatic possibilities, and that it may lead the most virtuous of men, on occasion, perilously near the rocks of moral turpitude.

There is no human interest that leads a man in stranger or more fascinating paths. There is no human relationship that introduces him to a more interesting group of his fellows or enables him to rub elbows with a more alluring multitude of kindred enthusiasts.

From the moment that a horse lover takes his first tentative steps into this half-gypsy land of paddock and race track, auction room and hunting field, when he first feels within him the stirrings of a strange desire, and learns to know that it is the call of the horse, from that moment he treads the paths of a new and wonderful country.

It is not alone the noble beast that allures; it is far more the followers in his train — men and women, rich and poor, wise and foolish, virtuous and vicious, all actuated by motives ranging from the noblest and purest to the most sordid and unworthy.

It was into this unknown world that I ventured many years ago, and in it I have seen strange things and stranger people. It was in this land that I first encountered Tobias, and for many months I dwelt there with him. It had been written in the book of fate that we should meet. I was the one person in the world suited to Tobias and his needs, and he was for me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The most trivial circumstance brought about this epochal meeting. I desired a horse. Not any horse, for I had long since passed that early stage. I desired one particular and special horse. There was nothing unusual about this. I was in a chronic state of desire, if not for one horse, then for another. Poets have sung the anguish of mortals in the agony of desire for a loved one. They have told the poignant story of human love, but they have never sung, so far as I know, the love of a man for a horse, the all-conquering lust for possession that seizes a man when he sees the horse of his dreams. When this is done the Great Epic will have been created.

I desired a horse, and with cold deliberation and callous indifference to the consequences conspired to secure him. At this point Tobias came into the picture. The fullness of time had

come. Tobias and I were to meet. It was a moment of tremendous significance to us both, though we did not fully realize it at the time. Tobias came to me with credentials as the one intermediary who could secure the desired horse for me. Blinded as I was, at the moment, by the fervor of my longing, I did not regard Tobias as anything more than an instrument to this end.

The negotiations proved long and difficult. I was still inexperienced enough to find it almost impossible to dissemble my desires, and I marveled at the coldly indifferent manner in which Tobias approached the owner. I have since grown to regard as one of his most engaging qualities the horseman's ability to stifle all his longings and to conduct long and delicate transactions in a manner of utter boredom. On many occasions I should have despaired of a fortunate outcome had I not been buoyed up by Tobias's unfailing optimism and hopefulness.

At last, however, I secured the horse. Even this triumphant conclusion of our labors did not excite Tobias. He brought me the news with the same air of world-weary indifference that had characterized him from the first. It is true that my exultation was somewhat tempered by the fact that the price paid for the beast was considerably higher than that I had authorized Tobias to pay, but this did not seem to be a matter of interest to him. Nor did the horse prove to be the jewel I had hoped, but Tobias assured me that they rarely were; and after all, he pointed out, it was I who wanted the animal, not he. Had he consulted his own convictions in the matter, he would have purchased a quite different horse, but I had expressed an unalterable determination to possess this one, and here he was. It was clear that Tobias was quite guiltless in the matter.

After a few months of troubled and disillusionizing ownership I again sought Tobias, this time to dispose of the horse for me. The previous owner had assured me that he had parted with the horse only under the pressure of temporary embarrassment, and that at any time he would be glad to buy him back at the price I paid for him.

I imparted this information to Tobias, but he did not seem to be impressed by it. The process of selling was much more rapid than that of purchasing, despite the fact that the previous owner was still in difficulties and could not buy the horse as he most ardently desired. In fact, as Tobias explained to me, the horse market was in a very unsettled condition, and if I desired to sell (which I most certainly did) he advised me to take any offer I could get. Things were very bad. Again Tobias triumphed. I sold at a figure considerably below the lowest I had fixed, but any sale just then was a miracle, so Tobias said.

By this time Tobias was firmly woven into the warp and woof of my horse life. On the whole I profited by it. But sordid motives were the smallest factor in my regard for Tobias. His appearance alone was enough to reward me. A tiny scrap of a man, he might have been thirty, he might have been sixty. I never could decide. As I listened enthralled to the recitals of his experiences I leaned toward the higher figure, for no man of less than sixty could have had time to have all the things happen to him that had happened to Tobias. Yet as I grew to know him and witnessed repeated feats of strength and agility I knew he must still be young. His face gave no hint of his age. Sallow, almost colorless, it still had the fresh contours of youth. An utterly mirthless mouth, a head almost entirely bereft of hair, contrasted

strangely with a mouthful of perfect teeth of unimpeachable genuineness. He was always clad in riding togs of a strange and indiscriminate nature, and yet he had that gift, so infrequently seen in men, of so wearing clothes, no matter what they were, that he looked well groomed and well set up.

II

For some time our relations were not intimate, nor were our contacts frequent. Tobias seemed to have no place of permanent residence. If I wished to find him I had to make a circuit of the salesrooms and stables, and sooner or later I would find him, dapper, shaven, clean, but as usual in the depths of an unconquerable melancholy. He appeared glad to see me, but never greeted me with enthusiasm, and never appeared to part from me with regret.

Then a never-to-be-forgotten day dawned. At an early hour I was interrupted at breakfast by the announcement that Tobias was without. I had not seen him for months. He had a habit of disappearing for long periods, and these absences were never explained. His intimates could not enlighten me, because he had no intimates. Before greeting him I telephoned my business associates that matters of the utmost importance might keep me busy all day. I felt that the day upon which Tobias sought me out was sure to be pregnant with possibilities.

Tobias greeted me in sadness, and the talk flowed along the easy channels of mutual horse interest. I waited for him to arrive at the matter in hand by his usual circuitous methods. At length I was rewarded. I wish I could reproduce with any justice the melancholy sweetness of his recital. In substance I was told that a series of most unfortunate events had reduced Tobias to financial extremities unknown before. He blamed no one, least of all himself. They were due to the uncertainties inherent in his calling, and when disaster came it must be patiently borne.

Financial extremity was no new experience for Tobias, — I knew that, — but on this occasion difficulties had arisen at a most unfortunate moment, just when fortune was about to smile. The circumstances appeared to be these. There was a horse we both knew. His reputation was bad; it could not be worse. Tobias felt sure, however, that his shortcomings were due to his environment and to lack of proper care and training. His career on the turf had been a series of misfortunes, accidents, and tragedies. He was now for sale, having nearly killed a stableboy and having lost two important steeplechases from a sullen refusal to leave the post. The price was low, but an immediate sale desired. Tobias saw a chance to retrieve all past losses. He wished to purchase the horse, spend as many months as necessary on his education and the correction of his faults, and then race him another season. But most unfortunately, at just this moment, his finances were at the lowest possible ebb.

At this point, it seems, he had thought of me. Not at all as a possible source of money, but rather as the person to whom he could offer a priceless privilege. I had long enjoyed, he knew, the pleasures of the hunting field and show ring, and now he felt was the time for me to enter into a larger field of equine activity. It was high time I tasted the joys of the turf, and felt the thrill of winning a race with a horse of my own. To buy an outlaw, educate him, and win with him! That was something to do.

Tobias came as near showing enthusiasm as I ever saw him. He unfolded the plan. For the moment it

would be necessary for me to furnish the money for the price of the horse. Tobias did not enlarge on this; it was a matter of no great concern who did it. He would give me a note for half the price and we could be joint owners and partners. He would conduct the education of our stable, and ride our horse in the races in which we entered him.

As Tobias led me on through all the stages of our progress, and showed me how inevitably we should reach that crowning hour when we should flash under the wire a winner amid the frenzied acclaim of a mighty throng, my blood began to tingle. I did not confess to him that in my wildest hours I had already dreamed this dream, and longed for its realization.

True to my horseman instincts, I demurred. I pointed out all the difficulties, and enlarged upon the almost certain failure of our hopes. Tobias listened in respectful silence, and then asked if I should like to visit the horse. We did so. I had seen the creature before, but never realized what a perfect beast he was. He was the handsomest thing that ever stood on shoes. Tobias pointed out to me certain physical indications of stamina and speed, and assured me that from my own experience I should see that he was one horse in ten thousand. He certainly looked to be. I gazed long and earnestly at his eyes. They attracted my attention, for I had never seen such human eyes in a horse's head before. With all their beauty, there was a look of baffled cynicism in them. They fascinated me. They seemed to look out on a world made for disappointment; they told a story of unrewarded effort, of uncrowned strife, and seemed to say that, after all, the world's rewards are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The horse was purchased in what struck me as a very short time. There seemed to be no doubt that the owner wished to part with him. He gave us minute directions as to his care and management, and seemed deeply concerned lest we both come to an untimely end. Tobias seemed to have provided for most of the details in advance. He had secured quarters for the horse, and all I had to do was to hand the owner a check and receive a note for half the amount duly signed by Tobias.

After careful consideration we selected a name. Tobias was indifferent as to what it should be, provided it began with *A*. This seemed important to him for some occult reason, and I could raise no valid objection beyond the fact that it restricted our choice. Finally I decided upon Alcantara. The name met Tobias's requirement in regard to the *A*, and it had for me certain romantic literary associations.

III

The weeks that followed our purchase of Alcantara — I could never teach Tobias not to accent the second syllable — were uneventful except that I soon discovered which half of Alcantara I owned. I was in firm possession of the forward end, the end that was fed. Each month I received mounting bills for grain, as well as for strange accoutrements with which I was not familiar. Each month Tobias calculated to a penny, and sent me a note for an exact half of the expenses.

I did not see much of Alcantara, but Tobias reported progress, and he seemed satisfied with his pupil. For some reason he did not care to appear before the world as even half-owner, and he allowed it to think that I owned the horse and that he was in my employ as trainer. I attributed this, at first, to Tobias's natural modesty, but I soon learned that there were the best of reasons why Tobias did not wish to

appear to have any possessions of any character. So I assumed the entire responsibility of ownership with all its attendant glories and inconveniences.

One morning I was told that Alcantara was right. He had been moved to a large training stable, and Tobias had been working him over the jumps for some time. The expense of keeping him here was considerably greater, but, as Tobias pointed out, this was unavoidable if I meant to do the right thing by the horse. He never said 'we'; he always spoke as if I had sole authority. I was flattered by this, and soon came to regard myself as a full-fledged owner. I read the racing papers and followed the exploits of other horses. I knew their records and the details of their age and class.

Upon being asked to visit the horse, I brushed aside all business matters and went to the scene of action. It was an extensive and beautiful estate used entirely for the care and schooling of horses. By some means, unknown to me, Tobias had secured admission, and was using the schooling fields. There was a steeplechase course laid out for schooling, and it was over this that Tobias intended to give Alcantara his first serious work, and he wished me to witness it.

Tobias greeted me and led me to the stable. If Alcantara had been a thing of beauty when I first beheld him, he was a thousand times more so after weeks of care and attention. He was led out for his owner's inspection. I could not conceal my admiration, bad form as I knew it to be to express it. Tobias pronounced him to be fair, but added that further improvement was possible. Tobias mounted, and assumed that curious crouching position affected by jockeys. To me it always seemed the most perilous of ways to ride a horse. Alcantara held a high head, and used his feet daintily. As he trod the yielding turf he was the personification of beauty, strength, and grace. He pranced and whirled restlessly at the starting line, and Tobias gently moved him along to the point he wanted. At a prearranged signal from me Tobias let him go. He passed me — a blur of shining satin, and thundering hoofs. I watched him through my glasses as he gracefully cleared barrier after barrier, and approached a water jump at the far end of the course. At this point I saw him swerve from the course and disappear. Long and patiently I awaited his return. Finally, far off on the horizon, a tiny speck appeared. It was Alcantara returning home. Tobias was crouched on his back, and as he passed me I caught a glimpse of a face as expressionless as the back of my hand. If Tobias was ill at ease he did not betray it.

After the details of Alcantara's toilet were attended to Tobias joined me.

'What happened?' I asked.

'He ran away,' Tobias replied, and that was his sole comment.

I returned to the city and left Tobias to solve the difficulty of making Alcantara go in the right direction at the right time. I felt sure that if this could be done, and if he proceeded with anything like the rapidity he had shown that afternoon, there was not a living horse that could pass him.

From then on Tobias worked in secret. I saw no more trials and had only meagre reports from the training field. Tobias and I had a few conferences at which we decided to play for high stakes. We elected to let the minor race-meets go, and to enter Alcantara in the Bedford Steeplechase. This was described as an open steeplechase for gentlemen or professional riders — about three miles of natural country, over post and rails and brush.

Then followed detailed statements as to weights and other restrictions. The

prize was a small purse and a piece of plate — but immense prestige. We knew the field would be large and the quality good, and the winner would jump in value and reputation. Both Tobias and Alcantara were found to meet all the requirements of the committee in charge. Tobias attended to all the details and I signed the entry blank and paid the minor expenses. It was necessary for us to appear under colors. This I left entirely to Tobias, who acquired, at my expense, appropriate garments to wear on the great day. His taste in this connection was not what I could have wished it to be. He chose a tunic of pure white with sleeves slashed with lavender, and a lavender and white striped cap. It was a bit more conspicuous than the modest extent of my racing stable seemed to justify, but here I felt that Tobias should have his way, as he was to appear in the garments, not I.

IV

The week before the race I saw little of Tobias. He spent all his time with Alcantara, or else in moody cogitation. I found business affairs irksome and could not seem to keep my mind off the impending trial of speed.

The sporting sections of the newspapers were a solace until they began to discuss the race and estimate the contestants. Scant attention was paid to Alcantara by any of the writers. Only one referred to him at length, and then merely to enlarge on his bad behavior during training. As the day of the race approached, however, many strange stories began to appear. Not only were his bad manners discussed, but there were hints of lack of condition, and innuendo as to physical blemishes. I was enraged by this and sought Tobias to see what could be done to stem the tide of misstatement. Tobias professed never to have heard of any of it, and as he was evidently deeply engrossed in more important matters, as well as suffering from a severe attack of melancholia, I decided to accept his dictum that the less said, the sooner mended.

At last the fateful day came. I was early on the field, and felt strangely nervous and ill at ease. I read the entry list a thousand times, and recovered my composure a little when I saw the name of Alcantara, and my own as owner. Details of Alcantara's age, sex, and color were given, as well as my racing colors, and T. Starkweather was announced as the rider. The field was all that could be desired. It included the best the region could produce, and I recognized some horses who had substantial reputations.

Tobias sought me out and again assured me that the horse was right. He suggested that a small wager on him might be profitable. I am not a betting man, but the last weeks had affected me strangely. I had begun to feel a large catholicity of spirit toward all the details of horse ownership and horse racing, and I allowed Tobias to conduct me to a flamboyant young man, who placed a modest sum for me at the surprising odds of 30 to 1. Again I sought Tobias to learn the reason for the odds being so against Alcantara. The incident had shaken my faith in him, and I began to think my visions of possible victory empty dreams. Tobias felt that the odds were probably the result of the unfortunate items in the press, but he pointed out that they meant larger profits if we won, which seemed to me a sordid point of view.

I had secured a box and had invited a few of my intimate friends to occupy it with me. I had chosen those who had been in the secret of my ownership from the first, and who seemed to

regard my entering the racing game with less concern than some others, notably my business associates.

The first races on the flat, and a minor steeplechase or two, seemed to me perfunctory and spiritless, though the crowd seemed to enjoy them. Late in the afternoon the Bedford was announced, and there was an evident stirring of interest among the lookers-on. The board at the judges' stand gave the field, and I noted with some concern that none of the favorites had been scratched. Proudly I saw the name of T. Starkweather appear with the number nine. As I sat tearing my programme to shreds with nervous fingers, I tried to think what suggestions of good fortune the number nine indicated. I could think of nothing but the Muses, and their connection with horse racing seemed remote.

Then came the parade from the paddock. Led by a scarlet-coated official, the eleven contestants passed the grandstand. Had I been in a normal condition, I should have been thrilled by it. Eleven creatures, sleek, sinewy, nervous, with tossing, impatient heads, foam-flecked fore quarters, and dainty tread, they seemed hardly to touch the soft earth beneath their feet. On the back of each a crouching little figure brilliant in gaudy satin.

They weighed in. I watched Alcantara. For sheer beauty he was peer of the best. He seemed strangely docile, and I tried desperately to read the secret of those baffling eyes. I finally got them in my glass for a fleeting second, and I saw the same strange, tired look, the same eternal interrogation that always appeared there. As Tobias remounted I watched his face. Sallow, thin from weeks of training, there was not a shadow of expression of any sort. His face was as baffling as Alcantara's eyes.

They were off to the post just within my line of vision. For a while confusion reigned. Turning, milling, rearing, it seemed impossible that an orderly start could ever be made. This was the crucial moment. Would Alcantara start? This was the uncertainty. If he did, there was a fair chance that he would finish well up; if not, it was all over. I watched him closely. Tobias had his hands full, and was manœuvring skillfully. I had noticed that he carried no whip and his heels were innocent of spurs. Now he seemed to need them. Instead he leaned still farther over and caressed the nervous neck before him.

They were off. Thanks to some strange good fortune, Alcantara had consented to start with them. They thundered by in a blur of color, closely bunched, with Alcantara holding a respectable position to the fore. The race was twice around a prescribed course, beginning and ending on the home stretch of the race track. In a few seconds they were on the turf and out of sight for the moment. As advised by Tobias, I at once joined a throng of spectators rushing to points of vantage. With a hundred others I sought the water jump, the last jump before re-entering the race course. Being long of limb and spurred by an excitement I had never known before, I outstripped the others and placed myself where I commanded a perfect view of the jump and its approach.

How long I waited I do not know. It seemed hours. Then a stableboy, whose ears were acute from constant attendance at races, smote me mightily on the back and shouted in my ear. Now I could hear that matchless sound, the beat of hoofs on firm turf, and over the crest of a little hill appeared the head and shoulders of a rider. It was not Tobias, and my heart sank. Down a steep dip they came, headlong for the

brush and water. Singly and in pairs they rose and sailed incredibly, landing in their stride, and tearing off again in a welter of color and confusion. The jump took its toll, for here two horses went down. Some mischance, some misstep or ill-considered move by their riders, brought them down, one clear of the water, the other half in it. The jockeys rolled like balls of bright silk and were barely missed by the following horses, and the field went on. Of the eleven starters I counted nine at the jump. The two that went down left only seven in the running, and of these Alcantara was the fifth. They had to complete the circuit twice, so I rushed back to another jump near enough the grandstand to permit me to regain my box to see the finish.

At this jump Alcantara had moved up to third position and was running easily. Of the two horses ahead of him one was faltering, but the other had evidently not extended himself, and was running easily under the restraining hand of a smiling and confident rider.

Here I got a good look at both Tobias and his mount. Tobias was well forward on his horse's neck, tense and rigid, his enormous lavender sleeves ballooning out behind him. His lips were moving — not in prayer, I fancy, but in some strange jockey incantation. He was telling Alcantara something, and the horse was listening. As they flashed by I saw a new Alcantara. Gone was the cynic's pose, gone the bewildered, questioning look in the eyes; in their stead were a fire and a will to win that had transfigured him. After the jump was cleared Tobias sat down to ride. As they vanished, the stooping shoulders were sinking lower and lower, the cramped knees coming higher and higher, and the hands reaching out nearer and nearer the tossing head.

I returned to my box. There was nothing to do now but to live through the dreadful moments until they reappeared. I pressed my hand to my aching eyes. I was dimly conscious of some jocular remarks from my companions. I did not have long to wait. On the brow of the hill just before the water jump they appeared for a second, and almost even with the leader I saw the lavender and white. Tobias had moved up! Would he survive the water jump a second time? I closed my eyes again. Then the throng rose as a man, and far off I heard cheering. The moment of my dreams had come. Down the stretch they raced, stride for stride, the rival jockey resorting to whip and spur. Tobias was so far forward that he could almost whisper in the sensitive ears, and his lips were moving convulsively. On they came. A few scant rods ahead was the finish, and, as yet, it was the race for either. Suddenly Alcantara seemed to gather himself. Tobias raised his head and shoulders a bit and Alcantara pushed his nose by his rival. The horse faltered for a second, and Alcantara swept under the wire a clean length in the lead.

I do not recall what happened then, except that I dimly remember clambering out of the box into a milling crowd. One by one the horses returned with drooping heads and heaving flanks. They were stripped, and the jockeys and their kit again weighed. I sought out Alcantara. He stood proudly in the surging crowd with head erect, nostrils distended and eyes gleaming. All at once I found myself beside him. I threw my arm over his neck and heard the whirr and click of countless cameras. Someone appeared with an immense floral horseshoe and laid it on Alcantara's neck; again the cameras clicked and whirred. Tobias joined me. I wrung his hand. Words failed me. A stableboy, my stableboy, a complete

stranger to me, assisted Tobias, and Alcantara was shrouded in an enormous cooler and led away.

V

It was over. The hour of my dream had come and passed. Again I confronted a battery of cameras, this time holding an ornate piece of plate. I sought the stable. Tobias was in no mood to talk. I told him to come to me in the evening, and with my wildly jubilant companions I motored home. We were recognized at every turn, and cheers and shouts of congratulation greeted us everywhere. I was in a daze. The whole thing seemed unreal; everything but the memory of the face of my business partner, of which I caught a momentary glimpse as I posed with the silver pitcher. It was not a pleasant face to remember.

We dined sumptuously at the club and I insisted on paying for everything. This was my night, I explained, and besides, the Committee would be sending me a sizable check in the morning. After dinner I hastened home to meet Tobias. I half expected to find him there on my return. He had not come, so I sent out for all the evening papers, particularly those more devoted to the gentle art of horse racing. I read every word of them all. In every one I saw my picture. In some of the photographs I held the pitcher, but in most of them I had my arm caressingly around Alcantara's neck. None of the pictures, I thought, did justice to either Alcantara or myself, and my smile seemed peculiarly silly and fatuous.

I finished the papers, and still Tobias failed to appear. After an hour or two I resorted to the telephone. I could not find him at any of the places I thought he might frequent on this memorable evening. The race track failed to respond, the training quarters knew naught of Tobias or the horse.

With aching head I went to bed and passed a night of troubled dreams. I was up early and breakfasted alone. The morning papers gave me some solace. But it all seemed cold and perfunctory now.

The doorbell rang in the distance, and I was brought a letter and a tiny bundle. The letter proved to be a laconic communication from Tobias. In the briefest manner I was told that, a few hours after our triumph, Alcantara had passed out of this world of turmoil and trouble. Heart strain in the race — that was all; it was not uncommon. Tobias would see me soon, but in the meantime he had sent me a memento of Alcantara. I opened the bundle and found a dainty racing shoe scarcely scratched by use.

I sat for a moment stunned by the unexpected news; then I determined to be up and doing. I dashed to the race track. Tobias was not there; nor was Alcantara. I made inquiries, only to learn that Tobias and the horse had departed for an undesignated destination. I spent the day following fruitless clues.

I declined an invitation to a congratulatory dinner to be given that night by friends, and spent the evening in the solitude of my library in thoughtful mood. I reviewed with care all the incidents of my association with Tobias. I recalled one detail that I had forgotten. Before the race, Tobias and I had agreed that, should Alcantara win or make a respectable showing, we should sell him at once at as high a figure as possible. In my sober moments I had no desire to continue in the racing game, and Tobias pointed out that the interest in Alcantara would be passing. Some other horse would eclipse him and his value would drop. To this end I had executed a

document authorizing Tobias to negotiate a sale, in his own name, at any price satisfactory to him. I had suggested such an arrangement after witnessing one of Alcantara's most perverse and ill-mannered performances during his schooling. His conduct had made me despair of ever selling him at all.

Recalling this act of imbecility on my part, I cursed Tobias as a faithless friend. Then there appeared before me the face of my vanished partner in all the pathos of his melancholy. I saw again the drooping corners of his youthful mouth, and his old man's eyes, tired and lustreless, and I knew I wronged him. I thought of him as bowed with grief, hiding from the world, and waiting for the first poignancy of his sorrow to pass that he might seek me out.

I found no allusion in the press to the passing of the winner of the Bedford. I made no more inquiries, for, with a hideous suspicion gnawing at my heart, I felt that all my relations with this unfortunate horse had best be buried in a grave as unmarked and as unknown as his own.

I solved now the mystery of Alcantara's eyes. He had seen from the first the futility of the whole enterprise. He had known, come what might, victory or defeat, triumph or humiliation, that we should be parted. If not an untimely end, then the duplicity of man would sever us forever. For one crowded hour he had determined to live, or some strange alchemy was wrought by the whispering lips of the little man bestride him. For a few glorious moments he would be king, and king he was.

The following days brought painful reminders of the past. Bills of all sorts came in, among them one for a floral horseshoe that cost a prince's ransom. These I paid without comment.

One evening, being in reminiscent mood, I picked up a copy of a sporting sheet which I had affected during my brief period of ownership. The first item which attracted my attention was the announcement of the sale of Alcantara, the recent winner of the Bedford, by his 'owner and trainer,' T. Starkweather. The price was staggering.

I read it carefully, folded the paper with precision, and laid it beneath a horseshoe on my desk.

I returned to the routine of my former life, and after many months restored my associates' shaken confidence. I could have taken stern measures to find Tobias and wrest from him my share of his ill-gotten gains. But to what purpose? It was vastly better that the glamour of my brief career on the turf should fade gradually and not be extinguished with a sordid quarrel.

The lavender and white no more flash beneath autumnal suns over grassy meads. As an owner I no longer participate in the pleasures of the race. But sometimes, when in pensive mood, I wonder. Where is Tobias? Through what devious paths is that little, silent, joyless man threading his way? Has he a partner in horses now, and who is he? Will Alcantara start, and if he does will he continue in the desired direction? Is he still living his perplexed and questioning life over brush and rails on natural country? If so, where? I do not know. I do not care. I had my hour.

THE MIDDLE WAY

BY ELIZABETH CASE

THE late Robert Keable, whose apostasy was a shock to many readers of his early books, returned before his death to the Christian faith. Like many of his fellow countrymen and ours, as well as many Frenchmen and Germans, when he began to examine the historical basis of Christianity he discovered it to be, as he thought, unsound. Thereupon he abandoned the ship as unseaworthy, scuttled by the pirates of higher criticism. Later, observing her still afloat, he boarded her again in the hope of discovering some treasure overlooked. He found things in better shape than he had expected. The old vessel seemed worth saving, after all. Penetrating deep into the hold, he satisfied himself that the pumps were functioning, and then gallantly offered to man a pump handle. Thus he resumed his station in the Ship of the Church.

His recent papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* describe this spiritual Odyssey. Many of us know every step of his way, and can follow him back on deck and down into the very bowels of the boat. We too would offer our strength to keep her afloat.

But shall we choose the pump he chose? Its name is the 'theory of valuism.' It leaks.

The theory that a historical Jesus who has been invested by credulity, aspiration, and human need with supernatural beauties and powers and deified into an object of worship, when stripped by critical research of these qualities, can no longer be, in his historical character, an object of worship; but that his mythological avatar is worthy of the deepest devotion of the heart, although the mind at the same time recognizes that this Christ is a fact in the realm of values only — such a theory does little to keep Christianity afloat.

If the beautiful old ship is to see service on the stormy seas of the twentieth century, instead of foundering or being moored to rot in a Roman lagoon, she must be reconditioned.

I

We require a new technique of faith. Christians, whether Catholic or Protestant, need what Dr. Sperry calls 'that prerequisite for all doctrine which is indicated by that strangely moving word that was the earliest designation of the Christian life, a "way."' We need a middle way between the old blind allegiance to the religion of authority and the new blind allegiance to the agnosticism of scholarship. The Catholic says, 'I believe because the Church tells me to do so,' while the typical Protestant utterance too often is only, 'I seek.' The Christian must find a *via media*. He must continue to believe, but not on the old grounds; and he must continue to seek while believing.

But what must he believe? Men who claimed the dear name of Christian have waged bloody war under the banners of their definitions. The name smokes with the stench of martyrdom.

Instead of venturing to define it, let

us inquire whether it is possible — and if so on what grounds — for the Christian to-day to believe the Nicene Creed. That creed finds the fullest and most dramatic development of its implications in the Catholic Mass, which corresponds to the Communion service in the Book of Common Prayer with a verbal faithfulness which might disconcert members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who were unaware of the common history of the two churches. The fact that good Protestants can repeat the Nicene Creed and take part in the Communion service without making the commitments implied in the Mass is a paradox of that history, for those commitments are definite, unequivocal. The Mass is the Creed dramatized; it is an allegory of the birth, life, and death of Jesus, teaching that he was miraculously born of a virgin, that he did miracles, that his death on the cross was 'for' us (mysterious preposition — stumbling-block to how many!), and that by partaking of the Mass the believer is endowed with supernatural life and grace.

But that anyone can or does or must believe all this is to many modern minds astounding and incredible. In the Mass we have what Professor Kirsopp Lake calls the 'Christian myth.' He says that, while all sacramental religions have their basis in myth, 'far the nearest approach to history is the Christian myth, which as found in the Mass tells of the incarnation and passion of a divine son of God, who instituted the Mass in order that his followers might share the glory which was his. Behind this there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died; but not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.'

Here is the heart of the modern indictment of traditional Christianity.

The man who seeks grounds for holding the Nicene Creed appears to be faced by an inescapable dilemma. He must choose impalement either on the horn of valuism or on that of fundamentalism. He must either ignore history and retreat to the realm of values, forgoing any factual basis for his faith, or he must continue to assert the reliability of records proven unreliable. The latter alternative is what Professor Lake terms the sin against the Holy Ghost.

At first glance, the retreat to valuism seems to offer the Christian some hope. Must there be a historical basis for his faith? Why bother with the complex questions raised by Biblical scholars? What possible bearing has the modern historical method of dealing with ancient manuscripts upon the vivid realities of inner experience? In the ardor of worship one does not stop to assure one's self that the person worshiped did really live in an actual geographical place where one may see to-day the very hills that he saw. Need the Christ of experience be the Jesus of history?

No, replies the valuist. Religion belongs to the realm of values, where postulations are, as it were, in the conditional mood. 'God *would* be like this,' he muses. 'He *would* die on the cross "for" us; it is of the essence of his nature as I conceive it, in the light of my native presuppositions, that he *would* redeem us in exactly this manner.'

Is such a mood congenial to our Christian? Yes, on one condition: if his inner life has been touched by that reality which he can call only the Son of God. If he has never felt the imperious charm of that reality, he remains indifferent to the entire problem, he seeks no middle way. But if, fleeing from the City of Destruction, Christian has indeed laid down his

burden at the foot of the cross, then incontrovertibly he knows that for him the deadly chain of cause and effect has been broken, broken by divine intervention.

Thus, to the man who brings to this quest the presupposition that he has actually been 'saved,' the conditional mood of valuism is congenial. To him it seems not only possible, but intensely reasonable, that God was made man and died for him; he *would* do so.

But such a mood exposes the believer to the danger that the next obvious step into unreality be taken, and that the mind tuned to the conditional mood adopt the 'contrary-to-fact' inflection, 'he would have done so,' with its perhaps suppressed corollary, 'but whether he actually did do so does not matter,' or even 'of course he did not really, actually, historically do so.'

The seeker is keenly aware of these suppressed corollaries. He rejects at the outset a view which by implication separates the Christ of experience from the Jesus of history, and which contents itself with the anæsthetic admission that the former is 'a fact in the realm of values only.'

Possibly to students of philosophy this phrase implies an attitude which has some justification. To the mind of the ordinary person it implies nothing more elevating than self-deception. It seems to mean that while one knows that the 'Christian myth' is a myth, that while Jesus died on the cross he did not do so in the manner implied in the Mass, — that is, 'for' us, — nevertheless one is justified in shutting one's eyes to this inconvenient fact and by a kind of self-hypnotism screwing up the plane of feeling and perception out of the level of self-respecting sanity to a plateau of morbid unreality, where a strange code of truth and honor holds sway and where it is justifiable to postulate anything one wishes to believe, and then to say, 'I do believe it,' and behold, the trick is turned and faith ensues! At any rate, some sort of legerdemain certainly characterizes the process.

Perhaps those who breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the realm of values are to be envied; for them these problems have been banished to a more mundane plane of existence. But our seeker craves a harsher climate. Intellectual honesty forbids him to rest content with the conditional mood in regard to religious realities.

He admits that if the adherents of the value theory mean merely that the unbeliever should recognize the value for other people of beliefs which seem to him, the unbeliever, fallacious, and that therefore he should not interfere with their faith, there is some virtue in their counsel. But they seem to mean more than this. They seem to claim that a pragmatic theory of values can replace historical guaranties for Christianity, and that thus the whole vexed question of historicity can be avoided.

II

It cannot be avoided. Either Christianity is a historical religion or it is an idle dream. The quest for a middle way is no striving with invulnerable nothings; Christians have always gloried in the fact that their faith stands or falls with its historical guaranties. Thus he who would be a Christian seems impaled on the other horn of his dilemma — fundamentalism.

For these guaranties have been discredited. They were of two sorts: the authority of the Church, and the documentary evidence found mainly in the Bible and the patristic writings. As the guarantor of the historicity of Christian belief, the Church has lost the respect of the Protestant half of the world. Too often she has denied facts which

it knows to be incontrovertible. The Roman Church has maintained its authority only by dint of a tyranny insupportable to men drunk with the nineteenth century's heady draft of intellectual freedom — a potage not purveyed in the Eternal City. The fate of George Tyrrell, only twenty years ago, leaves no doubt as to the official attitude of the Vatican toward the protestants in its fold. There can be none.

Protestantism has won a costly freedom. Yet the seeker for a middle way eagerly admits that the further a man progresses in saintliness, the deeper kinship he feels with the pronouncements of 'sanctified common sense,' with the writings of the saints, the decisions of the councils, the policies of religious orders, the insight of consecrated people — and the greater the authority he ascribes to the voice of the Church. The rebels overstated their case. But a generation has arisen which insists that 'sanctified common sense' is a purely valuistic standard of truth; that while the authority of the Church may represent the best to be known of valuism, and may have an indispensable contribution to make to the discovery of historical truth, it cannot arbitrate questions of historical fact. The doctrine of the third person of the Trinity involves a value standard; the distinction to be made is one between the *kinds of truth* which the Church has authority to judge.

To a devout man it seems reasonable to believe that the Holy Ghost has led the Church to right judgment in interpreting facts — that is, in the field of spiritual truth. But it cannot seem reasonable to any modern man, devout or undevout, that the Church should claim sole authority in the field of historical truth — that is, in establishing what the facts are. And because earlier generations have not made this distinction, to-day many a loving child of Mother Church is sad.

The other guarantor of the historicity of Christianity has been the Bible. For Catholics the authority of the Church guarantees the Bible itself and in its downfall would carry the Scriptures with it, but of course this is not generally true of Protestants, whose religion has traditionally been 'the Bible and the Bible only.' And this Protestant fundamentalism is now doomed. The humblest student of the situation knows that the whole theory of literal inspiration has been discredited; that we lack the kind of historical guaranties for traditional Christianity which exist for the general outline of secular history; in short, that security is gone. It is the price we have paid for freedom.

The only article of the Creed for which we can claim historical certainty is the actual existence of Jesus at a fairly definite time and place. Not since the panic started by Renan abated has his personal existence been seriously questioned. We can therefore assert his existence as a historical fact attested by proofs such as we find acceptable in other fields of intellectual inquiry.

This is the meaning of Professor Lake's statement that behind the Christian myth there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died. But unless there is also history behind it in the sense that he lived and died 'in the manner implied by the Mass,' — which the indictment denies, — is not fundamentalist Christianity doomed?

Such a conclusion seems unavoidable. Let us, then, consider whether the indicative mood, discredited so far as it applies to the traditional guarantors of Christianity, the Church and the Bible, has a legitimate application to the subject of faith.

III

The man who finds in his Bible historical proof for the traditional dogmas of Christianity is an interesting rarity, although not as rare as he ought to be. Most of us feel we must accept the dictum of qualified students of the documentary evidence. For the modern mind has given hostages to the historian.

But scholars do not agree! The bewildered seeker for the precious distillation of fact from the strange brews of tradition, for that ultimate residue of truth which will destroy or confirm his hopes, finds only disagreement and confusion. In desperation he asks, 'What *is* historical certainty?'

It may hearten him to learn that the whole concept is under fire. The modern 'historical method' for a time swept all before it, but after the ruin it wreaked began to be estimated its premises were brought under severe scrutiny. To-day many thoughtful scholars, notably Benedetto Croce, are revaluating it. An illuminating comment is offered by the late John Neville Figgis, an Anglican monk whose scholarship and insight commend him to seekers for the middle way. 'Nothing is clearer,' he observes in an essay on 'The Historic Christ,' 'than that all the results of historical investigation tend to confirm the view that of all extraordinary facts the belief, and of all ordinary facts the interpretation and the causal connections . . . depends on our presuppositions at least as much as on the documentary evidence.'

To the 'presuppositions' of scholars must be ascribed their divergence of conclusions about the same documentary evidence. Then is there no absolute standard of historical truth? And therefore no hope of reaching certainty about the historicity of Christianity?

To answer this question we must first understand its meaning. Exactly what is involved in the conception of 'the historicity of Christianity'? Of what Christian claims must we have 'historical proof' before we can believe them? And of what sort of historical proof are they susceptible?

History 'proves' that Jesus was born, that he lived and died. But as to *how* he did these things the record is equivocal. The early Church held that he did them in a certain way, and that belief is enshrined in the Creed. What Croce calls the memory of humanity attests its truth. But of other proof we have none — and *what could we have?* That is the fundamental question.

In the nature of the case, are the major claims of the Christian faith demonstrable by ordinary historical methods? Consider the virgin birth; what historical proof or disproof *could* we have of such a thing? None, surely, save Mary's own testimony. Whether or not she influenced Luke's account directly is a question still in the realm of speculation. We have proof of the beliefs of other writers about it, but these beliefs vary. Of the fact itself we have neither proof nor disproof. Could we have?

'He was crucified,' — we have documentary evidence of this, — but '*for* us'? What proof could we have of such a thing? There is none that Jesus himself thought he was dying for us, claim some scholars; but absence of proof does not constitute disproof. 'And the third day he rose again.' We have testimony for the resurrection which in the case of an ordinary event would be deemed adequate to establish its historical truth. But if one approaches that evidence with the presupposition that 'miracles do not happen,' what proof *could* convince one?

Professor Lake finds a difficulty in the fact that spokesmen of traditional

Christianity like Dean Inge claim as the central doctrine of Christianity something not taught by Jesus himself — his divinity. This was not even taught by those apostles who most surely knew him.

But is this a real difficulty? The fact that he did not teach it seems reasonably certain, although open minds concede the possibility that future research may alter this conclusion. Also the fact that he did teach an eschatology wholly repugnant to modern ideas seems fairly well established. He spoke in the language of his times, as the parables strikingly witness. Whatever solution is ultimately reached of the vexed problem of the Fourth Gospel, in which alone the thesis of Jesus' divinity is developed, it can be confidently asserted that lack of proof does not constitute disproof; the fact that Jesus does not, on the face of present evidence, seem to claim divine sonship does not mean that such sonship was not actually his in the sense asserted by his most ardent devotees — does not even mean that he himself did not so believe.

However, *such an assertion in itself affords no basis for the Christian's conviction that Jesus was the son of God.* That conviction arises, whenever it does arise, from precisely the same facts and conditions to-day as gave it birth in the days when the author of the Gospel of John wrote his incomparable mystical record. It arises and always will arise out of a unique personal experience. The life untouched by an undeniable mystical contact with Jesus cannot achieve faith in his divinity. In short, such faith is created by a deeply biased reaction to historical evidence. It is based (and thus Christianity is 'historical') on one great fact of history, the life of Jesus, and on another fact of individual experience, the impact of that life on human hearts. The conviction that he was the son of God is created by faith out of the raw material of fact and of experience. Faith is born of the union of fact with personality. Faith is interpretation.

Why is there difficulty in the natural fact that successive ages have achieved different interpretations? Is it merely fantastic to suggest that men who had the evidence of several centuries before them might be better able to estimate such a personality than the simple men who were his closest companions? Professor Lake himself admits that the historian 'has to record the fact that just as Origen, by assimilating Neoplatonism, made Christianity possible for the educated men of the third century, so it is conceivable that an institutionalist who will do the same with science may render Christianity possible for the educated men and women of the next generation.'

If it was true for Origen that the only explanation of this personality was postulation of his divinity, it is equally true for many living men that their sense of incalculable debt to Jesus to-day can be explained on no other hypothesis. This is probably as near the 'historical truth' as we shall ever arrive. Just as long as he continues to touch men's hearts, the allegiance of their minds will follow their instinctive confession that he is the son of God — will follow through the whole Creed. And just as long as there are hearts he fails to reach, so long will human minds balk at faith for lack of 'historical proof.'

IV

The justice of the skeptical indictment must be admitted. Behind Christianity 'there is history in the sense that the founder of Christianity lived and died; but not in the sense that he did so in the manner implied by the Mass.' Of course; for how could

there be historical proof of such matters? Or disproof? There is a historical element in Christianity; of that the believer has proof, although he concedes that disproof is at least imaginably possible at some future time, and that such disproof would destroy Christianity. But there is another element, which the indictment fails to distinguish — faith and its true nature, recognition of which affords the believer escape from his dilemma.

For, denied asylum in valuism with its conditional moods and miasmas, he refuses also to rest in the deceptively clear air of the indicative with its historical tense. He cannot ignore history; he cannot rewrite it; he transcends it. History must be transcended if we are to have religion at all. History is merely the raw material of faith. And the believer knows this; resting not in the valley of the historical dilemma, he mounts the hill of his synthesis, his *via media*, whence he sees a middle way of regarding the whole problem of religious certainty. And it is a 'way,' a mode of spiritual activity. Neither Protestant nor Catholic, it is the way of the Christian.

The middle way removes the problem out of the conditional as well as the indicative mood into the imperative. For faith is ultimately a matter of the will. The faith of Protestantism tends to be too much a matter of the mind. Faith belongs not only to the realm of the mind, but also to that of the intuitive faculties, and not merely to these, but essentially and finally to the realm of the will. Only in the imperative mood can we achieve faith in Christianity, or even in God's or our own existence.

For in the last analysis these cannot be matters of intellectual certainty. The layman groping in the philosophers' world encounters the truism that nothing can be asserted without risk of refutation, save that states of consciousness exist. That their existence proves one's own does not follow; *cogito, ergo sum* is a valorous defiance of reason and all its works. The further deduction that one of these states of consciousness is the consciousness of an actually existing God is equally unfounded. Such an assertion is separated from the one 'knowable' fact by countless assumptions which no conceivable logic can certify as true.

But life is larger than reason. *Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait pas.* (The heart has its reasons which the reason does not know.) Need we be paralyzed into inaction by the limitations of mind? Every movement, every action, declares the contrary. For our wills set us free to live, to act, to be.

One need know nothing of philosophy to feel that the will is the ultimate essence of personality. We seem to achieve reality through action, to be real in the degree in which we function. Not what we think, not what we feel, but what we do — that we are, that is our reality. Our wills are our true selves. There is much to recommend the conviction that the immortality in which humanity loves to believe is a persistence of our wills rather than of our minds, or our feelings, or our bodies, a persistence of the volitional aspect of our personalities. Our wills are our capacity to exist and to persist. Their activity is the only reality we can achieve in time or eternity.

Our minds, on the other hand, are our mortal enemies. Reason is a corrosion eating our vitality like rust. Its essence is of death. Admittedly, in its superficial activity it is benevolent, for the will of the normal man imposes limitations on its corrosion and yokes it usefully with the instinctive faculties. Without its help none but the most primitive faith might be possible. For

when the weight of its influence is thrown on the side of belief it may prove the deciding factor in the struggle. Likewise with extreme agnosticism; probably the dam of unbelief would never be brimmed, the waters of life never overflow it, but stand stagnant forever, did not the mind channel into it the tributary streams of intellectual despair. Then the demonstrated vanity of the hope of intellectual certainty may prove the very rivulet that swells the standing waters till they roar over the brink.

But when the vanity of this hope has been proven to the average Protestant by his mind, he is prone to close the sluice, to give up. His last word is what Carlyle calls the Everlasting Nay. For he regards his own mind with awe and refuses to check its corrosive activity. But the man who accepts as final the pronouncements of reason on the problems of religious certainty, and solely on that ground abandons himself to agnosticism, falls into graver error than our fundamentalist friends, who at least believe, though they mistake the kind of proofs which faith requires.

For not the mind, but the will, is the ultimate judge of those proofs. The quest of the mind for intellectual truth is but one aspect of the soul's quest for reality. The problem of truth in the largest sense is moral, not intellectual. The relentless corrosion of thought is not in itself a virtuous or useful activity; Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle's gallant Protestant, is slightly melodramatic when he cries, 'Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her!' Confronted by a charge of intellectual insincerity, one is accused not by the mind but by the will. The soul's conscience resides in the will. For our duty is to harmonize all our faculties, — that is, to live effectively, to achieve reality, — and to ignore dissensions among them is to incur moral guilt. The obliquity lies not, however, in defying 'sacred' obligations to the mind. The mind can impose no obligations more sacred than those imposed by other faculties. To set up the supreme court of an 'intellectual conscience' may be heroic, but certainly is mistaken; it is to misconceive the problem of living. That problem requires the resolution of inner strife for the achievement of reality by means of the exercise of will. The will must respect the findings of the mind, not because they are 'sacred,' but because it must harmonize all the faculties.

When we act we demonstrate our conviction that it is possible to act. This conviction is a matter of faith, not of logical proof; the only proof is action. Faith in our own existence is a matter of will. Likewise, faith in the existence of God — the first article of the Creed — and all subsequent articles.

V

Is faith, then, within reach of the will? Can we 'will to believe'? Can a mere act of the human will secure satisfaction for the great primal need of the human spirit?

If so, why does the search continue? What explains the quest for a middle way? Why is there a religious problem at all?

The believer replies in a paradox: faith is at once a matter of willing and of non-willing. Let the mind do its best and its worst, worrying the dry bones of controversy and examining the subjective grounds of beliefs, evaluating experience and instinct; let the spirit respond to all the influences of beauty, truth, and goodness; then let the will set its teeth into that conclusion which best meets the test of general congruity, which best fits in with those presuppositions which are the

scaffolding of personality. In the last analysis, there remains a choice. The whole framework of the Creed rests on the primal claim that Jesus was the son of God; granted this assumption, the rest follows. This primal assumption cannot be proved by the historical method, but only by the witness of the soul which experiences it. And the soul cannot of its own volition experience it. True, the act of will is necessary; but it must be followed — and this is the paradox — by an act of surrendering the will. It is not enough to cry, 'Lord, I believe! Help thou mine unbelief!'

Everyone who has sought faith must have had the experience of reaching at last a sort of paralysis. He weighs in the balance the alternative solutions, to believe or not to believe. Then he concludes that a simple choice must be made; but he is unable to make that choice because he is willing it so strongly! His will has so firm a grasp of the two balances that their equilibrium cannot be disturbed.

'Let go,' cry those who have gone before, 'and let the grace of God tip the scale!'

Such a letting go is impossible to some temperaments; to others, deeply sensitive, it seems a temptation to sin. But fortunate indeed are they who are able to do it without reserve and to throw themselves on the love of God. These *let* themselves experience Jesus as the son of God — and that experience creates a presupposition which tips the balance. By the act of relinquishing their wills they draw very near Jesus' own experience. Not only must they pray, 'Help thou mine unbelief!' but they must relinquish even that prayer and merge all needs and all their being in one act of self-surrender, of will-surrender, 'Not my will, but thine!'

The birth of faith is a supernatural event. Therefore it is incomprehensible to reason and inaccessible to will.

Down the ages seekers have had to learn that only when the will has toilfully raised up its cathedral against the dark sky of doubt, and then laid the uttermost oblation — itself — on the cold altar, does God light the fire there.

VI

Belief in the essential Christian dogmas resolves itself, then, into a simple question: 'Shall I, or shall I not, let God give me the gift of faith?' And into one other question: 'Will He?'

Admittedly the whole problem is so fraught with difficulty that the modern man often asks himself if the prize is worth the struggle. The solution, if attained at all, must inevitably for a long initiatory period require the maintenance of a delicate equilibrium in one's spiritual life. One may well be daunted by the demands it makes on time alone; in the rush of life it is easy to let solutions go by default. For example, the difficulties raised by the irreconcilability of the evolutionary conception of truth and the traditional view of 'the faith once delivered to the saints' seem insuperable, unless one submits to a sort of tension between the ideas of immanence and transcendence; God came down from Heaven and was made man, yes, but man is also growing up toward Heaven, aided by the man who died on the cross for him. Each conception supplements the other. But such a tension is not a source of peace.

However, if the intellectual difficulties are forever a thorn in the side of the believing Christian, the spiritual difficulty seems a far more troublesome thorn in the seeker's side. Teufelsdröckh may not admit that the Christian has the better of the argument, nor does the latter claim to have; but he

does know that the Christian has the better of the facts — especially those Christians whom Professor Lake calls 'institutionalists,' who desire to remain in a Church whose sacraments and traditions are priceless to them, but who feel the intellectual difficulties too poignantly to remain on the old terms.

Another objection to a Christianity phrased in the imperative mood is the universal human hunger for *certainty;* we crave the indicative mood. We seek a more comfortable good than faith. Who better than the embattled believer knows the terrible pang of wistfulness for certainty, for some shred of proof that Jesus was what faith hopes he was? Millions of souls hungering for this certainty have pilgrimaged to the shrines of Christendom, longing to recreate for themselves the reality, the homely human reality, of the infinitely (and perhaps to be eternally) mysterious events of that young Syrian's life and death. The great chalice of Antioch with its antique portraits overwhelms the devout heart with the thought that these may be real portraits, that perhaps the young Syrian did look like this. The thought is insupportable. Not because it would alter the content of our faith, but because any new shred of evidence would bring God so near man that we should have to do something about Christianity at last. Ah, that would be a day of wrath!

There remains the worst enemy of faith, the doubt in the believer's own heart. Sometimes he feels that the solution of the middle way, the postulation of faith in the imperative mood, belittles the reason by its undeniable *reductio ad hominem.* Even after conversion, the intellectual difficulties of faith are forever a thorn in his side. The Church is a hard mistress. Often he wonders how he could possibly have arrived at this middle way! On the plane of ordinary healthy living, where a reasonable degree of adjustment to life obtains, where problems lose their urgency, perhaps he does not feel the need of a spiritual attitude so alien to the prevailing temper of 'healthy-mindedness'; but on the plane of spiritual need, where the starker realities of sin and loss loom before the solitary soul, that soul knows full well that the thing which meets its need *is* a fact, its need *has* been met, it *has* been saved, and the believer trusts his God to help him surmount the rational difficulties raised by that fact.

The middle way for Christianity does lead to a *reductio ad hominem.* But it is savingly *ad Hominem!*

SOCRATES UP TO DATE

A Dialogue Regarding Cause and Effect

BY IRVIN H. MYERS

SOCRATES. What caused that unearthly screeching I heard all night long?

CRITO. It was Phædo's street sign just below your bedroom.

S. That cannot be, for the sign is there now, overhanging the street, but I do not hear the annoying sound.

C. The reason you heard it last night and do not hear it now is that during the night it was swaying in the wind, but this morning it is motionless.

S. Then it was not the sign, but its motion, that was the cause of the offending noise.

C. Well, if you have to be so precise about it, let us say that the swinging or motion of the sign was the cause of the noise. The next time I see Phædo I shall tell him I consider it an imposition to annoy the neighborhood with his creaking sign, when by dropping a little oil on the rod supporting it the sound would be done away with.

S. How could the drops of oil stop the sign from swinging in the wind?

C. The oil would not stop it; it would cause it to swing more freely by reason of the lubrication.

S. But I thought, to correct your first statement, you said it was the swinging or moving of the sign that caused the noise?

C. To be exact about it, I must beg leave again to amend my explanation of the cause. It was the friction produced by the moving parts of the sign and supporting rod that caused the sound. To save you the trouble of asking another question, I will explain more fully, in anticipation, that the friction so produced causes minute rapid undulating movements of the supporting rod, which movements set in motion the surrounding atmosphere in the form of waves, which waves, beating against your tympanum, or eardrum, produce the sound.

S. I hope I understand you now. If my eardrums were removed, there would be no sound.

C. In such case you would not hear the sound, but of course there would be sound, nevertheless, which would be heard by others.

S. Suppose my eardrums were skillfully removed, and I held them on the palm of my hand; the waves beating against them would produce the sound to be heard by others?

C. No, not that. To have anything to do with the sound the drums must be intact and functioning properly as auditory organs of the body.

S. Then the cause of the sound is really the activity of the auditory nerves operating on what is indefinitely known as the sensorium of the brain, or whatever it is that gives me the sense of hearing?

C. Exactly.

S. In the last analysis, therefore, the sensorium is the cause of the sound, for if it were removed or paralyzed

there would be no sound, limiting the argument to my experience only?

C. No; the sensorium is not a cause. It is the name given that part of your being or physical organization that hears. Whatever happens with respect to it — giving you the sensation of sound, for instance — is purely an effect.

S. I see. May we be sure that the activity of the auditory nerves is not an effect rather than a cause?

C. Certainly it is a cause, for this activity produces the effect in the sensorium known to us as sound.

S. Now I am confused again. Is sound something that we hear?

C. Why, of course.

S. Then it must be something distant and apart from ourselves and our hearing, for how otherwise could we hear it?

C. Well, it might seem that way. But are n't the sound and the hearing the same thing? We cannot hear anything but sound.

S. Would you say that light and seeing are the same thing, or would you say that light is a distinct phenomenon by means of which we see various things?

C. Light is a means of vision, of course, but when we look at a thing all we see is the light bouncing off the surface.

S. Your conclusion is that light is simply a sensation?

C. I so conclude.

S. What produces the change on the sensitized camera film when a picture is taken?

C. The light.

S. Was anyone, or the camera, conscious of the light while this change was taking place?

C. I suppose not.

S. Then light must exist independently of our sensation of it?

C. It would seem so.

S. What produces the indentations on the phonograph recording plate or cylinder when talked into?

C. The undulating waves of atmosphere beating against the diaphragm holding the recording needle.

S. Those undulating waves of atmosphere beating against the diaphragm holding the recording needle are commonly known as sound, are they not? It is the sound that is recorded?

C. What is heard is sound, but the vibrating of the recording needle makes the record; the vibrations are what are recorded.

S. Yes, and when this same vibrating is reproduced by the movement of the record you hear the sound, do you not?

C. What we hear is sound, but the vibrations are a mechanical phenomenon. I want to retract my admission that light exists independently of sensation. The change on the sensitized film is the result of vibrations of the same mechanical nature as sound, but finer and more rapid.

S. Then if all living things became deaf and blind, there would be no such thing as sound or light?

C. That would be about it.

S. You just said that all we know about a thing through vision is the light reflected from it.

C. Yes, and that is a fact.

S. Do we know anything except through vision, hearing, smelling, tasting, or touching?

C. No.

S. If these five senses were destroyed, all material objective things would cease to exist, would they not?

C. We should cease to have any sensation of them, but they would still exist.

S. How would you know they existed?

C. Probably I should n't know it, but they would exist just the same.

S. How can you say a thing exists if you do not know it?

C. I don't know.

S. This brings us to the idealist's theory that nothing exists except our conception or impression of it, and a step further to the conclusion that with the conception gone everything would cease to exist.

C. What has all this to do with sound and its cause?

S. You objected to sound being considered as something distant and apart from ourselves, and asserted that sound and hearing are the same thing, which would make sound purely subjective. Following this line of reasoning, we have now made all things subjective, — that is, merely impressions of the senses, — so that nothing is left to be objective or distinct from our sensations. In other words, not only are sound and hearing the same thing, but every object and our sense of it are the same thing, thus wiping them all, sound and objects, out of existence, or forcing us to admit that, if sound is something we hear, it must be something distant and apart from ourselves, just as material objects are.

C. I never could understand the idealist's theory.

S. Nor anyone else. To accept it requires simply to believe it, and it can be accepted on no other basis; and the same may be said of the materialist's theory. It is impossible for the idealist to convince the materialist, and as impossible for the materialist to refute the idealist's theory, because they cannot work with each other's tools of thought; they have no common ground to stand on. We must arbitrarily take one side or the other and stick to it.

C. Well, I prefer to think that objects exist whether I see them or not, because many things that people saw a thousand years ago but do not see now I see, so they exist; likewise when I have ceased to live, and therefore to see, others living after me will see them, though I do not.

S. Then we had better consider sound the name of that particular vibratory phenomenon which is known to us through hearing?

C. Yes.

S. Now are we to consider the activity of the auditory nerves an effect?

C. No; it causes the effect in the sensorium.

S. What does the vibration in the eardrum do?

C. It must be that it generates the auditory-nerve activity. I see your point. Yes, the nerve activity would be an effect, looking at it that way.

S. Would not the vibration in the eardrum be the effect of the waves of atmosphere you referred to?

C. Yes, that is so, too.

S. And these waves are the effect of the friction on the supporting rod of the sign?

C. Yes.

S. Likewise the friction is an effect of the motion of the sign?

C. Yes. Now I hope we have reached the bottom of it.

S. All these things we have been calling causes are really effects, are they not?

C. Well, they are causes in one sense and effects in another. Each is the cause of the next thing that happens and the effect of what happened just before it. But the sensorium's activity is the final effect, and not a cause, and the motion of the sign is the originating cause, and not an effect.

S. At first you said the cause of the sound was the swaying of the sign in the wind. Was not the wind really the cause and the sign's motion an effect?

C. Yes, I suppose that is right; the wind is really the cause.

S. Meteorologists tell us that low pressure at given points on the earth's

surface causes the surrounding atmosphere to rush toward these points, and that this rushing in is what we observe as the wind. So the wind would be an effect of these low-pressure points and the surrounding higher-pressure areas?

C. Yes.

S. And these low-pressure points are produced by excessive heat, making them effects and heat the cause?

C. Yes, that is what they claim.

S. The heat referred to is generated by the sun. Therefore the sun was the cause of the noise that kept me awake last night?

C. Yes — and this is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

S. Come to think of it, by sun we mean that heavenly body composed of chemical elements in a superintense state of agitation; so, after all, this activity of the elements in the sun was the cause?

C. No. It was the law of molecular energy or whatever causes the elements to become active. What next?

S. I hope I am not wearying you with this extended analysis of cause and effect.

C. Not at all. But if I had it to do over again I should grease the sign before you went to bed.

S. That reminds me that we overlooked the real cause of the noise. Was it not the failure of Phædo to oil the bearings of the sign, as you suggest?

C. As much as anything else.

S. And his want of thoughtfulness for the comfort of others was the cause of his failure to oil the sign?

C. Certainly.

S. Probably his great concern in other matters preoccupying his mind was the cause of this thoughtlessness?

C. Yes, and his self-interest involved in these other matters caused his mind to be preoccupied, and self-interest is caused by heredity or some universal law of living things.

S. Very good. It would seem from our experience in trying to analyze cause and effect that searching for an ultimate exclusive controlling cause is futile. Probably we should have taken your first explanation, namely, the sign itself, as the cause, it being the prominent thing and most closely connected with the sound in question. Strictly it was not the cause of anything, but we can make it serve as a sort of symbol to represent those activities most closely connected with the event and preceding it in existence, being the most immediate obvious tangible factor.

C. Yes, but ought we not to find out who made the sign, who or what prompted him to make it, and what moved the person or thing to prompt him?

S. No, we had better not, because there would yet remain uninvestigated what produced the materials out of which it was made, or how the maker learned to construct signs. Cause would seem, after all, to be merely a form of thought, a mental instrumentality for carrying on thought and for accomplishing practical purposes, a purely relative term.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLORADO RIVER

THE JUSTIFICATION OF BOULDER DAM

BY ARTHUR POWELL DAVIS

THE Colorado is one of the largest and most notable drainage basins of the United States. It drains the major portion of the Rocky Mountain region, and has an area of 244,000 square miles. The basin is divided rather sharply by nature into three main regions. The upper or mountain region, which furnishes large precipitation and most of the water for the system, reaches altitudes above 14,000 feet, and lies mainly in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico. These are called the states of the upper basin. Arizona is a state of the lower basin, but also contributes the waters of the Little Colorado, most of the Gila, and some smaller streams. Nevada contributes less water than Arizona, while California contributes still less, but has large areas of land upon which water has been applied and to which rights have accrued.

The mountain regions around the sources of the Colorado merge into a second and more arid region in which the river cuts profound canyons, through which it runs at elevations too low to be diverted on any of the adjacent lands. The river emerges from these canyons where it forms the boundary between California and Arizona, and below this point is the third division, containing wide rich valleys favorable for irrigation, with a very arid and semitropic climate.

Most of the water comes from the upper reaches and, flowing through the canyons, has a fall of thousands of feet, which furnishes opportunity for the development of vast quantities of power. As the tributaries of the river leave the high mountain regions, they are usually clear and limpid; but as the branches unite, and thus concentrate the volume of water, the high velocities induced by the rapid fall in the canyons cause rapid erosion. The river grinds the rocks into gravel, the gravel into sand, and the sand into fine silt, gradually accumulating large quantities of sediment, and, according to estimates, carrying an average of over 100,000 acre feet of mud to the ocean every year. This is discharged into the Gulf of California, which formerly headed a hundred and fifty miles farther north than its present boundary.

The river, flowing for millions of years, loaded with sediment, gradually built a delta across the Gulf at its mouth and cut off the northern end of the Gulf, leaving an inland sea which, in that arid region, gradually evaporated and formed a depressed valley, the bottom of which is about three hundred feet below sea level. This great valley extends from the foot of the mountains north of Indio southward across the Mexican line, and comprises over two million acres, mainly of rich agricultural alluvium, the larger part of which is in Mexico. The

name of 'Imperial Valley,' given to this region, is expressive of its vast extent and fertility.

Irrigation Diversion

Lying between the northern end of this valley and the valley of the Colorado River is a ridge of sand hills several hundred feet above the valley, gradually declining in elevation until it terminates south of the Mexican line. About the year 1900, the Colorado was diverted near the point where it leaves the United States and carried through artificial and natural channels to irrigate the Imperial Valley in California. In reaching this point it passes through about sixty miles of Mexican territory.

The richness of the Imperial Valley has led to rapid development, and there are now nearly 500,000 acres of land under irrigation, devoted largely to winter vegetables and citrous fruits.

The diversion of the river was accomplished with American capital, by a company incorporated in Mexico, and under a concession from the Mexican Government which allows the water to flow through Mexican territory on condition that one half of the amount so flowing shall always be available for use on Mexican lands. This concession from Mexico to a Mexican corporation has no binding effect on the United States.

About 200,000 acres are irrigated from this canal in Mexico, and, under the concession, this is given half the low-water flow of the river. The agricultural development has reached the point where, in the low-water season of the late summer and fall, there is insufficient water in some years for the land under cultivation; and, under the concession, more than half of this is taken in Mexico, leaving the losses to be sustained by the American farmers who have borne all the financial burdens of water diversion and flood protection. The crop losses from this cause have been very heavy. In addition to this, the Mexican authorities frequently hamper the work of repair and flood protection by onerous tax levies and irritating restrictions. These, with the recurring shortages of water, — which will become greater as the Mexican development proceeds, — have produced an acute condition which has halted the development of the Imperial Valley, and threatens the safety of the farms already cultivated.

Flood Menace

A still greater hazard to the Imperial Valley is the persistent growth of the Colorado Delta, by which the river is building up its channel by the deposit of sediment at the rate of one foot of altitude per year. It is flowing on a ridge south and east of the Imperial Valley, and the farmers have provided a long, high levee to prevent its overflow into the valley. As the river is progressively building up its channel, this protection is temporary and precarious.

In 1905 the river broke through the protection works and poured in flood volume into the bottom of the Imperial Valley, known as Salton Sea, and cut deep channels in the alluvium between the Mexican line and the Salton Sea. About 40,000 acres of excellent valley land were thus destroyed, including a large number of farms, numerous houses, and some lives. After nearly two years' effort, this flow was stopped, the river was forced to the southward into the Gulf of California, and levees were built to prevent the recurrence of the menace; but as the river is continually building up its channel with the accumulated sediment, it may, at any flood season,

break over its barriers and again flow into the valley. With the channels already cut, and with the increased elevation of the river, this flow will be nothing less than torrential during flood season, and it will be impossible to stop it until the low-water season, and very difficult then. Two seasons of maximum discharge would flood the valley and destroy 10,000 farms and practically all of the development in the valley. The people would be rendered homeless, and the valley could not be drained, because it is below sea level. The slow process of evaporation would be necessary to restore the valley even after the river had been controlled, and for purposes of the present generation the valley would be annihilated. Unless flood control through storage is provided, this catastrophe is inevitable — the only doubt being when it will occur. Whether it will be five years hence, fifteen years, or twenty-five, it is a constantly growing menace with constantly growing costs for alleviation.

Realizing this situation, President Roosevelt in 1906, in a message to Congress, emphasized the necessity of permanent Colorado River control and development work. During the past twenty years the farmers of the Imperial Valley have annually expended large sums of money building levees and controlling the flow of the river.

In 1920, owing to the acute situation, Congress enacted what is known as the Kincaid Act, authorizing a detailed survey and study of the lower Colorado River, with a view to finding a permanent solution of its flood problem. The study was entrusted to the supervision of the author hereof, who had been conducting investigations of the entire Colorado River basin for over twenty years. These studies, so far as related to the lower Colorado, were collected and digested, and an intensive investigation made of the water and flood problem of the Imperial Valley. The results of these studies were submitted to Congress in 1922, and were published as Senate Document No. 142.

It was recommended that the Government construct a dam about 555 feet high in Boulder Canyon on the Colorado River. This would form a reservoir of 27,600,000 acre feet capacity at the lowest point on the river where such a storage could be secured. It would be large enough practically to control the entire flow of the Colorado River, regulating it for supplying the deficiency of irrigation water in the Imperial Valley and for extending this over large areas of public land adjacent to the present irrigation district.

To avoid recurring conflicts with Mexico and to reach higher lands not commanded by the present canals, it was recommended that the Government construct, entirely within the United States, a canal leading from the Colorado River into the Imperial Valley, to be paid for by the lands benefited.

In addition to the control of the floods and the regulation of the river for irrigation, the dam proposed would furnish the head and regulate the water supply to an extent sufficient to develop about 600,000 continuous horse power of hydroelectric energy. With the growing demand for power in the Southwest, it has been shown that this amount of power would be absorbed within three or four years after its development, and would yield a revenue sufficient to amortize the cost of the dam and power plant within forty or fifty years.

The recommendations of this report are in the main embodied in the

provisions of the Swing-Johnson Bill, recently passed by Congress and approved by President Coolidge on December 21, 1928.

Municipal Water Supply

In addition to the flood menace, the irrigation demand, and the power asset, the Boulder Dam, by regulating the river and settling out the silt, will furnish a supply of water to the municipalities of Southern California, which are rapidly developing an acute need of such a supply. That district has nearly exhausted its local supplies, obtained by storage and by pumping from underground, and these sources have been so depleted by overdraft that this region must seek a new, distant supply or shut down abruptly upon further development.

The cities of Southern California have for years been seeking state authority to combine in a workable district to finance and build a connection with the Colorado River in order to furnish a municipal supply for the future. The necessary authority was obtained at the last session of the State Legislature, and the Metropolitan Water District now has a legal existence, twelve cities having voted by large majorities to join and other cities legally eligible now preparing to join.

The conduit for carrying water to these cities will be a prodigious structure over 260 miles in length, with 50 miles of tunnels, and pumping lifts aggregating about 1300 feet to raise the water to the tunnel through the Coast Range. This aqueduct will create a large demand for power, which will furnish a considerable portion of the market for the Boulder Canyon development, thus assuring its success to that extent. In fact, municipalities of Southern California have agreed to subscribe and become responsible for the purchase at its estimated price of all of the power to be developed at Boulder Canyon beyond that taken by other customers. The responsibility of these municipalities is beyond question and gives convincing assurance of the financial solvency of the undertaking so far as the Boulder Dam is concerned.

Other Dam Sites

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a profound gorge cut in the various formations of the great Kaibab Plateau, and is a continuation of Marble Canyon, which begins at Lee's Ferry, near the Arizona line. These canyons of the Colorado, and the canyons above on the river and its tributaries, contain numerous gorges which furnish favorable dam sites for the development of power; but none of them are capable of economical development to an extent approaching the storage capacity of the Boulder Canyon site as proposed. Moreover, none of them would intercept the entire flow of the river, because numerous tributaries of importance flow in below. Therefore, even if capacity were available, they would not furnish flood control with the completeness that is attainable at Boulder Canyon. This site has been thoroughly investigated by a large number of borings and careful geological investigations, supervised by eminent engineers and geologists of long experience employed for their special qualifications in these lines. No competent expert who has examined this site has any criticism to make of the physical conditions for the construction of such a dam and the provision of such a reservoir. That it will thoroughly control the floods of the river and efficiently regulate its flow for the development of power and later use for irrigation is undisputed. Nevertheless, certain objections have been advanced.

Objections Advanced

It has been argued by the opponents of Boulder Canyon Reservoir that 600,000 horse power, if developed, could not be absorbed by the available market for power for many years, and that in the meantime the interest charges would accumulate to such an extent as to make the development a failure. Finally, the matter was referred to Mr. Lester S. Ready, for many years Chief Engineer of the California Railroad Commission, and Mr. H. G. Butler, an eminent expert on power markets; and these two competent authorities, after a thorough examination of the subject, proved that if the Boulder Canyon power were immediately provided it would be absorbed within three or four years after it was produced. This estimate was confirmed after full investigation by the consulting board appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of the Interior.

Notwithstanding this authoritative finding, the opponents are still expressing doubts as to the wisdom of so large a development and repeating their former recommendations that the river should be developed by a series of small dams.

As represented by actual schemes of construction submitted, dams have been proposed of heights, respectively, of 158, 163, 194, 209, 223, and 225 feet, in portions of the canyon where much larger development would be far more economical.

In general, the power developed by means of a low dam in the Colorado Canyon is far more expensive per unit than the power produced by a high dam. In either case, the floods of the river must be controlled to permit the excavation of foundations, which are everywhere deep. These control works cost as much for a low as for a high dam. The same is true of the railroad that must be built to convey the machinery and materials to the site, which, in any case, is a heavy expense. This is also true of the great construction plant. The cost for a low dam would thus be relatively much higher per unit of power developed, on account of these major costs being about the same for both.

The production of power by a low dam would be less in proportion to the height of the dam, owing to the better regulating effect of the water by the wider pond produced by the high dam, and the fact that each reservoir must be provided with a margin for the rise and fall of floods without interfering with the next development above.

Careful estimates of cost, based upon extensive detailed surveys at the Boulder Canyon site, show that a dam 555 feet high, as proposed, will develop power nearly 30 per cent cheaper per unit than a dam fifty feet lower. A still lower dam would be similarly more expensive per unit of power produced, and in varying degrees the same principle applies to the development of any power site in the canyon region within the limits of feasible construction. To develop the river by a series of low dams, as proposed by the opponents of Boulder Canyon, would be fatal to cheap power. Under such a plan, power development on the Colorado River would be no longer a menace to investments in future power sites in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, for it would make the cost of Boulder Canyon power about as high as that produced in the Sierras, and it is such development as this that might be expected if it were turned over to private exploitation. This would largely destroy the great natural asset which the nation owns in the power possibilities of the canyons of the Colorado.

Cost of Power

It is being asserted that recent improvements in steam-turbine and other generating machinery have so reduced the cost of steam power when generated by large units as to make it lower than the estimated cost of hydroelectric power produced by the proposed Boulder Canyon Dam. These claims have been urged partly on the ground of low fuel costs in Southern California, where oil is abundant. Recent investigations, however, have disproved these claims.

In the *Electrical World* for October 27, 1928, are given the results of detailed investigations into sixteen of the largest modern steam plants in the country. The table printed below, condensed from the *Electrical World*, shows the total cost per kilowatt hour of power generated in each of these sixteen stations, from which it will be seen that the average cost in practice is 0.853 cents per kilowatt hour — which is nearly double the cost of delivering the electric current from Boulder Canyon Dam to the cities of Southwestern California.

Even the lowest of the costs shown in the table is substantially higher than the cost of Boulder Canyon power. The first plant in the list is the one that would be most directly in competition with Boulder Canyon power, and shows a cost nearly three times as great as the estimated cost of that power delivered to the same metropolis.

The result of the development of Boulder Canyon would be much cheaper power and the employment of existing steam-power stations for stand-by purposes and for meeting future growth. For these purposes, of course, the result would be to supersede the more wasteful of steam-power stations and preserve the cheapest and best.

The vast fuel saving which the Boulder Canyon Dam would effect is one of its major virtues, and would substantially postpone the time, now

SUMMARY OF COST DATA ON REPRESENTATIVE POWER STATIONS

Capacity Kva.	No. of Generators	Dollars Per Kva.			Cts. Per Kw. Hr.		
		Station	*Building*	*Equipment*	*Fixed Charge*	*Total Production*	*Total*
100,000+	3	100	27	71	0.89	0.38	1.27
50,000−	1	128	25	71	0.366	0.382	0.748
100,000−	2	85	..	..	0.146	0.366	0.512
100,000−	2	142	39	101	0.476	0.275	0.751
100,000+	3	132	21	71	0.424	0.227	0.651
100,000−	2	130	38	90	0.592	0.421	1.013
250,000+	4	127	52	71	0.436	0.478	0.914
200,000+	5	121	..	..	0.613	0.343	0.956
300,000+	5	81	21	55	0.431	0.319	0.750
100,000+	2	115	43	70	0.458	0.216	0.674
50,000−	1	106.50	26	63	0.576	0.35	0.926
50,000−	2	...	..	..	.....	0.417	.....
100,000−	2	81	19	46	0.341	0.337	0.678
50,000+	2	110	22	53	0.52	0.37	0.89
100,000−	3	112	30	80	0.768	0.546	1.314
100,000+	2	144	56	59	0.442	0.310	0.752

Average cost per kw. hr. (cents) 0.853

rapidly approaching, when our oil resources will be exhausted.

Evaporation

One criticism of the Boulder Canyon plan is that a high dam would produce so large a lake that the losses by evaporation would be excessive; that the reduction of the floods to a maximum of 40,000 cubic feet per second, as proposed, is not necessary, but that a reduction to 80,000 would answer. A fair summary of the argument is that it is unwise to store this water because the reservoir would lose part of it by evaporation, and that it is better to allow the floods to continue to flow to the sea unused, and to fight them on the way by means of high levees and other expensive and perilous provisions.

The same authority, criticizing evaporation from Boulder Canyon reservoir, proposes to substitute for it a reservoir in Mohave Canyon, which would have a much larger water surface and entail about 75 per cent more evaporation in proportion to the water stored. It would also submerge the city of Needles, a large railroad hotel, roundhouse, machine shops, large icing plants, twenty-four miles of yard track, and twenty miles of double-track main line, and the length of the transcontinental railroad would be increased by about three miles. It would require the reconstruction of a similar length of the Santa Fe Trail Highway, and of two great bridges over the Colorado River. It would also submerge over 30,000 acres of excellent land in the Mohave Valley, susceptible of easy irrigation after the river is controlled, which could not be replaced. It is true that other areas could be irrigated with the same water, but these other areas could be reached only by very expensive canals, long tunnels and high pumping lifts, which would cost from two to three hundred dollars per acre for construction, and incur prohibitive prices for operation and maintenance. Such enterprises are not feasible now, and may never be, and while it is wise not to prejudice their future possibilities, still the argument that they justify the destruction of rich bottom land along the river is untenable and destructive of natural resources.

The dam in Mohave Canyon that would entail all of this destruction would produce very little power, because of lack of head. It would be the most expensive power site in the Colorado Canyon that is seriously proposed by anybody, involving more than double the cost per horse power of the proposed development in Boulder Canyon, aside from its enormous evaporation losses. Its construction would be a signal victory for anyone opposed to the development of cheap power on the Colorado.

The Silt Problem

The Colorado River, in its natural state, is normally a muddy stream, as indicated by its name. It carries to the sea an enormous amount of finely divided, almost impalpable silt, except when this is diverted with the water for irrigation.

The quantity of silt is so excessive as to be an intolerable nuisance in the irrigation canals. As the water is diverted into smaller and smaller channels to carry it to the point of use, its velocity is checked at various points, and it deposits portions of its sediment in the canals and laterals, which necessitates frequent cleaning of the same. It is estimated that the Imperial District expends more than a million dollars per annum in cleaning out of the canals the surplus silt which the water deposits

therein. In addition, the farmers themselves spend two dollars per acre, or a million dollars per year, in cleaning laterals and farm ditches. This silt, accumulating on the banks, is building them higher and higher, and the difficulty of silt removal is steadily increasing.

The Boulder Dam will intercept all of the waters that flow in the river at the reservoir site, and the sediment will settle therein. Thus only clear water will be drawn through the water wheels and pass on down the canyon. The desilting process is a great benefit to irrigation and is absolutely indispensable for the domestic supply, so that this is one of the major benefits promised by the Boulder Canyon reservoir.

Silt Accumulations

The large quantity of the sediment carried by the Colorado River naturally raises the question whether or not the reservoir will fill with sediment too soon to justify its construction.

The estimated amount of sediment passing the Boulder Canyon Dam site averages about 100,000 acre feet per annum. The capacity of the proposed reservoir is about 27,000,000 acre feet. Therefore, if all the sediment were deposited in the reservoir and none of it taken out, it would require 270 years in which to fill, and the dam would still remain a good power site, provided the river were regulated above by other reservoirs.

In order to secure the necessary head for development of power, the lower portion of the reservoir will be held permanently filled with water to about one third the capacity of the whole. This lower part is available for the storage of sediment without any depletion of the storage capacity available for irrigation and for flood control. It would require nearly one hundred years to fill this portion of the reservoir, and until that is done there would be no impairment whatever of the functions of the reservoir by sediment.

Long before the hundred years have elapsed, other dams for the development of power and other purposes will be constructed farther up the river, which will intercept all of the sediment that now passes those points, and the quantity reaching Boulder Canyon will be diminished by this amount. In all probability these developments will proceed to a fair degree of completion within the next forty or fifty years, and it will, in fact, be many centuries before the lower third of the Boulder Canyon Reservoir is filled with sediment. If desirable, this sediment can be removed by hydraulic processes by means of the power to be developed either at Boulder Canyon or at points above, and the life of the reservoir thus indefinitely prolonged without interfering with its functions in any degree.

Salt Deposits

One objection heard is the allegation that the Boulder Canyon Reservoir would be rendered unfit for irrigation or domestic use by reason of salt deposits that occur therein. This question was thoroughly investigated by an eminent geologist of the United States Geological Survey, who reported that the quantity of salt, as compared with the volume of water, was negligible, and that in any event a brief period of solution would so undermine the overlying earth that it would cave in and cover up the deposits before any injurious amount could be dissolved.

All competent experts who have examined this subject are agreed with Professor Ransom in the above conclusions, and their opinions have been

duly published and made available to the public.

Glen Canyon Project

The Boulder Canyon development has been antagonized by a proposition to build a large reservoir in Glen Canyon in the northeastern part of Arizona, nearly twice as far from the markets and much more expensive in construction. Estimates of relative costs show that the development of power in Glen Canyon would be nearly twice as expensive per unit as in Boulder Canyon, and the cost of transmission to points of use would be over twice as great. The power would be much less reliable, owing to the enormous length of transmission line through country remote from construction and maintenance facilities.

The Glen Canyon reservoir would not solve the flood-control problem, because it would leave uncontrolled about 50,000 square miles of mountainous drainage between Glen Canyon and Boulder Canyon, which would cause the flood menace to be very dangerous.

Furthermore, a high dam in Glen Canyon is of doubtful feasibility, owing to the very soft and friable condition of the rock, which resembles that which failed to support the St. Francis Dam in Southern California. It is in sharp contrast to the hard, tough rock which forms the base and abutments of the proposed Boulder Canyon Dam.

Benefit to Upper Basin

The states of California, Arizona, and Nevada would benefit enormously by production of a large quantity of cheap power, which would stimulate the mining and industrial development of these regions. California and Arizona would also benefit greatly by the regulation of the floods, which would render the water available for irrigating the large valleys in those states. There is also a very great and indirect benefit which this storage would confer upon the states of the upper basin. Here there are large areas of irrigated lands, some of which have been placed under irrigation since the Imperial Valley was reclaimed and are junior thereto in the appropriation of water. Under the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, in times of shortage the Imperial Valley, having a prior appropriation, has the legal right to compel the closure of the head gates to the canals in the upper basin in order that the water may flow down to the senior appropriator, the Imperial Valley. These shortages are annually growing more extensive and acute, and the situation furnishes a formidable barrier to any further development of irrigation in the upper basin. Indeed, many of the projects already developed are seriously menaced as to their water rights, and this includes two projects in Colorado and one in Utah already put into operation by the United States Government, which would be deprived of water at times if the rights of the Imperial Valley were strictly enforced.

If a large reservoir were built at Boulder Canyon, the people of the Imperial Valley and the lower Colorado valleys in general would depend upon this reservoir for their supply, and would waive all rights to the natural flow of the streams above and release this for development and use in the states of the upper basin. The Imperial Irrigation District has already offered to make this exchange.

Interstate Compact

If the large enterprise such as proposed at Boulder Canyon were carried

out, the appropriation of water for its development would, under normal operations of law, require the waters in future to run past this point, as at present, for the use of the development there, and thus the future diversion of water in the upper basin would be forestalled unless this right were waived.

To meet this situation, immediately after the proposal by the author of the Boulder Canyon enterprise a movement was started to secure an agreement among the seven states within the Colorado River basin concerning the division of water, and a compact was signed by representatives of all of those states and of the United States, forming the Colorado River Commission, headed by President-Elect Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and representative of the United States upon the Colorado River Commission. This compact provided for the division of water between the two main regions into which this river system is divided — the upper states, composed of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, where most of the waters rise; and the lower division, consisting of Nevada, California, and Arizona. This compact provides in a general way for the equal division of the water at Lee's Ferry, near where the river leaves the upper states and enters the lower states, and gives the lower states, in addition to one half of the waters of the main stream, all of the yield of its tributaries below that point. It virtually leaves the upper states untrammeled in their development, both for power and for irrigation, and leaves the lower states an abundance of water for the development of power and of the irrigable lands adjacent to the river, and also for municipal supplies.

The recent legislation provides that at least six of the seven states shall ratify this compact before the legislation becomes operative. It also provides that the executive officer of the United States must secure firm contracts for the purchase of sufficient power to ensure the financial solvency of the project before the money is spent. Thus the financial end is carefully guarded, and safeguards against injustice to any portion of the basin are furnished by the recent legislation, which removes any valid objections that might be raised on these points.

PASSPORTS — FOR REVENUE ONLY

BY JOHN HANNA

I

When John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State, with a record as a tourist that would be considered exceptional even to-day, he gave a fellow citizen who wanted to travel a passport and his commendation, both free. The following is a passport of the time of the Monroe Doctrine: —

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

The Bearer hereof Luther Bradish, Esq., being about to visit different foreign countries with a view of gratifying a commendable curiosity, and of obtaining useful information, These are therefore, in a special manner, to request all whom it may concern, particularly all foreign States, Powers, or Potentates, and their officers, to permit the said Luther Bradish to pass freely without molestation, in going, staying, or returning, and to give him all friendly aid and protection, as these United States would do in like cases.

In faith, etc.,

Done, etc., 15th day of April, 1820.

(*Signed*) John Quincy Adams
Secretary of State

When Mr. Bradish's great-grandson, having obtained his bachelor of arts degree and having received from his aunt a gift large enough to cover an all-expense tourist-third foreign tour, wishes to gratify his commendable curiosity and obtain useful information by visiting Westminster Abbey, Montmartre, and the Roman Forum, he will not find the Secretary of State so sympathetic. His own government will demand $10.00 for a simple statement of his identity. When he has this document he must pay $10.00 each to the British, French, and Italian governments. For this outlay, which is about one tenth the cost of his trip and which will contribute nothing at all to the broadening of his personality, he receives an American passport good for two years, British and Italian visas valid for one year, and a French visa good for two months.

If Mr. Bradish were a German he could obtain a passport valid for two years for $1.20 and could renew it annually for three years more at a yearly cost of 72 cents. His British, French, and Italian visas would cost $2.00 each, unless he could qualify as an indigent person, in which case he could get an Italian visa for 40 cents. If he were a British citizen his passport would cost $1.80 and would be valid five years. It could then be renewed annually for another five years at a cost of 24 cents a year. If he were a Canadian his passport would cost $5.00, but it would be good for five years and could be renewed for a second five years for $2.00. As a French citizen his passport would cost $1.40, and as an Italian $2.00. Each would be valid a year. As an American his minimum passport expense to visit the principal Allied and Associated Powers is $40.00. As a German he could visit his former enemies for a passport cost of less than $8.00. If the young Mr. Bradish were going to Oxford on a

Rhodes scholarship, and if he fulfilled the Oxford expectations in the matter of travel, his passport and visa fees for three years would aggregate about $150.00. One of the writer's friends, who returned to America in 1925, spent $230.00 on passports and visas during his three years as a Rhodes scholar. If the German scholarships were reëstablished at Oxford, a German Rhodes scholar could accompany his American associate on all his European travels with a passport allowance of about $25.00.

Passports were issued gratis by the State Department until 1856, when a charge of $1.00 was imposed for passports issued abroad. In 1888, after a charge of $5.00 during part of the Civil War and most of the currency-inflation period that followed, the regular charge for all passports was made $1.00. An application fee of $1.00 was added in 1917. These figures stood until 1920, when there was an increase to $10.00, of which $1.00 is for the application and $9.00 for the passport. Since 1926, the Secretary of State, in his discretion, may extend the ordinary two-year passport for two additional years to bona fide teachers without extra cost. If a passport application is filed through the clerk of a state court, as permitted in some localities, the state may retain the application fee. Nearly all applications come through Federal channels. The visa fee is the same as the passport fee. The high American charges are directly and solely responsible for the visa fees Americans have to pay to the British, French, Italian, and several other governments. A reduction of the American visa charges to $2.00 would automatically reduce practically all of the high foreign visa charges to the same sum. Congress in 1925 authorized the President to reduce visa fees or abolish them altogether in case of non-immigrants whose own countries would make reciprocal arrangements with the United States. No such reciprocal agreements have yet been announced.

II

The State Department issues about 200,000 American passports a year. This gives the government an annual revenue of approximately $2,000,000, or one third more than the total annual appropriation for the State Department. The appropriation for the Passport Bureau is $63,000. If the cost of a passport is meant to reimburse the government for its expense in giving to its traveling citizens an identification document, the price is extortionate.

If the passport charge is a revenue measure, — and such a purpose is universally condemned by the best international opinion, — it is grossly unfair, because it must be paid largely by a scattered, uninfluential group, mostly composed of persons upon whom the tax is an unconscionable burden. It is scarcely going too far to call it a tax on education. No good reason has ever been submitted in support of a policy that compels traveling college students and schoolteachers to pay the whole upkeep of our ministry of foreign affairs. When the passport and visa fees were raised to $10.00 in 1920 it seemed to be jocosely assumed in Congress that most travelers were going to Cuba and could easily afford $10.00 additional expense for a passport. Neither passport nor visa is now required for a Cuban trip. Another legislative assumption was that the diplomatic and consular service was for the benefit of traveling Americans and that they should help pay for it. Congress now appropriates $500,000 a year for the

immigration work of our foreign representatives. This sum is covered about three times by the immigration fees alone. The affairs of traveling Americans and aliens intending to visit the United States occupy only a small fraction of the total energies of our diplomatic and consular representatives. The passport and visa fees, other than fees for immigration visas, could be greatly reduced and still amply compensate the government for all service rendered. It would be far more appropriate than the present system if a large part of the cost of our foreign service were assessed against American exporters. Needless to say, no such proposal would be considered for an instant.

Passport control in both Europe and the United States is a product of the war. The passport is a modern institution. It was practically unknown in ancient and mediæval times. In the ancient world the stranger was, by definition, an enemy. Roman imperial couriers had a sort of safe-conduct which entitled them to the use of public horses. Similar papers were sometimes given to court favorites as a mark of particular favor. Germany in the fifteenth century developed a kind of passport as a device for dealing with the hordes of beggars and vagabonds that swept the country after the religious wars. Louis XIV of France required travelers on the main post roads to be provided with passports. This exaction was largely for fiscal purposes, although the *passeport des artisans* was required more especially to prevent the departure of craftsmen who might teach trade secrets to foreign competitors. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic era were periods of passport strictness, but the comparative peace that followed saw a gradual discontinuance of passport use on the Continent. The commercial convenience that was responsible for the origin of passports had practically caused their disappearance, except in Russia, by 1914. Writers on international affairs confidently stated that no civilized state could maintain a passport system. Passports could be obtained in each country, but their use was optional. There was practically no frontier passport control.

The war revived passport laws long since forgotten, and produced a new brood of statutes and regulations. The basis of the French regulations was an old law of 1792. In the United States the legal warrant for controlling the conduct of alien enemies was found in the Alien Act of 1798. War restrictions have been modified slowly, although nothing approaching the freedom of international intercourse prevailing in 1914 has yet been attained. Two passport conferences have been held under the auspices of the League of Nations, one in 1920 in Paris, the other in Geneva in 1926. Delegates representing thirty-eight states attended the 1926 conference. The United States was not even unofficially represented. The 1926 conference favored the continuance of passport requirements, but was inclined to work for the abolition of the visa. It was pointed out that pending the discovery of a different kind of document a passport is one of the most useful papers a traveler can have. It enables him to claim the protection of his diplomatic and consular representatives if he gets into any difficulty, and is immediate evidence of his identity if he wishes to receive money, sign documents, or obtain registered mail. A passport makes it easy for a traveler to have access to his own country without delay and without formalities. If there were no passports some other identification document would have to be devised.

Arguments as to the convenience of

passports do not have complete relevance to the system of compulsory passports now in vogue, and have little or no bearing upon the system of compulsory visas. The visa requirement is generally useless and vexatious. The strict application of any passport system in time of peace is exceedingly difficult. Even in war time the control is far from perfect. Unscrupulous persons can always find places easy of access. There can be real control only at the principal ports of entry. Desirable visitors enter at these places, others elsewhere. The protection that passport control offers to the frontiers is nothing. European countries are rapidly eliminating the visa requirement on a reciprocal basis. France requires no visas from the nationals of twenty-seven countries, Great Britain none from the nationals of eleven, and Italy none from those of seventeen. Similar arrangements are common and are being rapidly extended.

American visa requirements are tied up with our new immigration policy. Passport visas and immigration visas are distinct, and it would be entirely possible under reciprocal arrangements by treaty or otherwise to abolish passport visas without relaxing the control over the entry of immigrants. The resulting convenience to a half-million American travelers each year would be a powerful argument in favor of such a policy. Nevertheless it is so easy to misrepresent the purpose and the effect of such a proposal that it would have little chance of approval. There is no good reason, however, why the American passport fee should not be immediately reduced to $2.00 with a visa charge at least as low. The passport should be valid for five years. Great Britain, the British Dominions, and several other nations have adopted the five-year principle, and representatives of other countries announced at the League of Nations Conference of 1926 that the example will be extended.

III

The League of Nations Conference of 1926 recommended the adoption of an internationally recognized identity document for persons without nationality. No nation is under greater obligation to participate in the development of such a document than the United States, which has had such a large responsibility for creating persons without nationality. Under the law of most nations an alien woman takes the nationality of her husband. This rule, essentially international in its application, was changed independently by the United States in 1922. Since then if an alien woman marries an American the law of this country does not give her the status of a citizen, although in nearly all cases she loses her prior citizenship irrespective of her wishes.

This means that she can obtain a passport neither from the United States nor from her own country. If she wishes to go to Europe with her husband she must first obtain from the Labor Department a permit to return. This is good for a year and costs $3.00. Although the permit contains the significant facts about the applicant and her status, no foreign consul will grant a visa on it. She must also execute an affidavit setting out her name, residence, date and place of birth, inability to obtain a passport, personal description with photograph, and statement of the object of her visit. If she executes the affidavit before an officer of the State Department, he may charge $2.00. If she executes it before a notary, he may charge whatever he thinks the victim will pay. This document may or may not be visaed by the consular officer of

the country to be visited. One consul may affix his visa stamp, while the consul of the next country may suggest a trifling amendment in the affidavit which will require it to be reëxecuted, perhaps by a notary recommended by someone in the consul's office. The visa charge is always made on the assumption that the affiant is an American, whatever her own claims or actual loyalties.

Even Switzerland, generally indifferent in passport matters, requires visas from persons of no nationality. If a German or an American goes to Switzerland, neither requires a visa, but if a German girl, married to an American, appears with him at the Swiss border without a Swiss visa on her identification affidavit, he will be admitted and she will be turned back. (It is true that if she is attractive, and if her husband will view the matter in a practical way, she will likely obtain an eight-day police permit. After that she can go anywhere in Switzerland. Since she needs no departure paper, this really means that she can stay as long as she likes.) This is not the end of the discrimination against her, however, for upon her return to the United States, notwithstanding her permit to return, she must pay a head tax of $8.00, irrespective of her length of residence in the United States, the status of her husband, or the number of her previous entries. It is not clear whether the Congressional purpose is to encourage Americans to go abroad without foreign-born wives or whether it is to advise citizens to take their foreign-born wives abroad and abandon them. American girls should be encouraged by the knowledge that there is not only a tariff on foreign brides, but also a recurring tax on peripatetic foreign-born wives.

The survival of the excessive American passport charges so long after the war and the failure to remedy the unfortunate situation of alien wives of American citizens are due largely to legislative inertia. No one is strongly opposed to a relaxation of regulations adopted in a period of war-time hysteria, but there is not enough force behind the demand for amendments to compel Congress to make a thoroughgoing revision. There is no real public appreciation of the possibility and desirability of greatly increasing tourist travel from a prosperous Europe to the United States. It is to be hoped that at the next session a few friendly senators and representatives will care enough for the liberal reputation of this country and for the convenience of American travelers to induce Congress to do a simple act of justice and common sense.

FROM TIENTSIN TO MONGOLIA

BY NORA WALN

I

Mou brought me a calling card — Frans August Larson — and, with the license of a Chinese house steward, observed, 'A Swede by birth, created a Mongolian duke by the Mongols, who speak of him as "the Mongol who knows most about Mongolia." Thirty-five years' residence among the Mongolian people in many capacities. One-time adviser to the Living Buddha. One-time Mongolian representative and adviser to the Government of Yuan Shih-kai. A man in his late fifties. Just returned from eighteen months' work on the Sino-Chinese Scientific Expedition to the desert of Takalama, in which he has been associated with Sven Hedin.'

I went down to the drawing-room. My guest rose, and without preamble asked me to come to Mongolia and write a book.

I gasped, because I knew real writers who had begged for his story and been refused — writers of reputation, who could assure publication simply by their established names. In a slow, gentle voice he told me that he had read the few poems, stories, and articles printed below my name. I confessed that they represented the sum total of my published work, and protested that they were slender recommendation for the ability to write a book. I suggested that it was only fair that he should study the manuscript of the novel over which I had toiled for fourteen months, and in which I had failed so badly that I dared not submit it to a publisher for consideration.

He brushed my objections aside. 'I know what should be written — I know that you can do it — I have already made plans for the German and the Swedish publications — I came this way from Takalama — how soon can you be ready to start to Mongolia?'

I had a double errand at the American Consulate. According to regulations, I must notify the office of my intention to leave the Consular District; and on the annual date of registration I had left my old passport, which had reached the end of its life, to be replaced by a new one, and must remind the Consul I had not yet received it.

The Tsinanfu incident had increased the tension in Tientsin. Representative authorities of France, Italy, England, and Japan met in diplomatic counsel. Cable wires whispered carefully coded messages to and from the capitals of the world. Defense lines crawled out beyond the boundaries of the foreign concessions. American soldiers and marines sweated with 'allied' soldiers to throw up trenches, curl miles of barbed wire, and build sandbag barricades around agreed 'special areas.' Despite the protests of the Chinese, Japan was permitted to cut down trees, level ground, and put into action aeroplane landing stations outside Tientsin and in Peking.

Fear, distrust, and suspicion pressed into every gathering of foreigners. Men and women recounted the terrors

of the Boxer days, of Shanghai, of Shameen, of Hankow, Nanking, and the interior. These stories were supplemented by historic tales from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Dinner guests and chance acquaintances missed no opportunity to stress the deceit and the cruelty of the Chinese. They became the 'yellow peril.' The triple spirits of evil smothered all memories of good.

Chinese farmers, shopkeepers, and gentry, carrying all the material possessions they could transport, swarmed into Tientsin and joined the local native populace, who pressed against the allied barricades and begged for protection from loot, rape, and massacre, which are too often the attributes of Chinese civil war, even when the only battle is change of authority by compromise. Chinese families permanently domiciled within the foreign protected areas, who in reality outnumber the foreigners, filled their courtyards with visiting relatives.

The talk in the courtyards of my Chinese friends ran thus: 'Chang Tso-lin declares he will protect us from these mad Nationalists, but he and his confederates are good business men — they will sell out to the highest bidder'; 'The Nationalists speak with fragrant words, but they are cunning people'; 'Feng Yu Sheng will bite the nose of his allies as soon as he gets to Peking. He may save himself a battle by letting the much respected governor of Shansi accept the keys of the capital, but he will disarm the Shansi soldiers when they have served his purpose — which is Moscow's breath.'

Deeper than this distrust of Chinese military leaders ran the same fear which menaced foreign society, except that the name of the terror was now 'the foreign domination menace.' The people who accepted protection within the lines of foreign soldiers watched each move of the foreigners with suspicion. All the dregs of foreign intercourse since the very beginning were stirred up. Tales of treachery, deceit, and cruelty by 'outsiders' were remembered and retold to children who listened with wide eyes.

Against this background I met my Consul-General, and we parted in baffled misunderstanding at the end of an hour in which he had told me stories of Chinese untrustworthiness with the manner of an indulgent father, and brushed aside my knowledge of the kindly way in which these people respond to trust. He ushered me out without my passport.

So, without it, I left for Mongolia on Sunday morning. Although the lack of a passport often means the delay of long conversations, this may after all be the best way to travel while peoples of different race continue to shift cautious national eyes sideways in mutual distrust.

The morning press, both Chinese and foreign, carried statements that Chang Tso-lin would defend Peking and the Northern territory to the last — one paper even had the picturesque story that Fengtien generals at the front were equipped with steel coffins which they were pledged to use as their only way of return. But the railway yards gave the lie to these statements. They were filled with the rolling stock of all the railways north of the Yellow River — engines, passenger cars, and freight cars all bearing evidence of preparation for departure to Manchuria.

As an omen of good fortune for my journey, the train made the run to Peking on express time, when rumor had told me that every day for weeks the trip had been one long torture of delay. I had been undaunted by this, because I like railway trains and have no objection to spending a week on the trip to Peking.

The Peking railway yards were also filled with engines, and cars from the Hankow, Pukow, and Kalgan roads. Thus we were almost certain of Chang Tso-lin's plans, even before we heard that his Fifth Concubine was superintending the melting down of all tribute gold dust and the putting into solid form of all moneys.

II

No passenger trains were running to Kalgan, the gateway to Mongolia, but many minor incidents were proof that the Fengtien forces would be withdrawn to Manchuria. We knew that extensive military preparations for a long siege had been made beyond the Nankow Pass, and that Fengtien officers would have to go up the line with the orders for evacuation.

At six o'clock on the morning of May 30, we went to the West Gate Station in the limousine of a kind friend. In accordance with previous arrangements, we met a young German farmer and a young American missionary, who also desired to go north. We were prepared to camp at the station until the day and the hour a train, which we believed would eventually go, should be ready. The waiting room and the platforms were filled with soldiers — further proof that troop movements were pending. They crowded about us and expressed surprise that we should come to the station. Soldiers are human, and all Chinese have an easily tickled sense of humor. They were soon laughing good-naturedly.

One hardened ruffian pushed a fair young boy, scarcely taller than the bayonet rifle which hung from his frail shoulder, toward me. 'He will make a good bodyguard for you — he is too slight to fight with the Fengtien, who are fierce soldiers.'

'He is grown straight as a bamboo — give him full rice bowls for two years and he will be a general.' The crowd nodded agreement.

In such simple ways the morning passed, and at noon an engine steamed into the station with three cars coupled behind it, one closed and two open, one of the latter with tying places for horses. Soldiers crowded into the other open car, making themselves comfortable on rolls of bedding and opening gay oiled-paper umbrellas as protection against the sun.

We went out of the station in the closed car as guests of three officers of the Twelfth Army. By reputation among civilians, the Twelfth Army is the worst gathering of rogues among the Fengtien forces. The Chinese have a saying that when one must travel in dangerous places it is best to travel in the worst company. We found these men charming companions.

One was wiry and weathered to leather wrinkles by rough living. We knew he was first in rank because the others stood until he was seated. One had the clear-cut profile of North Manchuria, which resembles the classical Greek more than the southern Chinese. He was an athlete in iron condition. The third was fair and plump, with dimples that danced in each cheek as he talked.

All were dressed in well-tailored uniforms of excellent cloth, with leather belts, shoulder straps, neat covers for their revolvers, and circular military capes. Two wore riding boots of stout leather. The slim, graceful feet of 'Dimples' were clad in trim satin slippers.

'A relative, comfortably berthed as an officer by someone in a high position,' we murmured to each other.

I had noticed that our engine bore the stamp of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, and so I felt close to a friend. The senior officer told

me that the car in which we rode also came from America, but all the American fittings had been taken out and Chinese comforts added. Chinese beds had been built across each end. These the officers' servants spread with rich coverlets.

Fox furs, first, to make them soft. Then layer on layer of silk quilts. Quilts in lovely colors, all immaculately clean. Scarlet, orange, leaf-green, sapphire, heliotrope, sunset-yellow. One place of honor was arranged just a trifle better than the others. This the senior officer graciously requested me to accept, and, as Chinese custom demands, I replied that I should be happier in a more modest place. Then he pulled his cloak about him and lay down so that the rest of the company might also make themselves comfortable.

In reclining positions we thus sped through the green country toward the Nankow Pass. Our talk ranged over the face of the earth and through the philosophies of all time. With that ease which the Chinese have cultivated, we dozed and woke to take part in the conversation when we chose, and sipped cups of fragrant tea which the happy serving boys, dressed like regular cavalry soldiers, kept ever before us, or refreshed ourselves with steaming hot towels rung from boiling water.

Grain in the field, despite the barren unwatered plots, was continuous evidence of the fruitful promise of the earth. As we came into the mountains, my mind flashed remembrance of an old Chinese man to whom I had once talked as he worked in his field. I had pricked him with pointed words about the civil conditions in his country which permitted ever-changing military upstarts to ravage the land. He had worked quietly, digging up the soil about a clump of peanuts, until I ceased. Then he rested back on his heels: 'Before us is the mountain. My fathers have lived in this plot and observed the mountain for generations beyond count. Rabbits run over the mountain. Through the generations the mountain stands.'

Shortly before sunset we came to Huai Lai — the end of our officers' detail of duty. We all got out. Horses were taken from the box car and saddled. We discreetly and privately offered twenty dollars to the servants and to the engine driver. They firmly refused, saying, 'It has been a pleasure to have you — money may not pass between friends.'

But Huai Lai was like a city of the dead. The streets were empty of the teeming colorful life which belongs to a living place of the Chinese people. No compound gates were open even the fraction of an inch. Dogs and children had disappeared. Shops were close-shuttered. Beggars and barbers had fled elsewhere. The only sign that life, other than soldier life, had ever been here was steaming iron pots of rice set out on little tables before many closed homesteads. Food placed as a peace offering against loot.

We knocked long at the doors of the Methodist Mission compound. When the Chinese left in charge discovered we were foreigners, we were welcomed with eager words. We must tell him how we had come. 'Peace — peace,' he murmured thankfully as we told. He talked of the strain and stress of the days since the American missionaries had been recalled from the station, and told us that now he had more than two hundred refugees from the country, with their beasts and chattels, housed within the Mission walls. Many of them were sick because of the close, unsanitary housing and his inability to doctor or to secure simple drugs for the illnesses he understood.

His wife came to the outer court and

insisted that we must not seek shelter for the night at an inn. They wanted to have us with them — it gave them confidence in the future to have foreigners come again. They led us to the upper of three ascending courtyards (their own living quarters), and insisted that we take the only sleeping room. This had built across one end a stone Chinese bed, with a stove under it for winter, used as table and seat by day.

The men went off to pay their courteous respects to the City Elder. With the help of the Mission workers' daughter of seven, I laid out things for supper. Luckily I discovered in the lining of my old purse a little ivory elephant, bought long ago in Ceylon and forgotten, which delighted her immensely. Together we chatted and waited while the sinking sun tinted the courtyard bricks ashy rose.

Supper by candle. Then a few hours of sleep in our clothes in a stuffy room on a stone bed — a surface hard to a body too long accustomed to foreign mattresses. At dawn we were up, breakfasted on Chinese tea and eggs, and watched the passing of the Fengtien troops.

III

First came Dodge motor trucks, heaped high with new, unopened boxes of military supplies, driven at full speed by soldiers. A line so long that I lost count of the number. After the trucks came camels — moulting camels, which are camels in ugly undress. Some were in bare skin — nasty, weak-looking skin. Others were worse, with patches of wool hanging half off. They were heavily packed with burdens of ammunition. It took them an hour to shamblé by.

Behind the camels came an assortment of mules, donkeys, and ponies, some hitched to farm carts, all heavily loaded and driven by haggard, frightened peasant owners, commandeered from the surrounding territory by soldiers. Next coolies, also under soldier guard, wild-eyed and trembling with fear, stumbled along with rolls of bedding, stretchers on which lay sick men, chests, and what not of luggage that goes with a withdrawing army. Mingled with the coolies came the foot soldiers at a good pace, but marching in no formation. They continuously dropped out of place to eat from the bowls of food, again steaming hot, which stood before close-bolted courtyard doors, and fell in again farther in the rear.

A percentage of the soldiers were boys just entering their teens. A few looked weary and discouraged, as though they would prefer to drop by the roadside rather than make the journey to Manchuria. The majority were tall, strong men, in good condition and clothed in decent uniforms.

Close behind the foot marchers, so close that there was little opportunity for the straggling which leaves thieves and marauders behind to make trouble in the evacuated country, pressed horses driven at quick speed. Great Russian horses, with muscles swelling under glossy coats; well-conditioned horses of spirit, hitched to gigantic guns mounted on wheels; dozens and dozens of teams of horses such as I have not seen before in China, pulling great guns such as I should not have believed the Fengtien possessed had I not observed with my own eyes.

Cavalry brought up the rear. Men well armed and well mounted. They did not ride with the military precision of Western cavalry, but their horses moved with the frisky grace of animals bred in the wild herd and well pastured. The sun was past mid-heaven before they had cleared the road and we could consider preparations for our further journey.

The streets remained empty, but our host of the night sent his servants on discreet errands. The word spread that we would hire two carts if they were available. Eventually the carts were assembled — a wheel brought from this hiding place, an axle from another, for it is the custom of the Chinese, when in fear of soldiers, to take their possessions apart and scatter the sections. In time miserable, rawboned, sway-backed beasts were attached to the carts with ropes. We could not expect animals of value to be supplied in such a time, even though the carters were willing to come under our escort. We promised that we would not walk faster than they at any time. Our bedding, clothes rolls, and foodstuffs were put on the carts. Burden-free, we were off.

We tramped twenty-five miles before nightfall. Through fields and walled villages without sign of civilian life; fields that irrigation made fruitful — velvet rice crops — heavy-headed wheat — row on row of vegetables. Barren earth, powdery dry, so that the hot wind danced the dust in whirling figures. Villages and towns well walled and well built, with silent streets. The only sign of habitation was a great new gun mounted on the wall of Tu Mu, the ancient city famous for historic wars, through many centuries, between the Mongols and the Chinese; and the lively twittering birds that fluttered unconcernedly through field and town.

Once we crossed a brook of sparkling water, where the horses drank thirstily and one of our party bathed his tired feet. Twice only we came upon straggling Fengtien soldiers. One group had with them two poor old horses and a baby donkey so tired that it tried to lie down, but was beaten and struggled forward on frail, swollen legs.

The countryside was scarred by trenches, built with the thoroughness of Western method. At frequent intervals we saw ambushes finished less than twenty-four hours earlier, because the branches that had been cut to make them resemble a growth of young trees were still fresh. Trees and shrubs lay where they had been felled. Cartloads of stone and sand had been dropped as though from the active hands of workmen. Everywhere there were evidences of extensive preparations for war — preparations suddenly abandoned.

'The Fengtien have made good business. They are wise,' commented one of our carters. 'Chang Tso-lin is an expert merchant. All Chinese people are good merchants when given the opportunity — the Fengtien have been given the opportunity.'

The other agreed: 'All soldiers are keen business men. It is an uncertain calling, but it has its merits, especially if one rises to a position where he has some power. Promises have been made in this deal. The incoming army will approach always one day, at least, behind the withdrawing authority. All faces are saved. The retreating forces take with them all they desire. All the railway engines, cars, and handy freight for trade in Manchuria. They keep unused all their stores of guns and ammunition, which are expensive to purchase or manufacture, and conserve their trained soldiers for future need. They carry away all tribute and all taxes, because a retreating army cannot be expected to keep the promises of good roads, new canals, bridges, irrigation plants, or schools for the people, which they made when they were the government. Even the blindest beggar can understand how they cannot do this when they have resigned office. On the other side, the new army come in with all their men and supplies intact, strong and ready for office. The crops are not yet harvested. The exchange has not placed undue

stress on the populace. Conditions are more prosperous without war. The chests of the new authorities will be filled with tribute — but the burden will be no heavier than if the Fengtien had remained.'

All day the carters chatted thus. They expressed no bitterness, but continuous admiration for business acumen.

At San Chen we considered refreshment for ourselves and the beasts. We came to the door of an inn. Repeated knocks brought a cautious whisper. We were admitted to a stable courtyard and the bolts slid behind us. The place was bare of all furniture — every possible possession having been hidden away. The horses were unroped and fed. Water boiled and tea was made for the carters and ourselves. Eggs were finally secured. From our packet of food we took dry biscuits and one precious refreshing can of peaches.

Then on again through country the same as that we had passed, with no glimpse of human life, and the same frequent empty trenches, until at evening we came to Shin Pao An. Here in the home of kindly Norwegian missionaries we had baths, tall glasses of goat's milk, crisp homemade bread, delicious white cheese, and sleep on spring beds between snowy sheets. Their compound, too, was crowded with country refugees, and the stable yards filled with animals brought to them for protection.

We were up at dawn, breakfasted royally, and were escorted beyond the city walls by our hosts. A Chinese postman, who wished to travel in company, was now one of our party.

A little way beyond the city we came to the dry, rocky bed of a river, through which trickled only a tiny stream of water. 'Just enough to keep the river alive,' explained the Chinese postman.

Away from the arid river bed on either side stretched vivid green crops fed by tiny irrigation canals in careful husbandry, which regulated the exact drop of moisture necessary with miniature dams and tiny gates. Mile on mile the crops marched with the river, so that we feasted our eyes on the promised harvest as long as our trail led the same way. We saw no more Fengtien soldiers, but the fields continued empty of men and beasts. The people waited in silent obscurity for the advent of the Nationalists.

Near noon we sighted the dust of approaching horsemen. Soon we crossed ways with Shansi cavalry wearing the Nationalist colors. They galloped by on good horses, with only a cheery greeting.

Half an hour later riders pressed upon our back trail. Three of the Shansi cavalry galloped back. One dismounted. He apologized in courteous language for the necessity to ask our names, our business, our destination. He looked at the passports of the others and made no trouble about my lack of one. That business completed, he inquired about conditions in Tientsin and Peking and in all the country through which we had passed.

He expressed astonishment that we had dared to travel into the face of a Fengtien retreat, and asked if we had found the officers or the men rude. We told him how gracious they had been to us from Peking to Huai Lai; how we had stood by the side of the road to watch the withdrawing army pass. He asked if the soldiers had shouted at us, and we could reply, 'Yes, but all they said was "Good day" in Chinese, and "Comrade" in Russian. This they did repeatedly.'

He smiled, and assured us that the Nationalists would give us no moment of uneasiness. We asked about the road ahead. One of his companions

answered that he had ridden all the way from Kalgan and found it passably good. The three saluted in farewell.

We stopped for refreshments at Sang Sui Pu, the next town. People were in the streets. The inn door was ajar. 'Peace — peace — peace!' was the glad cry with which we were greeted. All that afternoon we journeyed through countryside and town filled with busy, happy people, who had confidently returned to the normal round of life now that the Fengtien had passed in orderly fashion, and the Nationalists had come in with equal orderliness.

At evening we came to the city of Shun Hua Fu. A city gay with fluttering banners of red and of blue, and white-starred flags waving above every shop, inn, and homestead. In the streets civilians jostled soldiers in comradely swarms. Children squatted around a candy maker, exchanging coppers for the spun-sugar horses, fans, birds sitting on the nest, and fierce dragons which he blew from a bamboo pipe and handed out still warm. In the doorway of an open tea shop a minstrel chanted some historic tale. Traveling barbers were busily at work, shaving faces and cutting hair beside the road. A fortune teller was encircled by customers. Roadside food kitchens sent forth appetizing odors. A blacksmith's forge glowed with warm light. He sang as he shaped shoes for waiting horses.

That night we had two comfortable rooms in a charming flower-filled courtyard, and a good Chinese supper. Sleep on a stone bed the second time had none of the misery of the first. In fact, I did not notice the hardness at all, but slept peacefully until dawn. After breakfast we were off on the last fifteen miles to Kalgan.

This was a walk of half the distance and twice the difficulty of the previous day. A gradual ascent with sliding desert underfoot and hot, wind-driven sand stinging our faces. Our carters had wisely exchanged horses with mail carts bound for Huai Lai, so that our animals had their noses turned toward home and took the road at a quickened gait. We kept pace with them.

IV

In the afternoon of June 2 we came into Kalgan, which is the Russianization, by early tea traders, of the Mongolian word *Halaga* (gateway). The city lies in the dimple of surrounding mountains, from which the sky rises like the canopy of a bright blue tent. The river, Tung-chiao, intersects the city. At this time of year it is a tiny stream, trickling between great rocks. The river bed is spanned by a long bridge.

There is no city wall. Only the Great Wall of China, built about 220 B.C., to divide the borders of China and Mongolia. Two gates break the Wall. Kalgan nestles against it. The way is but twenty long steps. It took us thirteen days to pass.

Nationalist flags fluttered in the streets as we entered. Shansi soldiers were all about. The atmosphere was charged with caution. We soon learned of the incident, some days past, which had struck fear to the heart of the city. In the interval between the departure of the Fengtien authorities and the entry of the Nationalists, Jung San Tieh-er, accompanied by a band of associates, had descended from the surrounding mountains and paid a visit to Kalgan.

Kalgan prospers only as a gateway for trade: skins and hides, furs of all variety, camel and sheep wool, soda and salt, ponies, cattle, and sheep. It has no industry other than that of a centre of trade, and trade has been throttled for many, many moons by exorbitant taxes and impossible regulations. The Mongolian bazaar has

long been empty. No caravans file the long streets as in normal days. The railway lies an idle stretch of steel. The offices of foreign firms are close-shuttered. The American and other consuls have been withdrawn. Poverty stalks in the homes of the people whose hands ache for work, while cargo rots in the North.

Silver dollars were hard to find, but the native citizens got together one hundred and forty thousand. Convinced that there were no more, Jung accepted this amount, with a check for sixty thousand and nine motor cars to carry the heavy coins away. The motor cars were provided — all the cars in the city except one owned by a German trader and two in the possession of an Englishman in the Salt Administration. The affair was closed without loss of life. The intruders drove peacefully away.

Still the Nationalists did not come. Filled with apprehension, the local citizens formed a Committee of Safety. When the Shansi soldiers arrived they brought word that a Commissioner of Affairs was on the way from Nanking. The Committee give guaranty for the wages of the Shansi soldiers, and regulate Kalgan affairs with anxiety against the day when the Commissioner, vested with the power of life and death, shall arrive. Fear makes them timid, and timidity paralyzes their power to act. They were friendly to us, but hampered and delayed us with petty matters, insisting that we have permits for this and that and withholding the permits because they were afraid to sign.

In the meantime we were welcomed by Mrs. Larson, an American by birth, who, because of her Swedish citizenship by marriage, has been able to remain in Kalgan since the withdrawal of all Americans and protect the large Chinese girls' school from the soldiers. News of our arrival spread, and the other foreigners came to talk of the world from which they had been cut off. The Russian Consul; the Russian bank manager; a German trader and his Chinese wife; two Swedish and two Norwegian missionary girls; a young Englishman in the Salt Administration. We played tennis, teaed and dined in different houses. They all combined to celebrate my thirty-second birthday.

The Chinese have an old saying, 'All good comes to those who wait in patience.' All good has come to us. Tall, smiling, burnished-copper Mongols began to trek in a few days ago. Many of them have tramped one hundred and forty days. They are self-confident people, who walk with their heads erect and appear not to know fatigue. Mr. Larson is a Mongolian duke. Thirty of them have now gathered within the walls of his Kalgan compound.

'Permits?' they grin. 'Mere slips of paper. Bandits — poor misguided men.'

These quiet, fearless, unarmed Mongols disdain concern about the regulations of a more complex civilization. Chinese carts, unavailable before, are simply arranged. Escorted by Mongols, we shall set foot on Mongol soil. Suddenly the Committee of Safety has let us know that we may have the permit to take our money through the Kalgan Gate, if we will give a percentage to the hard-pressed city. The percentage has been given. It is June 15. The Nationalist Commissioner has not yet arrived, but the local men have signed our permission to go.

We are off at dawn for the tents of Prince Sennit of Silingal, where the Mongols are assembling to celebrate his acceptance of leadership of all Inner Mongolia. When my foot touches Mongolian soil, outside the Great Wall Gate, I shall put this manuscript into the hands of a courier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Boys grown tall

Uncles surely are one of the richest by-products of civilization. They have been more important than guilds or charters or colleges, for they have combined in their persons, usually inclining toward the rotund in those of the first water and away from the yoke matrimonial, the virtues of the best colleges and charters and guilds. They have schooled the younglings of the nations with a pedagogy more velvet of touch than that in the schools; they have given their millions of nephews bills of such rights of boyhood as only those who have kept something of the boy in their reins can give; and they have handed on down through the generations the secrets of the craft of making toy boats or whistles or slings, the essentials of the life that shines. By-products, though, they are. For not one of the best of them but has been a man who stood aside from those tussling with the wheels of progress turning in the mire. They have made bystanding into one of the arts. Though they have sometimes begotten sons, it was a careless gesture with nothing of the father elect about it. And they have let their sons grow up like tumbleweeds to be the uncles of to-morrow. They have treated them like nephews, and so won their love.

And because uncles have been bystanders, they have always had time. Time for taking a trout in mid-May, and potatoes yearning with brimming eyes for the loam; time for long stories in haying time; time for a boy with eyes as big as saucers and questions to keep a library busy. And it is the men who have time who have seen the idea behind wheels that fly around, behind waves of the sea and the comeliness of trees. Uncles have known all along the principles Democritus was after with laughing, Heraclitus with weeping, and Pythagoras with beans. But, being uncles, they have refused to become philosophers and to codify or pool their wisdom. They have taken it with them into the grave so that there might be a need still of uncles right up to the doorstep of Kingdom Come.

It is a poor boy that has not had a big sheaf of uncles. It would take a large book to catalogue mine. Not one of them was a success, as the world measures a man, by his acres or the dust he kicks up. And most of them had this added virtue, that they stole away early to a perpetual unclehood in the city where uncles outshine the jasper and emerald of the high seats they warm. For it is the golden uncle who slips betimes away, just when his nephews are putting out pinfeathers to attract the girls and ceasing to ask questions because they have so many to answer.

One of my uncles of the first magnitude had the halo of being unseen by me. He had been mislaid on Sherman's march some thirty years before I was under the sun. But the songs he sang and the kingly things he did I knew better than I knew my multiplication table. I tried feebly to follow him up the trees he shinned and the rivers he swam; but he was always on ahead with longer wings on his head and heels. I knew by heart the land he had gotten away to. Sweet potatoes paved it with amber; Southern porkers fled

squealing, with Yankee bayonets stuck up in them, down its vistas; and the mocking bird sang forever in its trees.

Another uncle was this world's champion as a failure. He started in building wooden ships just when steel ones were coming in. He put his all into a lobster factory just when lobsters were becoming extinct. He invented I know not how many splendid contrivances that had just come upon the market. He succeeded in failing in both directions. He sold his farm just before feldspar was discovered in the ledges on which he had tried to suckle cabbages. And the beauty of it all was that life was all larks to him. If he had once succeeded, it would have broken his heart. Failure kept his hair dark and his step like a panther's. In success he would have turned tabby and purred stupidly by the fire.

I had an uncle who played on the flageolet, made astonishing jew's-harps, and let the cows go over and over his red clover while he chased a black duck across innumerable bays. He had a firearm for every occasion of life but that when the hawk carried off his chickens. He neglected his growing pork for a lean buck-deer. His house was full of stuffed game birds; but his pantry was full of empty platters. His entries on his tallies of ducks he had bagged were legion; but his bank book never turned the second leaf. Yet this man for me was Nimrod, Robin Hood, and Daniel Boone all rolled together. He taught me how to shoot just where the woodcock will be when one can pull the trigger. He opened for me the cabala of wild things' tracks. If to-day I can tell the difference between the lacework of a partridge's foot and a crow's, to this uncle be the glory. From him comes the intuition that leads me to the marsh pool where the only wild ducks on a hundred miles of coast are billing up the wild rice grains. He taught me the art of going through the woods without snapping a twig, and matching my breath to the rhythm of the wind in the pines, with the heart like a candle flame that one shields from the wind with a cupped hand. And when I stalk a creature with ears like microphones and a nose like an angel of light, I am raising this uncle the monument he would choose. For he was quicksilver, the grace of the great blue heron's wing, thistledown, and the mystery of the woods.

Still these uncles do not hold a candle to the uncle of the holidays. Here was a man that was a walking calendar and smelled of hidden gumdrops. Torpedoes for the Fourth and lemonade to give coolness after we had singed our outsides with his bottled brimstone. He made lovers of us at Valentine's and fools of us for All Fools' Day. He kept Santa Claus alive years after he should have been sunning his shins and taking his ambrosia neat with Thor and Hercules in the land where the dead gods go. Jackstraws, turtles that shook wire legs in glass boxes, candy bottles holding a real liquid, popguns with painted broomstick barrels — never a birthday of ours did he miss. Nor did he remember the wrecked kite of the first lustrum when he unwrapped the kaleidoscope of the second. He must have been a master psychologist; a heart set on a thing got that thing with never a word said. He never missed. He was a fairy godmother in pants. The drabbest of Mondays might blossom out at twilight with coaches out of pumpkins and twinkling things to light the way to bed. Crumpled paper that opened out into flowers when you dropped it into water. He did not wait for red-letter days — he was an inventor of gala days of his own. Had he had his way, the modern calendar would have outshone

the mediæval, in which you could scarcely turn a page or set your hand to a task without brushing the gilt off a halo. He was all pocket, and when he left after a visit he was a smaller man, and his clothes hung loose upon him. Folks called him a spendthrift. Folks lied. All the pennies left from food and clothing he laid up in a bank that does not fail. Cornelia could bring forth her two living jewels; this man had a baker's dozen. The shining eye of a child is more worth than the diamond.

But there remains a last uncle, Aldebaran among the lesser stars. Uncle Felix was the phœnix of the genus. Yet I doubt if another thousand years will see him re-created. With other uncles it was a case of bending over ever so little so that they might see through the knotholes where we viewed the world. But this uncle was of our height, for all his breadth of back broadened with the tubbing of ten thousand trawls, for all his moustache that had ridden the gales of Fundy like a banner. His china-blue eyes never had to shift focus. The snow might lie on his temples; there were only spring and bluets on the slopes of his brain. His legs gave one the impression of having just slipped down from a hobby-horse. Fathers might snort to see a grown man on the merry-go-round with the children at Topsham Fair. But Uncle Felix, true to his name of blessedness, rode those wooden horses with the same vigor with which he rode the deck of the schooner he owned and could handle a thousand miles out on the ocean.

He was the sea to us, and tall masts tipping the Polar Star. He had lived the sort of life the best boys would choose. Close to the weather and tides, with no sentimentality about the beauty he moved through, knew like his right hand, and need not explain. Day had meant power and clean going; night, sleep like a soundless fog. He had not looked ahead to the comfort of old age. Life was to-day and this cod at the end of the line. He had taken an occupation for a religion. The catalogues of the kinds of ships, of knots and yards and masts, were litanies of holy names. Somehow God had taken on for him the lines and grace of a schooner full-sailed. He walked dry land with a step that made allowance for a lurch.

It was my fortune that this farmer of the sea had been penned by stiffening joints to smaller waters of the coast, and to one of those farms where fins and feathers consort. He kept cows and chickens, but on a nautical schedule, and gathered in his potatoes with an eye on the wind and a fine respect for tides. His farm was amphibian; if it had lean mows, it had a fat boat shop. Here was blue magic and unicorn's horn; sword of swordfish, jaw of shark, dogfish pelts for sandpaper, vertebræ of leviathan the right shape to accommodate a boy's breech snugly, beaded sea urchins to crumble at a breath, shells to hear all Atlantic in, the figure-head of a woman of very sufficient breasts and eye most unfeminine, a spyglass that curiosity could stretch to ten feet. Objects like incantations; you could not climb a step up a ladder without brushing your back against romance. Baby curls of shavings littered the floor. All hours he could spare from turnips and sleep Uncle Felix spent here. He could whittle out a sloop that made a boy's heart swell. He was one of the last of that race of geniuses that could rig up a six-inch brigantine inside a narrow-necked bottle. He let us children sit knee to his knee, mind to his mind, while he turned out beauty from white pine.

He had to have some dealings with grown-ups, of course. But he never really learned their language. He had courted, married, and bedded a wife,

and raised up some sons. But he had packed them off to sea as soon as ever they began to show signs of manhood. He moved independently of them now. Of his wife he had not the remotest knowledge. Uncle Toby was a master of experienced gallantry to him. He took his wife as he took a change in the wind. When the sun shines, make the most of it and out with all your canvas; when it turns squally, reef all home. It is easy to learn the thousand delicate ropes of a ship; but a woman is not so easy. No, grown-ups were not his choice; he had remained a boy.

The last act of this splendid uncle was like a diadem upon him. Across four thousand miles, from an alien place to which his wife had taken him for his comfort's sake, from a place where there was no Atlantic to turn blue in his eyes, he came at eighty-eight all the way back to the coast that had been his cradle and his hobbyhorse, his religion and his light. Because the rheumatism had twisted his hands and age hung shackles on his feet, he was not able to get more than a cook's berth on a boat. And he who had steered schooners had to take ship on a mean, small mackerel smack. But he had the joy of seeing the land go down in the wake of a vessel again, and the sea curve up like a bowl of blue peace around him. That summer was a perfect valediction. After it, he went back home and died as easily as a child falls asleep.

Among the boys grown tall that all good uncles are, this one was the most successful at the fine art of being an uncle of any that I have ever known. I am very proud that he was mine.

The voice in the cellarage

'You hear this fellow in the cellarage,' Hamlet remarked with a trace of exasperation to his friends Horatio and Marcellus. He added significantly, 'Consent to swear.' They swore.

These lines by the Great Bard show a richer reading of life than Mr. Shaw gives him credit for. They assume, in the mouth of an Elizabethan, a prophetic insight, a connotation, not made the subject of a note in Dr. Furness's *Variorum*. The full meaning of these lines is most appreciated by those who, accustomed to apartment life, move into a house in the country. Shakespeare's personal experience here found significant expression, for, though he had an apartment in the city, he also had a country house upstate. Writing for all time, as the critics say, we find Mr. Shakespeare up-to-date even in his attitude toward cellars.

With a bad cold in the head, need for solitude, or some other cause for spending the day quietly at home and possibly at work, there comes a proper appreciation for the articulate cosmos of the spirits of a good lusty cellar. Ordinarily, we are aware of our cellar only when something goes violently amiss with the furnace or a pool of water appears after a heavy rain. As for having enlightened appreciation of its articulate cosmic consciousness, we are, like the cellar, in the dark.

During a day's vigil in a modern house, especially in the peaceful country, it seems as fully alive with haunts and voices as any ancient dungeoned castle. The very walls of our latter-day dungeons have tongues as well as ears, barking from time to time the sharp staccato notes of drying plaster.

Alone in the house, at work, one becomes gradually aware of the first voice, plaintive, intermittent but insistent, as of a soul in pain, a spirit tortured yet bravely trying to suppress its screams with tightly compressed lips. At first bewildered, then more attentive, one finds it growing more plaintive, almost whining in fretful

peevishness. Investigation reveals it to be the chronic complaint of the gas meter going its costly rounds.

The water meter, though only an occasional voice in the cellarly choir, has a different timbre. Its crescendo is robust, brusque, assertive, as though it felt the possibilities behind it of Niagara and the tidal wave.

The spirit of the cellar quickens as the afternoon wears on and tea time approaches. Those accustomed to working at home, like the literary man Shakespeare was, are startled by a muffled snarl in the regions below. This quickly subsides into the harmless, garrulous chatter of the electric refrigerator. Perhaps if one had the gift of tongues for inanimate things, this busy helpmate would prove good company over — or rather under — a cup of tea, with interesting gossip of an exciting episode concerning the milkman and the maid.

Toward twilight on a raw and dark spring day, the lights are turned on early in the house. The sun sets, and the air grows chill. Suddenly the lights falter, and sounds of furious rebellion surge underfoot with a roar that might have attended the first day of Creation. Transfixed, one waits an elastic moment, expecting to be lifted into the air and hurled through space. But above the frightened pulse-beats in our ears we hear the roar subside into a surly growl, rumbling sulkily in the cellarage. There is, after all, nothing to be feared from that blustering but really warm-hearted fellow, the oil burner.

A faint, dry twitter is awakened by the warmth, and with grating insistence strikes now faintly, now more loudly, on the attention. With a rising bicker of triumph, the parched chatter breaks out into a senseless repetition, an empty, silly, endless theme without variations. Beyond doubt, a cricket.

The wretched little fellow somewhere beneath the living-room hearth seems in the room. A vain search of corners and crannies makes him momentarily silent, but he soon returns to the business of keeping up telegraphic communication with another cricket lodged somewhere under the pantry flooring. They raise their voices, perhaps to drown out some insectivorous static.

These two are coy, they are at odds, they stand on ceremony, — heavens knows what, — but something keeps them apart, apart but still on speaking terms. Regardless of the superstition that they are good luck, there is an irresistible gesture toward the exterminator. The gesture becomes action.

Under the stifling fumes of a violent spraying their voices fade. Fade, yet neither die nor sleep. Could it be that the words of the advertisement were incorrect? Surely the cellar is plentifully douched with the stuff, driving those merely mortal into the upper air. But the crickets raise their voices in Oriental indignation against our policy of exclusion.

Suddenly a human note is added to the voices in the cellar. It becomes coherent. It appears, one culls the impression, that some of the exterminator fell on a few silken things hung out below to dry. There is but one safe course — to rise and flee.

For comparative peace, perhaps desk space above a boiler factory, or near the city desk in a newspaper office, might give better opportunities for concentration, work, or reverie. There, among the virile noises of a real and workaday world, one could think pleasantly of the privacy and seclusion of one's own home, as did Shakespeare from his London alehouse, and, with an inward ear half harkening toward the flooring, smile at the deep understanding revealed in Hamlet's final injunction toward the cellarage: 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

On the next page we print a complete list of the Lincoln documents and memorabilia on which the series of Lincoln articles, now concluded, was based. That series was begun and is finished in the *Atlantic* in good faith. Certain terms and statements contained in it have been challenged by Lincoln experts. To every such criticism we have been keenly alive. We have felt that judgment upon the series as a whole should be suspended until it could be read in its entirety. Feeling also that the challenges and criticisms it has called forth should likewise be considered in their entirety, we shall await the comment on the current installment, and in a future issue of the magazine will deal completely with the whole matter. Once the *Atlantic* decided to publish the articles, we thought it necessary to act on two principles: first, that the entire series should be printed, together with all the principal documents on which it was based; second, that all facts of important bearing on the case which came to our notice, no matter how adverse, would be welcomed.

Lest any inference from this discussion seem to reflect upon the owner of this material, it is just to say that Miss Minor has testified to her own good faith through a contract which ensures her return of real value only in case the book is accepted by the public as an important addition to the Lincoln story.

It should hardly be necessary to state that under no circumstances would we have begun the publication of the articles unless we had believed in the genuineness of the original documents. We have striven from the outset, not to prove a theory, but to reach the truth.

For the judgment of Mr. Oliver R. Barrett and Mr. Worthington C. Ford, who have expressed themselves on the subject with great definiteness, we have the regard which we owe to serious and responsible scholars. It is perhaps interesting to mention the attitude of **Paul M. Angle,** secretary of the Lincoln Centennial Association, who has been conspicuous among the critics of the Minor material. He is the author of a Special Bulletin published with great promptness by his society, which has been given wide publicity in the press. It seems pertinent to quote from a printed statement of Mr. Angle's, to which insufficient attention has been called: —

'I was going at it [the Minor material] in a leisurely way, intending simply to write the editor a letter. But Monday noon Alvin Barrett came in the office. He insisted that I give the story to the press. That 's what I had wanted to do, knowing that it would be great advertising for me, and good publicity for the Lincoln Memorial Association. Mr. Hay [president of the Lincoln Memorial Association] had been against it, but Barrett converted him.

'Monday afternoon I gave what I had to the local papers and the Associated Press. The local papers played it big, the **Journal** running it on the first page with a two-inch head. It went out of Springfield, but some Associated Press man in Chicago killed it, afraid of a libel suit. Nevertheless we did get it out East. A friend of Mr. Hay owns the **Philadelphia Record.** He called him and I wired 1200 words which the **Record** printed in a big story.

'Since then I've been fortifying and elaborating my proof. I worked Thanksgiving night until 2 A.M. The other papers, afraid at first, are now hot after the story. The **New York Times** is going to print it to-morrow; the **Chicago Daily News** and the **St. Louis Post-Dispatch** to-night. It's the biggest thing that ever happened to me. One does n't get a chance very often to put the magazine of the country in the frying pan and cook it brown.'

It seems fair that Mr. Angle should have the advertising which means so much to him.

LINCOLN ORIGINALS IN THE MINOR COLLECTION

Books and Keepsakes

Copy of the English version of the Polyglott Bible, dated 1831, bearing Lincoln signature and annotations

Copy of *A Practical System of Rhetoric*, dated 1829, with Lincoln signature and annotations

Copy of *An Essay on Elocution*, dated 1838, with Lincoln signature and annotations

Title-page of *Elements of Geometry*, bearing Lincoln signature

Piece of Ann Rutledge's coverlet

Piece of lace made by Ann Rutledge

Ornamental pin of silver wire given by Lincoln to Ann Rutledge

Original Letters

Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, beginning: 'Pleas do not cum to-nite'

Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, beginning: 'I am t . . . ask me to and'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'It greatly pains me to hear'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'I am filled with regret'

Lincoln to Ann Rutledge, beginning: 'Nancy has been telling me'

Ann Rutledge to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'I just can not help teling you about'

Ann Rutledge to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'Dear Mat — I must rite you . . . this . . . grand hapning'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'If you have in your possession or can'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'Dear Old Friend. Yours of May 6th received'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'Dear John. Yours . . . I regret you feel so'

Lincoln to John Calhoun, beginning: 'You old rascal — I am not risen to such heights'

Lincoln to Sally Calhoun, beginning: 'In perusing your recent letter I am impressed'

Lincoln to F. W. Hirth, beginning: 'Esteemed Friend — Your letter has claimed my'

Lincoln to Jed Weatherby, beginning: 'You old rascal! What fate or sudden decision'

Milinde Whipple to Matilda Cameron, beginning: 'Well we got heer at las it was a auful'

Sally Calhoun to Elizabeth Hirth, beginning: 'Yours of May 2nd at hand. would have answered'

Tow. Anderson to Gibson Holt, beginning: 'Dear Gippy — Yours to hand, wel you old,' and note added by Gibson Holt

Letters Concerning Transmittal of Collection

Elizabeth Hirth to her brother Fred, beginning: 'As I mail this letter I am expressing you a package of keepsakes'

Sally Calhoun to Elizabeth Hirth, beginning: 'I have sad news to write you. last week'

Margaret Morrison to her brother-in-law and sister, beginning: 'Bro. Norman has gone up to Hartford'

Original Diaries and Memoranda

'A Tribute to My Mother,' by Lincoln

Diary of Sarah Calhoun, dated June 2, 1848. Pages I–VIII

Matilda Cameron's diary — 10 entries, 1833–1836

Memorandum from Ann Rutledge to Lincoln, accompanying the gift of the Polyglott Bible

Sketch map of New Salem, 13 by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, drawn in retrospect and signed by John Calhoun in 1858

The comparison drawn by **President Lowell** between Reconstruction and Prohibition possesses a double significance at just this moment. He commands attention not only as President of Harvard University, but also as a leading citizen of a state that has just voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by a majority exceeding 280,000. △ More than one hundred thousand *Atlantic* readers, as well as more than one hundred thousand book buyers, already know the people of *Jalna*, which won our prize-novel contest of two years ago. In *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, **Mazo de la Roche** has written a story that in our opinion is no whit behind its predecessor. △ While the rest of us plough our way through slush and snow, **Robert Dean Frisbie** sits warmly ensconced in his Puka-Puka library with no white people to bother him and nothing more serious than an occasional hurricane to disturb his tropical repose. △ The importance of these unpublished verses by **Emily Dickinson** lies, not in the extraordinary fact that a large body of her verse is only now coming to light, but in the extraordinary quality of what has been left to the last. To our thinking, certain of these verses are unsurpassed in any volume of Miss Dickinson's work. The entire collection will be published in the spring by Little, Brown and Company. Requests for the first edition will be filled in order by the Atlantic Bookshop.

Having been awarded the Nobel Prize in literature for his works of fiction, **Romain Rolland** has lately turned to historical and biographical writing. As a champion of Franco-German coöperation, he takes particular pleasure in discussing Beethoven and Goethe and is now preparing a book that will deal in greater detail with the relations between these two Olympians. **Eleanor Risley** tells us that she is still writing — and still taking insulin when she can get it. 'I am quite well, for me,' she says, 'and fluent nonsense trickles from my pen.' △ It will be open season for **Joseph Wood Krutch** from now on. His concluding essay — a veritable Philosopher's Creed — will give dissenting optimists something to think and perhaps to correspond about. Harcourt, Brace and Company will publish his book shortly. **Ken Nakazawa** is guest lecturer on Oriental Art and Literature at the University of Southern California. He is also the author of *Weavers of the Frost*, a collection of original fairy tales.

A lifetime devoted to the diplomatic service has not prevented **Sir Rennell Rodd** from serving the Muses with great and continuous distinction. He was British Ambassador in Rome from 1908 until after the Great War, and has written books on European history and modern Greece, as well as several volumes of verse. △ With twenty years as publisher of the *Atlantic* behind him, **MacGregor Jenkins** now spends a larger leisure on his farm in near-by Dover, where he rides, reads, and writes. Under the pen name of 'Rusticus' he has made an endearing place for himself as a familiar essayist. **Elizabeth Case** writes us as follows from Chicago: —

> I belong to a Church which recognizes the authority of Saint Paul's ideas on feminine decorum, and raise my voice from my pew rather hesitantly. And I have felt keenly the limitations of a mind — even a Wellesley-trained one! — which is not at home with the philosophers.

By turning back to the Socratic method, **Irvin H. Myers** has found an effective method of threshing the notions which still fill men's minds.

Arthur Powell Davis is a famous engineer. From 1902 until 1923 he served with the United States Reclamation Service, becoming Chief Engineer in 1914 and Director in 1920. In 1909 President Roosevelt appointed him a member of the Board of Consulting Engineers who passed upon the Gatun Dam, and in 1924 he selected and planned a large municipal water project for nine cities on the east shore of San Francisco Bay. In 1920 he was elected President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and he has twice given lecture courses at Yale on hydraulics. During his twenty years with the Reclamation Service he devoted himself especially to the study of the hydraulic problems of the Colorado River. This work culminated in the now famous Boulder Dam project, which is designed to serve the triple purpose of flood prevention, water power, and irrigation. △ There are

few travelers who will not sympathize with **John Hanna's** demand that the money received for passports shall be collected only with a view to revenue. As he is at present connected with the Columbia Law School, he looks at the problem through legal eyes. △ When last heard from, **Nora Waln** was in Kalgan, China, whence she writes: —

As Mongolian hospitality will extend invitations from relative to relative, so I am told, it appears that I shall be wandering from one household to another for many months.

Since we have in this office the name, number, and location of the regiment in which the author of the following letter serves, we feel that the stamp of authenticity is upon it. Certainly nothing Joseph Wood Krutch ever wrote brought in a stranger response than this.

November 16, 1928

DEAR SIR: —

Some few days ago I received a copy of the August number of the *Atlantic* among other journals kindly sent me by a friend, I might say my only friend, in New York. I have been reading with great interest Mr. J. W. Krutch's article, 'Love — Or the Life and Death of a Value.' May I venture to criticize? First, I must admit that my experience in literary channels has been more varied and far-reaching than deeply intellectual, and to me much of what Mr. Krutch has to say is meaningless and seemingly useless padding.

However, I gather that in his opinion, supported by various proofs of his own fabrication, Love as a force in this world is gradually dying a natural death, and that we as a race are gradually but surely degenerating into what may quite aptly be described as intellectual and cultured animals who regard the gratifying of their sexual impulses much in the same light as the ordinary average business man regards his after-dinner cigar.

I am (or perhaps 'was' would be the more truthful word) the son of an English nobleman. I fought right through the Great War in the Brigade of Guards and finished up as junior major in my regiment. I may say here that I was distinguished by my complete lack of conscience as regards anything deviating from the straight and narrow way of so-called moral instincts.

One day I met a girl, not beautiful, but extremely attractive. She was married; we liked each other, and eventually we ran away together. Then the thing happened. I fell in love with her, fully a year later. I threw over the traces absolutely; I became extravagant, got into debt, neglected my duties, and capped everything by falsifying some regimental accounts in order to meet a check. This was discovered; I was court-martialed and dismissed from the service. To add to this misfortune, we had a child. Having made over my remaining private income to her, I left the country and joined the French Foreign Legion.

That story is seven years old now. No one in England knows where I am. I know nothing of them in England, as I never read anything connected with my homeland.

There is only one thing that keeps my head above water, only one incentive for me to live. Therefore I champion that thing — Love.

For one whole year I was in Heaven; I couldn't have been happier. I loved, utterly, unashamedly, with complete abandon; and now, after seven years of great hardships and of contact with every imaginable type of moral degradation, my love, my perfect love, is as unshaken and fresh as the day it was first conceived. Is Love — real, true, undying love — the thing of the past Mr. Krutch says it is? Am I the only human being left with the greatest of all the virtues? I tell you, no. Love will never die. It is not only the greatest force on earth — it is the only force on earth.

It broke me, but it keeps me alive. True indeed is the motto, *Omnia vincit amor.*

From realism we turn to romance.

November 26, 1928

GENTLEMEN,

Kindly be advised that we are completing a manuscript entitled 'REMORSE' consisting of approximately 17,000 words. The following is a brief idea of what the story consists of: —

Story opens with a superb introduction followed by the body of which is the Life of a Man and Woman with LIFE AND LOVE staring them in the face throughout. It contains romance, murder, desertion, passing of years and reunion.

The reader's interest is held throughout without a boring look, by the smooth flowing words and descriptions.

We are more than sure that this story will be an asset to your magazine because the effect it has upon the reader is rather unusual.

We expect to complete this story in a very short time and will forward it to you upon request.

Awaiting a favorable reply, we are,

Yours very truly,

F. B——

P.S. — If the above enumerated contents of paragraph II does not comply with your requirements, please advise us as to what material you are interested.

Of missionaries and their wives the charitable are often mindful. Here is a lady with a word for missionaries' children, and a suggestion that a celibate clergy in China has at least one practical advantage.

EAST FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I think Louise Strong Hammond in her 'Humanizing the Missionary' of the November *Atlantic* has very well expressed the views of the many Protestant missionaries whom I have numbered among my friends. But has not the cause of celibate monasticism one more defensive voice, a voice perhaps too weak to be heard?

I spent my childhood in a college town and hold a degree from an institution which has always emphasized the value of missionary effort. I have watched the constant procession of outgoing and incoming missionaries, the latter bringing their children home for education or making a home in which to spend their last days.

Alas! There lies tragedy in Miss Hammond's statement, 'We present them [in this instance, the Chinese] with a cross section of what Christianity has come to mean to us, men, women, and *children*. . . .' Am I incorrect in believing that the missionary's child suffers as a result of this demonstration of ideal family life to the untutored peoples of the world? How well the Christian belief in immortality has fortified the many grieving parents who return on furlough, leaving one, two, or three little graves behind them! How well Christian resignation comes into play if the children, maimed by poor nourishment or lack of care, do succeed in reaching maturity!

Where the missionary mother is expected to add her efforts to those of the others in carrying on the work, leaving the care of the children to some well-meaning but ignorant *amah*, can we expect conditions to be different?

A missionary father has just died. His wife continues doggedly on in the place where he gave up his life, determined, as she says, to show their little boy, though ailing, why his Daddy gave his life to those people. It is a question whether the boy will survive to realize it.

Have we any right to sacrifice these children? If a missionary pair must undertake to live under untoward conditions, is it fair to ask their little ones to share the hardships? Individual sacrifice of life and health made by a mature mind are admirable. It seems to me, however, that a child has a right to the best kind of environment his parents can provide, that he too may have health and mature strength to sacrifice, if he so decides, in his turn.

ELIZABETH G. THOMSON

It appears that compulsory chapel has not made the average son of Eli as familiar with Holy Writ as he is with 'Boola, Boola!' Here, for instance, is a Yale man suggesting that Kalamazoo, where Professor Hoben teaches and preaches, is every bit as heretical as New Haven.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

GENTLEMEN: —

It is told of the late Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, that he admonished one of his classes that showed signs of restlessness in the following words: —

'Gentlemen, please be patient. I have a few more pearls to cast.'

The incident is related in the Yale *Annual* of 1916 — at least, I think that is the date, my recollection being that it was the year following Professor Lounsbury's death. The article went on to say that the quotation was so unfamiliar to Yale men that in the introduction to the *Annual* it was necessary to state that the point of Professor Lounsbury's remark might be found on consulting Matthew VII. 6.

I see that Professor Hoben, in the December *Atlantic*, fears that he may be blacklisted because he too made a similar remark to his class. Unless those students are more familiar with Holy Writ than those of Yale seemed to be, he is perfectly safe.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS D. WALLACE

The Ibsen-Shakespeare controversy that was launched by Joseph Wood Krutch in his 'Tragic Fallacy' essay enters upon its second phase. Some of us cannot disentangle the name of Ibsen from the dismal tradition of the problem play. Others can.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It seems to me that Dr. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his November article on 'The Tragic Fallacy,' considerably misrepresents Ibsen. He sums up *Ghosts* as follows: —

'A young man has inherited syphilis from his father. Struck by a to him mysterious malady, he returns to his northern village, learns the hopeless truth about himself, and persuades his mother to poison him. The incidents prove,

perhaps, that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing. But what a world is this in which a great writer can deduce nothing more than that from his greatest work, and how are we to be purged or reconciled when we see it acted? Not only is the failure utter, but it is trivial and meaningless as well.

'Yet the journey from Elsinore to Skien is precisely the journey which the human spirit has made, exchanging in the process princes for invalids and gods for disease.'

While it is true that *Ghosts* is Ibsen's greatest work, it is hardly true that in journeying from Elsinore to Skien we have exchanged princes for invalids as heroes and gods for disease as catastrophic agents. A prince is the hero of *Hamlet*, but the invalid in the Ibsen play is not the hero of *Ghosts*. The protagonist of *Ghosts* is not a hero at all, but a heroine — the invalid's mother; and Dr. Krutch will find more true nobility in Helen Alving (as in Thomas Stockman, hero of *An Enemy of the People*) than he will find in all of Shakespeare's relatively operatic characters put together.

Neither is it precisely true that we have exchanged 'gods for disease' in the sense that, whereas 'the gods' are supposed to cause all the mischief in *Hamlet*, a disease is supposed (by Dr. Krutch) to cause all the mischief in *Ghosts*. The villainous force which brings about the tragedy in *Ghosts* is no mere disease, but the inhuman institution of marriage; and we are both purged and reconciled by the play in the true Aristotelian sense because in it the case for marriage is annihilated.

Finally, the moral of the play is not, as Dr. Krutch pretends to believe it to be, 'that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing.' James Gibbons Huneker was not a great Ibsen critic, but even he was able to perceive that the issues involved in *Ghosts* are of cosmic significance; and he found the true moral of the play expressed with precision in one of Anatole France's profoundest epigrams: 'If the will of those who are no more is to be imposed on those who still are, it is the dead who live, and the living who become the dead.'

Nor do I find Dr. Krutch satisfactory on Shakespeare. He has discovered that Hamlet's is a 'mighty mind,' possibly on the basis of such characteristically superstitious thoughts of Hamlet's as 'The spirit that I have seen may be the devil; and the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape'! Or 'Would . . . that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! (I wish God had n't said it was against the rules for me to kill myself).' Compare this pious gullibility, uttered by a man harboring criminal intentions upon his uncle — i.e., upon someone *else* — with, for example, the genuine mightiness of mind contained in the Schopenhauerian declaration made by one of Shaw's heroes: 'My *own* life is the only life I have the right to take.' Shakespeare's best friends wisely confine themselves to eulogizing, with all the reason in the world, his poetic eloquence, his superb gift for characterization, and his unexcelled sense of the theatre; when the conversation turns from Shakespeare's undoubted artistry to his gifts as a thinker, they cough behind their hands and change the subject. This is because, as Shaw once pointed out, Shakespeare never so much as found out what philosophy means; and, this being the case, it seems to me that Dr. Krutch's discovery of a mighty mind in Hamlet has not been equaled since, on the occasion of John Barrymore's appearance in the Arthur Hopkins production of the play, a certain critic — who shall be nameless — discovered strength of character in Ophelia.

FRANKLIN NEUMAN

Why not merge the Column, the Contributors' Club, and the Financial Counselor into a single department devoted to business and sponsored by the ever-popular Department of Commerce?

November 28, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

Referring to the article in your December Contributors' Club entitled 'How I Got to the Top,' the same is fully and concisely covered by the advertisement of a brand of cigars some thirty-five or forty years ago.

A TEN-CENT CIGAR FOR A NICKEL!

THE NICKEL-IN CIGAR

The more you smoke, the more you save!

If I had consistently devoted all my spare time to smoking 'Nickel-In Cigars,' by this time I undoubtedly would have piled up 'paper profits' sufficient to purchase one of those extensively advertised coöperative apartments on Fifth Avenue, thereby in turn again saving 25 to 50 per cent of my rent.

It is sad to behold how many golden opportunities are lost by those lacking the courage to assume so small a risk!

I congratulate your contributor who had the courage to accumulate $684.50 in 'paper profits' through special-rate subscription offers. I hope he will reinvest these profits wisely.

Sincerely yours,

(*Signed*) C. J. SCHULLINGER

WITH CHARITY FOR ALL

THE *Atlantic* is a monthly publication which goes to press many weeks before its appearance on the news stands. Persons who expect us to speak with the celerity of a daily or weekly paper are unreasonable. Realizing the interest of the public, we add these pages of explanation a week after the text of the magazine has already gone to press.

The *Atlantic* began the publication of the series of articles entitled 'Lincoln the Lover' in the belief, first, that the original documents on which the series was based were genuine, and second, that they were of public and historic value. Widespread controversy followed the appearance of the first article in December, and the authenticity of the documents was questioned. The *Atlantic* has with its best intelligence studied each criticism as it appeared, and from the beginning has taken the view that the common object of ourselves and our critics should be, not to prove either side of a case, but to arrive at the truth regarding the documents in question.

So far as the criticisms based upon the December article are concerned, we felt, and still feel, that they are clearly susceptible of two opinions. We prepared a statement which we expected to publish embodying our conviction to that effect and the reasons for it. But with the appearance of the January *Atlantic* two specific criticisms were launched, both concerning one letter printed in the article in that issue, which we are not able to refute. The letter in question is dated New Salem, May 9, 1834; it is addressed to John Calhoun and signed 'A. Lincoln.' The letter begins: —

DEAR FRIEND JOHN

if you have in your possession or can tell me where you left the Certificate of Survey of Joshua Blackburn's Claim, there seems some controversy between him and Green concerning that North East quarter of Section 40 — you remember?

It has been pointed out that as early as 1785 the Federal Government established a system of surveying public lands which has remained unchanged. According to this system, townships were laid out in tracts six miles by six, with sections each one mile square, making thirty-six sections in all. Where a lake, Indian Reservation, or other irregularity occurred, a township might contain less than thirty-six sections, but under no circumstances could it contain more. This evidence seems decisive unless it should be possible that some local variation might occur in the application of the system. To determine this point we went much further than the mere examination of the laws governing the survey of public lands; actual section maps were consulted showing the townships as they had been surveyed in the very region under question — Sangamon County, Illinois. From all such maps as we have been able to consult it appears that no variation occurred. Since John Calhoun was official surveyor of Sangamon County, and Lincoln was his assistant, it could only be concluded that Lincoln could not have made such a reference as that occurring in the disputed letter, to the ' North East quarter of Section 40.'

In the same letter occurs the sentence: 'the "Bixbys" are leaving this week for some place in Kansas.' Kansas was organized as a territory in 1854; in the twenty years previous it was an Indian land, where a few whites — missionaries, traders, and land squatters — had established themselves. The name 'Kansas' during this time seems to have been restricted to the Kansas River. A reference to 'some place in Kansas,' therefore, implying a coherent territory to which a name had been given, seems a serious flaw in a letter dated 1834.

We have taken all possible pains to study these two questions, and have consumed many days in doing so, but the only conclusion which we are able to reach is that the letter in which these two references occur does not seem to be supported by the facts. We should be grateful for advice from any quarter regarding these or other points at issue. Under the circumstances, the *Atlantic* will of course not proceed with its plan to publish the whole collection in book form

without being able to substantiate it. We are guided in this decision by what appear to be irrefutable facts. To other criticisms which have been made there are answers.

The same statement, for example, which advanced the two points just cited contained these words: 'In the undated diary entry, written presumably in 1833 or 1834, Matilda Cameron remarks, "Marthy Calhone teched Ann sum new patern of kroshay and she is going to tech me." Martha Calhoun, sixth child of John Calhoun, was born January 9, 1843, about nine years after the diary entry.'

True enough, but, a fact overlooked by our critics, John Calhoun also had a sister Martha, to whom, so far as we are able to see, the reference naturally applies.

The same critics make this statement, which can be answered partially, but we admit not effectually: 'In a letter purporting to be from Ann Rutledge a reference to Spencer's copy book is included, whereas Spencer's first publication on penmanship was made thirteen years after the death of Ann Rutledge.' Spencer was born in 1800 and began teaching penmanship at the age of fifteen. In 1833, when the letter in question would have been written, he had been teaching penmanship eighteen years. It seems well within possibility that he might have published, or at least printed, copy books or leaflets which have escaped notice, although the first formal Spencerian treatise appeared in 1848.

One explanation of its policy in seeking to establish the authenticity of the documents the *Atlantic* would like to make. From the beginning we felt that a forgery a generation or two ago was altogether unlikely. We accordingly sought to investigate as thoroughly as we could the age of the collection as it lay in our hands. We accepted the assurance of the chemists that the paper was old and that the ink had been on it for a long time. We next sought to learn all we could about the reputed owner a generation past, Frederick Hirth, of Emporia, Kansas. We wrote to Washington for Hirth's war record, and ascertained through the Adjutant-General's office that he had twice served as a volunteer, and had been pensioned for wounds received in action. We ascertained from William Allen White, of Emporia, that Hirth had been a well-known and respected citizen there, and a prominent Mason until his death in 1907. We next endeavored to find out whether Hirth had ever spoken of possessing Lincoln letters. In this connection several letters which we have in our files are of interest.

A letter written to the publishers from Emporia by Mrs. Howard Dunlap contains the following words: 'I know of Mr. Frederick Hirth. He was a very old settler here. I know he had some letters that Lincoln had written that he prized very much. I never saw them, but he repeatedly told his friends of them.'

A letter from Mr. C. W. Cleaver, recorder of the Knights Templar in Emporia, contains these words: —

> All the Masons that lived about the time Fred Hirth was on earth have gone to their reward, and none of the later date knew anything about him. I was a kid of about twenty-one or so and Fred was an old man and of very little interest to me. I knew him quite well, but was never in his home. I have a sort of nebulous recollection of one night in the Temple a lot of us sitting round talking of cabbages and kings and a few other things, and in the course of the gab I have a faint recollection of hearing Abraham Lincoln talked of, and among other things Fred Hirth saying that he had a letter or letters from Lincoln, but the recollection is so faint that I could not give you a word of the conversation.

In a letter addressed to the publisher by Wayland A. Morrison, M.D., of Los Angeles, a distant cousin of Miss Minor and nephew of Frederick Hirth's wife, are the words: —

> I have only a faint recollection of Mr. Hirth having some of the material that is in your possession, being a small boy and it having made very little impression on my mind. I could not make a definite statement in this regard.

A letter to the publisher from Mrs. John Healy, the sister of Miss Minor's mother, is dated from Arkansas City. Mrs. Healy writes: —

> I can speak with authority, having known Aunt Fanny (Sarah Morrison Hirth) and Uncle Fred (Frederick Hirth) intimately for years. Several years ago, while convalescing from a period of illness, I was in their home about two months, and during that time Uncle Fred and I discovered we were mutual admirers of Washington Irving, and while he was very reserved and

taciturn in his attitude towards people, he grew quite voluble and confidential during our reading and discussions of Irving, and he told me about having some of Lincoln's and Ann Rutledge's love letters in his possession, and he intended leaving them to Cora — my sister — his musket to Wayland Morrison, and his rifle to me, for keepsakes. He gave me the rifle just before I came home.

Some time after his death, Aunt Fanny was in my home for three months, and during that time she mentioned several keepsakes she was going to give my sister, including a 'Packet of old letters Fred wanted her to have' and I know Aunt Fanny took them to California and gave them to my sister.

These letters seem adequate testimony to the fact of Hirth's possession of letters and 'keepsakes' which he described to his friends and to members of his family as written by or associated with Lincoln. Any reader can judge for himself of the likelihood of the committal of so complicated a forgery a full generation ago. When the first of Miss Minor's articles led to immediate criticism, we felt justified in asking for suspended judgment. This was the more true as some of the early criticisms did not seem to us of serious moment. We should like to quote from the statement previously alluded to, which we prepared for publication after studying criticisms based upon the December article: —

In general, criticism of the collection falls under three heads. The first consideration is the handwriting of the documents purporting to be Lincoln's. The *Atlantic* has departed from a tradition of seventy years against the use of illustrations to place before its readers reproductions of three of the Lincoln letters in Miss Minor's collection, so that some idea might be formed of the appearance of the original documents. Even so, our purpose was partly defeated, for the two Lincoln letters in the December issue were reproduced by the method of line engraving, which inevitably sharpened and altered the writing; a slight reduction in size to fit the *Atlantic* page was also necessary. The frontispiece of the January issue, containing Lincoln's letter which begins 'My dearly valued Ann,' is a reproduction by photostat, and a much more accurate representation of its original. But examination which has not the original documents themselves as its immediate object cannot be final. It is for this reason that before publication the *Atlantic* secured Miss Minor's permission for ultimate public display of the collection.

The second type of criticism applied to the documents has concerned particular traits and characteristics of the letters as compared with known Lincoln correspondence. To illustrate criticisms of this sort, let us select some outstanding examples which have been brought to bear by a noted Lincoln scholar.

1. 'Rarely, if ever, did Lincoln write the name of the addressee in the lower left-hand corner of his letters.' Even a casual and fractional survey of Lincoln's correspondence would show three examples of this practice, which lie before us as we write: (*a*) Lincoln's letter to Mrs. O. H. Browning about his affair with Mary Owens, quoted in Barton, *The Women Lincoln Loved*, pages 205–209; (*b*) letter from Lincoln (original in Barrett collection) to William H. Herndon, speaking of a speech by Mr. Stephens of Georgia; (*c*) letter from Lincoln to a newspaper or magazine publisher, written in 1835 while Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem; reproduced in Tarbell, *Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*, page 189, from original in the collection of Mr. C. F. Gunther.

2. ' . . . until the last few years of his life he habitually used a short dash instead of a period.' In the Lincoln correspondence from other sources which we have seen, dashes predominate, but dots are found. In Miss Minor's collection dots predominate, but dashes are found. It would appear that Lincoln's practice was inconsistent, and that generalization is insecure.

3. 'The salutation of the letter of July 22, 1848, — "Dear Old Friend," — is totally unlike Lincoln, who rarely deviated from the formal in beginning his letters. . . . The conclusion, "Yours forever," is as foreign as the salutation.' Part of the peculiar value of Miss Minor's collection is its intimacy, in which it differs from other correspondence of Lincoln. This difference cannot with fairness be used *a priori* against the collection. Curiously enough, however, a letter is before us containing an intimate

salutation and a form of signature identical with that criticized as unlike Lincoln. A letter to be found on page 31 of *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln*, by Gilbert A. Tracy, is addressed to Richard S. Thomas. It begins 'Friend Richard' and concludes 'yours forever.'

The third type of criticism is historical. An elaborate argument is advanced that Calhoun could not have visited Gentryville at a time compatible with the statement in Lincoln's letter dated July 22, 1848, because court records establish his presence in Springfield. But the argument is based on the premise that Calhoun must have visited Gentryville on a given date, whereas Lincoln mentions no date. He simply writes, 'Jed was here and called on me about a month ago. he told me of your trip to Gentryville. . . .' The visit may have taken place at any time, and bears no necessary relation to the date of Jed's visit.

The existence of Sarah ('Sally') Calhoun, daughter of John Calhoun, to whom several of the Lincoln letters are addressed, has been called in question. Sally Calhoun's memorandum is one of the prominent documents in Miss Minor's collection. Doubt of her reality is based on the absence of her name from the list of John Calhoun's children as given in John Carroll Power's *History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois*. But consultation of this volume reveals that this very list of John Calhoun's children contains a conspicuous error. Two of his children are reported as having been born three months apart. This error throws doubt on the infallibility of the list. That one of the daughters of John Calhoun may have been called Sarah, although not so baptized, is a possibility which every reader will recognize, and is strengthened by the fact that their mother's name was Sarah. As affirmative evidence of the existence of Sally Calhoun we have not only her memorandum, but two letters signed by her, and a letter written by Miss Minor's own grandmother, Margaret Morrison, in which she mentions Sally Calhoun by name and speaks of receiving from her part of the Lincoln collection under discussion. (On the other hand, it is fair to mention the supplementary evidence advanced by our critics in the form of a letter written by Mrs. Adele P. McCord, only surviving granddaughter of John Calhoun. Mrs. McCord says that she does not recall that any of her aunts was ever called 'Sally.')

Obviously, every criticism advanced against the documents cannot be individually answered by the *Atlantic*. We think we have shown that typical criticisms advanced hitherto are fully open to rejoinder.

Finally, we should like to recur to the circumstances under which the Minor Collection was published. At our request, Miss Minor and her mother, Mrs. DeBoyer, came on from California to discuss the material. They remained in Boston several days, and repeated conferences were held with members of the firm of Little, Brown and Company, prospective publishers of the book, and with six members of the *Atlantic* staff. The contract made based its considerable returns upon the acceptance by the public generally of the material published in book form. Miss Minor courted the fullest publicity for her material, and in the eleven weeks preceding publication the letters were shown to chemists, to biographers, and to a number of individuals whose judgment was deemed of value.

It is a pertinent fact that among all the people who saw the original books and letters, only one person, a scholar of long experience, expressed doubt, and that doubt was based upon the possibility — which he regarded as only a possibility — of the material having been fabricated sometime before 1900.

To us the letters seemed to furnish a very interesting explanation of the unexplained change which came over Lincoln's character in the formative years, and we think that any person whose prejudice does not blind his judgment will find in this material — particularly in the diary of Mat Cameron — evidence that if it is fabricated, an artist's hand has been at work.

For the criticism of scholars and students, no matter how unfavorable, we are not ungrateful, for the truth in this matter is a source of deep interest. We do feel that multifarious criticism by persons quite ignorant of the merits of the controversy proves once again how inequitably sense and intelligence are distributed in this world.

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$Thrift $Wall Street $Interest $Mortgages $Fraud
$Extravagance $Stocks $Notes $Discounts $Profits
$Losses $Bonds $Credit $Salary $Business $Fakes

Guard Your Dollars With Knowledge!

For Every Dollar Stolen There Are Several Dollars LOST Through Fraud, Ignorance, and Careless Spending

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The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

The Desert Road to Turkestan, by Owen Lattimore, F.R.G.S. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 8vo. xv+373 pp. Illus. $4.00.

By slow degrees Americans are learning to buy sound books of travel and to find in them the relish and the romance so meagrely served out in the modern novel. The *Book of Ser Marco Polo* stirred European drama, literature, and science to its very depths five hundred years ago — but books were scarcer then. To-day no such fresh horizons can be opened to us in geography, but from time to time a book will come out which by all standards is better written and more humanly conceived than even Polo's. Among these are the accounts of Vámbéry and some of the Polar literature and South American river travel. Now a new one by a young American appears.

The existence of Mr. Lattimore's 'Winding Road' had not been realized by Western geographers and probably not by the Tientsin foreigners whose goods were cameled along it to Turkestan. It has grown up, unnoticed by outsiders, as a way to avoid civil war on the border and the taxes of masterless officials. I had a hint of it at Maomu oasis in 1924, just after the time when the False Lama must have been at the height of his power, but our camel leader dared not try it with so small a party, and I had not the wit to comprehend its geographic and economic significance.

Lattimore's accomplishment was a difficult feat. He crossed Mongolia in time of civil war by a route no white man had used. He went 'on a shoe string' and not with motor cars and machine guns and interpreters, but with a few lean camels, subjecting himself to the small mercy of the road. His food was cooked over dung fires, and he labored on for months in smelly sheepskins pullulating with vermine. Already adept in the Chinese vernacular, his vocabulary was enriched by the border slang of the half-Mongolized camel pullers till he, a white man (and one who by his own confession wore a monocle), could himself join in their acrid mirth.

The contributions of such an observer as Lattimore are infinitely more weighty than those of the traveler by automobile who crosses that part of the Gobi from Kalgan to Urga where the Chinese have blazed the trail. His explanation of place names and of local customs — with their hoary half-understood origins — are significant to an unusual degree. He travels with an eye out not only for unaccustomed facts, but for the fundamentally significant and for the stuff of which human relationships are made — the lie of the land, the seasonal pasturage, and the effect of camel nature on human beings. There are single passages in *The Desert Road to Turkestan* so suggestive and weighty that Professor Huntington of Yale will no doubt quit New Haven and put, hotfoot, for Mongolia to observe and later to expand those paragraphs into volumes. Such, for instance, is the idea that there are places where trade does not naturally go on the flat, from oasis to oasis, between communities where men perforce produce similar goods, but vertically between the oasis and the mountainy people, whose products differ and supplement each other. So also he gives us the first authentic account which I have seen in print of the occurrence of one-humped camels within the area supposed to be occupied exclusively by the Bactrian variety. The crossing of the Edsin Gol near Kara (not Khara) Khoto is interesting at this moment in view of the discussion now going on in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society and of the bronze mirror and polychrome sculptures from that site to be seen in the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard.

To the ordinary reader the human observations are the most arresting things in the book — the delightful ways to insult a Mahometan, of which the blackest way is to call him 'little pig's egg'; the often observed fact out there that 'the worse a man's character the better one gets on with him,' and the terror of Mongol magic, which the author delicately covers by saying, 'It is magical to them and magical to me.' We common folk will read the book for its enthralling quality of 'being on the road,' while occasionally we can look up from the page and realize that we are toasting our toes by the fire and leave Lattimore laboring in the deep snow blanket over Dead Mongol Pass.

Langdon Warner

Gladstone and Palmerston, being the Correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Mr. Gladstone, 1851–1865. Edited with an introduction and commentary by Philip Guedalla. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. 8vo. 367 pp. $5.00.

Historians will long remember gratefully the editor who drew two hundred and eighty-five letters and memoranda, almost wholly unpublished, from the private archives at Hawarden and Broadlands. Nine tenths of this new material deals with the years 1859 to

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1865. Prefaced by a commentary in Mr. Guedalla's best vein, and illustrated with fourteen cartoons from *Punch*, two portraits, and four facsimiles, the frank exchanges of the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer present an unsurpassed record of the inner life of a Cabinet.

Students of finance will find admirable models in the letters which precede Gladstone's masterly Budgets. In 1864 the two calmly discussed the nationalization of railways 'with a view not to State Management but to a large reduction of charges and an *approach* to uniformity in the rates.' Gladstone outlined a system of short leases, running five or seven years, or less. To Palmerston it appeared 'a wild and more than doubtful Project.'

At no time in the nineteenth century was British naval supremacy so clearly in danger. France pressed close in the number of fast wooden capital ships and took the lead in the introduction of ironclads. As early as 1859 Gladstone opposed the conversion of sailing ships of the line into slow and vulnerable steamers, and urged that the money thus saved be devoted to ironclads. Palmerston and the Admiralty, however, rushed the construction of wooden capital ships until 1861, when the progress of the French armored vessels provoked a furious race in ironclad building. To curtail expenditure for fortifications and fleets, Gladstone battled tirelessly against a prime minister who retorted that 'no doubt a full Exchequer is a good Foundation for National Defence, but if the superstructure is wanting, the Foundation would be of small avail, and if the French had the Command of the Sea they would soon find means to make a full Exchequer empty.'

Although Italy brought the two men together in 1851 and 1859, the letters contain few references to Italian affairs. There is much, however, as to British policy concerning the American Civil War. If Mr. Guedalla had read the printed diplomatic correspondence of the Confederate States, he might have noted that the story of Palmerston's visit to Judge Mann, the Confederate Commissioner, at the time of the Trent affair, is not borne out by Mann's reports. In July 1862, Gladstone discussed with an unnamed Southern gentleman — it was Henry Hotze, the able director of Confederate propaganda, who distributed Havana cigars and American whiskey among friendly editors — 'the *Border* between the Northern and Southern Republics, presuming there will be only two, of which he does not feel quite sure.' The choicest gem, perhaps, in this admirable collection, is Gladstone's cabinet memorandum favoring recognition of the Confederacy, if both France and Russia would join in a move to end what he described as 'perhaps the most purposeless of all great civil wars that have ever been waged.'

JAMES P. BAXTER, 3RD

The Colvins and Their Friends, by E. V. Lucas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. 8vo. x+354 pp. Illus. $5.00.

THIS is a gracious volume, taking one, by means of both the text and the numerous portraits, into the pre-war world of Victorian England. It is made up of fragmentary narrative, and many letters, sketches, and passages from published articles, together with much material never before printed, notably letters from Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, and others, and an admirable account by Hugh Walpole of the social life of the Colvins. Familiar figures of a great era step across the pages — Victor Hugo, Ruskin, George Eliot, Browning, Meredith, Burne-Jones, Andrew Lang, Rossetti, Henley, Henry James, and many more, thrown into new light by revealing word or gesture. Sidney Colvin had many friends, and in this informal presentation one has the feeling of being behind the scenes, encountering now Henley in a rollicking fit of humor, now Burne-Jones, not 'palely loitering' among evanescent figures, but cracking hearty jokes. One hears Henry James wistfully voicing a fear lest Stevenson may have 'forgotten a fellow, or sacrificed one wholly to cannibal friendships.'

Though the treatment of the material is haphazard in the extreme, the result is vivid. As one follows the central figure, Colvin, through his years of toil, and reads the records of his intellectual friendships, one gets many a glimpse of literature in the making, and hears much literary discussion, repartee, and bits of pungent, informal criticism. It was a life of diverging opinions, deep affections, and hard work. The closest friendship was with Stevenson; from the graphic sketch of Stevenson at twenty-two, through his years of illness and incessant work to his sudden death, the record shows how much he owed to Colvin and to Lady Colvin, the former his lifelong friend, mentor, and literary agent, the latter the most potent influence in shaping his character.

The story of Sidney Colvin's friendships helps in understanding him as critic, showing the same sympathy and disinterestedness which we find in his studies of men and of books. It is of interest to know that he cherished through the years of his youth a longing to write a life of Keats; this deep desire may in part account for the rare quality of his interpretation of Keats, apparent both in his early volume in the English Men of Letters series and in the later, longer study. Scholar, interpreter, with the great gift of self-effacement, nothing can shake his position as the best historian of Keats.

This longer *Keats* is the crowning work of a life spent in the service of beauty, from Sidney Colvin's early discipleship to Ruskin, through the years of his Slade Professorship at Cambridge, and the years of work as Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Admiration for him as a critic is

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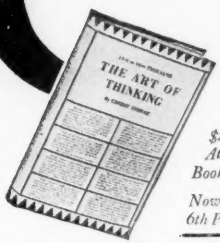

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MARGARET SHERWOOD

Witchcraft in Old and New England, by George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929. 8vo. x+641 pp. $6.00.

IT is hard to imagine a more authoritative history of the long generations of English witches and their sad New England sisters, or a scholar of more equitable temper, patience, and knowledge, than this book and its author. Although evidently designed primarily for the student of folk ways and black arts, it proves good reading for the layman of somewhat serious intent.

No historian of witchcraft could begin at the beginning of his subject, for that is lost in the clouds that will always hang over the morning of the human race, and the end is not yet. 'The belief in witchcraft is a common heritage of humanity. It is not chargeable to any particular time, or race, or form of religion.' 'Witchcraft in some shape or other is still credited by a majority of the human race.' It has been claimed that the European witches kept alive organizations, pagan rituals, and mysteries that had descended to them from pre-Christian times. Professor Kittredge completely scouts this theory. Of religious intent, of organization, he finds the English witch completely innocent. Even the 'Sabbath' is proved to be a late importation from the Continent, never really accepted by the common people.

One meets in this book no wild witch-riders of the sky, no frenzied worshipers of Priapus and Diana meeting together in the last degraded remnants of fertility worship, but sour old women, village scolds, idiots and gossips, human oddities, misfits, the queer and the malignant. The author points out that many of these people actually believed themselves capable of working magic. Often they were guilty in intent if not in deed. On the whole, the author seems to sympathize more with the victim and the persecutor than with the witch herself. Belief in witchcraft in the seventeenth century was no more to a man's discredit than ignorance of germs.

A large part of this fascinating book is taken up with different methods of witchcraft procedure and detection, ably illustrated by examples from contemporary sources. The magic image whose torture brings agony and death to the being for whom it is named; the power of the witch over love and hate, storms, plagues, cattle; her ability to change form at will, to discover thieves, treasure, and the future; how through her and her servants a house or a man may become haunted — all are carefully studied.

There was evidently little change in the practices and beliefs of witchcraft from the earliest days down through Elizabeth's and James's reign and the Puritan régime, nor was it a different thing when practised by Englishmen in the Colonies. The famous Salem outbreak is included in the final chapter, 'Witchcraft and the Puritans.' As it takes its place in a complete history of the subject, it does not seem so grisly and monstrous a thing as when looked at in isolation. Compared to what was going on in Europe at the same time and later, it was trifling. The Mother Country was trying its witches and giving the death sentence some years after such things had ceased in Massachusetts, and similar trials were going on over a hundred years later on the Continent. Instead of shaking the finger of scorn at Massachusetts, Professor Kittredge holds her up as a pioneer in doing away with such beliefs, showing that the judge's and jury's public admission of fault was one of the heaviest blows ever struck against wizardry.

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who try to escape try in vain. 'Poor little owd' lambs seen from a train window, lambs far inferior to those of Crakenhill, turn Bob and Hiram back; a big black sow strongly resembling one of his own has the same power upon Ern; and even young Joey, beglamoured by the notion of joining the circus, is swept home on a tide of nostalgia at the sight of a mower swinging his scythe with beautiful skill. One does not, however, suspect the author of weakness in the invention of incident. Obviously, this almost choric uniformity is studied, and it has its effect.

Mr. Freeman's skill shows at its best not in the lighter passages, but in the depicting of deep, inarticulate loves and loyalties, and the passive tyranny of the beautiful and inexorable earth.

Rome Haul, a more objective novel, paints a picture, real as memory, of traffic on the Erie Canal in its early days. 'Boats coming and going,' says the peddler, 'passing you all the while. You can hear their horns blowing all day long. As like as not there's a fight at every lock. There's all kinds of people there, and they're going all the while.'

There is good drawing of character in the portraits of Dan Harrow, laconic, simple, and very much a man, and of Molly, with her easy moral code, her courage, and her honesty. The narrative, with its largely monosyllabic dialogue, is crisp and energetic. The dramatic climax, however, the fight between Dan and Klore, the bad man of the canal, misses something of its effect through being led up to a little too persistently and obviously. More effective are the death of Samson Weaver, the bringing down of the injured lumberjack through the fierce snowstorm, and old John Durble's story of the opening of the canal — a beautiful and moving bit of narrative. Like Mr. Freeman, Mr. Edmonds writes of the earth as one who loves it. Weather and season are a living part of his novel. His description of the night in late winter when the ice cracks in the canal, and Dan and Molly feel a ripple washing the side of the boat, conveys with real art the sense of release and renewal. Mr. Edmonds paints landscape in a higher key than Mr. Freeman, but both achieve harmony and life.

O. E. Rölvaag's *Peder Victorious*, sequel to *Giants in the Earth*, is pervaded somewhat less than the earlier book by a feeling of the encompassing prairie, with its beauty, its mystery, and its menace. For here the battle is not between man and earth, but between spirit and spirit — between young Peder Victorious Holm, who grows from a singularly impressionable and thoughtful child into a high-minded, strong-willed youth, sensitive and passionate but altogether normal, and his mother, the troubled Beret Holm, in whom maternal tenderness is almost eaten away by a fanaticism that is not far from her derangement in the first novel. Like all fanatics who are driven, not by the passion for controlling, but by anxious love, Beret is half antagonizing and half piteous. It is an admirable stroke of art that shows her restored to a saner mind by an apparition somewhere between hallucination and dream; for it is certain that she was past any human persuasion and any teaching of experience.

Something of the spaciousness given to *Giants in the Earth* by the hovering sense of the prairie is given to *Peder Victorious* by the sweeping current of human change. The conflict of mother and son is a part of the inevitable conflict of immigrant parents and American-born children, intensified by the strength of the two personalities: Beret, with her distorted heroism, and young Peder, with his fiery eagerness and aspiration.

With rather less pictorial beauty than the earlier novel, this story of the second generation is filled with the vitality and the wonder of adolescence; and the largeness of the theme is again matched by the simple power of the narrative.

Alain-Fournier's novel of fifteen years ago, *Le Grand Meaulnes*, now translated into English under the title of ***The Wanderer***, is an original, strange, and beautiful book. It has a dreamlike quality, at once sharply clear and far away. The style holds in translation its limpidity and its curious magic.

To M. Seurel's village school for boys comes Augustin Meaulnes, a seventeen-year-old youth of stormy temperament and of extraordinary self-reliance and sang-froid. Against the rather bleak background of life at M. Seurel's school, and a larger background of idyllic French landscape, is enacted that ethereal yet impassioned fantasy, the romance of 'the great' Meaulnes and the lovely Yvonne de Galais.

The tale is told by M. Seurel's young son, who is dominated instantly by the older boy, and attaches himself to him with a schoolboy ardor that survives beyond their student days as a self-forgetful and chivalrous devotion. To François Seurel's adolescent eyes, the great Meaulnes comes flashing into the repetitious round of school life like some wild, strong spirit from another sphere, and, by his strange adventure into the 'Lost Land,' flings back the portals of an unknown world of romance.

The half-mad brother of Yvonne dominates much of the story, whether as vehement actor or as invisible but potent presence. His portrait, so fantastic and at the same time so vividly alive, reflects the dual character of the novel. For, as only invention and memory hand in hand can do it, *The Wanderer* beautifully harmonizes the everyday with the marvelous, the simple routine and incident of classroom and playground, mechanical, comic, or violent, with a strange tale of love and woe. The reader emerges from this novel with the sense of having been in a far country to which he will hardly find the way again.

To turn from *The Wanderer* to ***The Case of***

"Write it yourself—"

Isadora Duncan to Mary Desti

LIVERIGHT books having scored most frequently on best-selling lists all over the country last year—according to an impartial survey made by the *Author's League* and *Publisher's Weekly*—we were awarded first place on the Author's League Chart of 25 publishers.
Here are the first "good books" of the new year—more of the same.

HELLO TOWNS!
by Sherwood Anderson

SHERWOOD ANDERSON brings his genius for characterization to the American small town, telling its story and examining its philosophy as the artist as well as the country editor. $3.00

IT'S NOT OUR FAULT
Why We *Can't* Be Good
by Alfred Lawrence Hall-Quest, Ph. D.

A PIONEERING work that considers the whole scale of human misconduct in relation to the standards built up by religion, philosophy and law throughout the ages. $2.50

A BOOKMAN'S DAYBOOK
by Burton Rascoe

A TRIP around the cultural world with an impudent, inspired critic who thumbs his nose at the sacred cows of art; defends, attacks and prophesies for every one from Paul Whiteman to James Joyce. $3.00

BAUDELAIRE: Flower of Evil
by Francois Porché

ROOTED in depravity, Baudelaire's genius flowered in his *Fleurs du Mal*. The whole of his corrupt and doomed life is here revealed without apology or reticence. Second edition before publication. $3.50

SUMMER LIGHTNING
by George F. Hummel
author of *Evelyn Grainger*

ONLY an electric storm could be as charged as this story of love, adventure and mystery, embroiling an American newspaper man in the intrigues of Southern Europe. $2.50

SIXTY SECONDS
by Maxwell Bodenheim
author of *Georgie May*

A PRELUDE to the electric chair—the last grim moment of a murderer's life, in which he relives his dramatic past. $2.00

THE GRAND MANNER
by Louis Kronenberger

RUDOLPH'S head was more kingly than his crown, and his heart more romantic than the age he lived in. A sophisticated, fictionalized biography of a ruler who lost much in life—but never the grace that makes men truly royal. $2.50

PETER THE DRUNK
by Charles Wertenbaker
author of *Boojum*

THE Sun Also Rises in the United States, showing the muddled, adorable younger generation drowning their volatile sorrows and joys in a heavy mixture of living. $2.00

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The
UNTOLD STORY
The Life of
ISADORA DUNCAN
1921–1927 . . *by*
MARY DESTI

NO one is better qualified to write the story of Isadora Duncan's last days than Mary Desti, to whom Isadora said just before her death:

"You know the rest of my life as well as I do. *Write it yourself.*" And here *is* the rest of Isadora's story, told with the same great candor and simplicity that made MY LIFE a thing of flame

Illustrated $3.50

HORACE LIVERIGHT
GOOD BOOKS

Sergeant Grischa, by **Arnold Zweig,** is to pass into a world of terrible realism. This novel is a magnificent piece of work, finely translated.

'What was it all about?'

'Oh, nothing much really. . . . Nothing of any importance. . . . The real trouble was the question of jurisdiction.'

Nothing much really. Among German military problems of 1917, the case of that simple creature the Russian sergeant Grischa is an atom of measureless insignificance. Grischa is condemned to death for an offense of which he is presently proved innocent. Will his sentence be rescinded, or will his unimportant life be sacrificed to the wrangle over jurisdiction, to that jealous and arrogant insistence upon precedence that masks itself as zeal for 'the interests of discipline'?

With this theme, out of a mass of detail and a great number of characters the author builds up a narrative of extraordinary unity and stern power. His vigorous and lucid style visualizes scenes with the utmost clarity, drives in his point of irony, or wrings the reader with intolerable pity. In the beginning, Grischa is rather like a great child, kind, and full of honest intentions and simple wonderments. During his protracted torment of suspense, he grows into a man who ponders life and death, who can accept grim conclusions without losing any of his sweetness of spirit or his magnanimity. Yet, for all Grischa's philosophy and resignation, the reader is aware of the truth that he himself is able to hold off except in a sinking moment now and then: that overmastering panic still waits in ambush for him. One doubts whether there is to be found in contemporary fiction a chapter so terrible as the one entitled 'The Black Beast'; one ventures to assert that whoever reads this chapter will carry the memory of it with him as long as he lives.

Mr. Zweig's power to evoke living beauty with a few words is shown in the pictures of the forest into which Grischa makes his escape from the timber camp, the forest smelling of pine and snow, now lighted by the yellow gold of sunset and now dusky with evening; in the August night of starlight over Mervinsk; and most of all in that hushed interlude, executed with an art that baffles analysis: the vigil kept by the little group of officers and nurses who have befriended Grischa, and who, as they sit listening at the eleventh hour for word of his reprieve, find such assuagement for their strained souls in the solemn loveliness of the Bach aria sung by Sister Sophie.

However the long agony of the childlike and manly Grischa tears at the heart, one never loses sight of the fact that his case is a symbol: his story an impersonal, coldly furious attack upon the military system, upon 'that most tyrannical of all social organizations, the Army'; and, more broadly, upon all domination by hardness of heart and injustice. 'God forgive them,' says Corporal Sacht, 'who bully decent fellows into behaving like swine.' 'It must be our next task, I think,' says Posnanski the barrister, 'to try to make the nations feel that justice hangs over them in heaven among the stars.' From the hatred of injustice spring all the irony and the passion of this great novel.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

Accident, by Arnold Bennett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Rome Haul, by Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) $2.50.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rölvaag. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

The Wanderer, by Alain-Fournier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The books selected for review in the* Atlantic *are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.

Letters of the Empress Frederick. Edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby
MACMILLAN CO. Illus. $8.50
Both as history and as personal biography the letters of the Kaiser's mother are valuable

The History of British Civilization, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford
HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. Illus. 2 vols. $12.00
A fresh survey of the British Isles from the earliest times to the present, designed for the layman, but sound in treatment

Keats's Shakespeare, by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon OXFORD PRESS Illus. $10.00
A descriptive study of the edition of Shakespeare, edited by Samuel Johnson, owned and richly annotated by Keats